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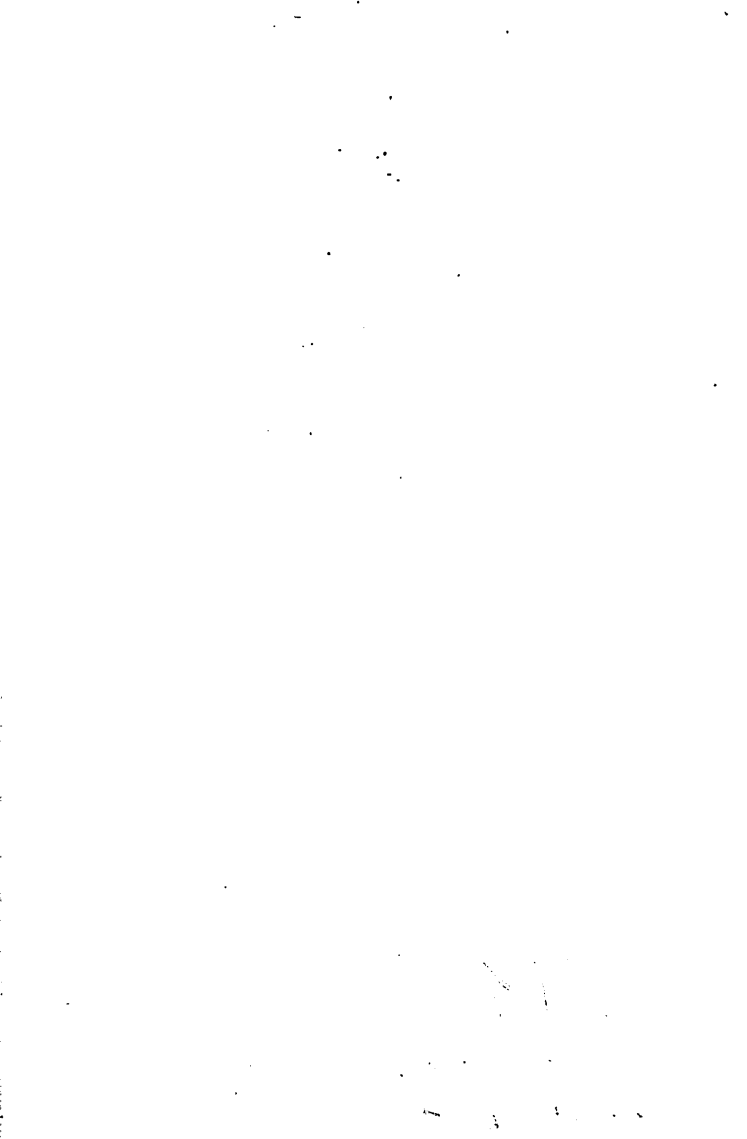
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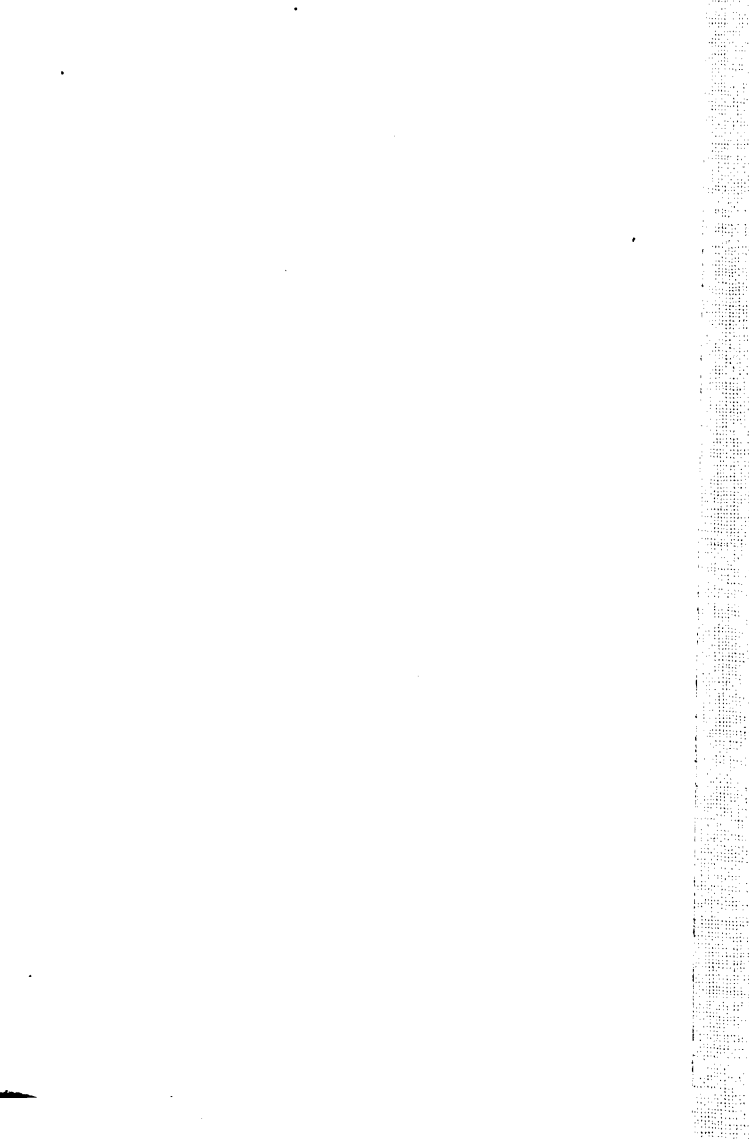
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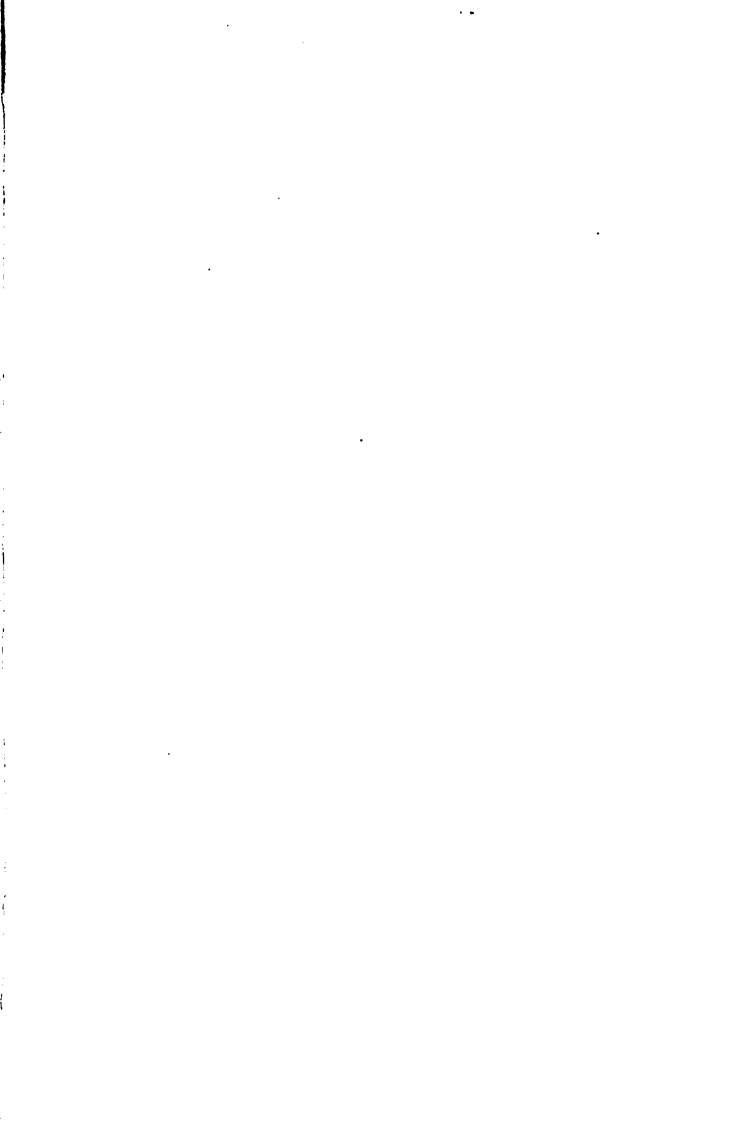
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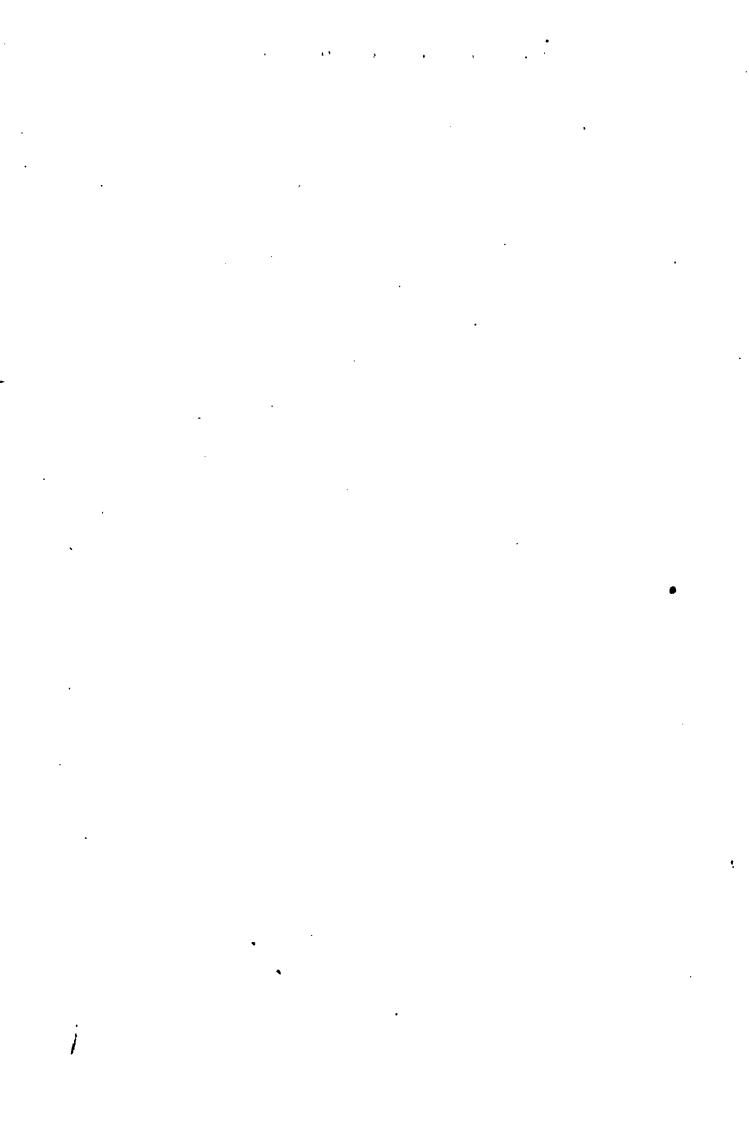












THE DEVIL'S VISIT

⊕⊕ WHY HE CAME ⊕⊕
⊕⊕ WHAT HE SAID ⊕⊕
WHY HE LEFT, AND
THE PRESENT HE SENT

A POEM FOR THE TIMES

*I am but a Common Scold, railing at abuses ;
But even Scolds sometimes may have their uses.*

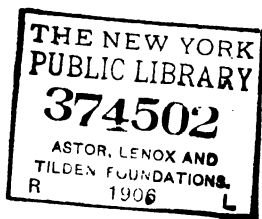
PRICE ONE DOLLAR

Frederick Holt



NEW-YORK
EXCELSIOR PUBLISHING HOUSE
29 & 31 BEEKMAN ST.

M. R.



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GO TO THE DEVIL.

DICK.

ON the callous hide of smug Conceit,
Or bold Pretension's brazen shield,
Reason's pond'rous blows as harmless fall
As dew-drops on the grassy field.
But through them both, however thick,—
Scarce giving either wound or smart,—
Keen Satire's needle-point will prick,
And surely find a vital part.





THE DEVIL'S VISIT.

SITTING one night in mine easy-chair,
My thoughts went wandering here and there,
From this thing to that, with transition quick,
Till they settled at last upon OLD NICK!
I thought of how he is said to beguile
Poor innocent man, by cunning and wile;
And how he entices, and leads him astray,
And turns him for ever from virtue away;
Till, remembering he is everywhere,
I was almost afraid to turn in my chair.

But then, in a moment, changing my view,
I queried if those old notions were true.
The pictures of Satan we know so well,
With his imps, and his brimstone, down in Hell,
Have all been by enemies painted, we know,
Without giving him the least ghost of a show ;
While, if he were fairly and honestly tried,
He might perhaps prove he was basely belied.
The old proverb says he may have been made
More black than he is, by many a shade ;
And when we see how the best of men
Are basely slandered again and again,
And if without friends, or influence strong,
Never succeed in redressing the wrong,
We can't expect Satan, be what he may,
To even begin to receive fair play,
For a bad name once got, though by a saint,
Will stick as close as a coat of new paint.
So, if we wish to form judgment true,
Even the Devil must have his due,
And be permitted, like culprit man,
To plead for himself, best way he can.
It does n't seem right, under any pretense,
To condemn even him without a defense ;

And putting all blame upon him alone
Is a sorry way our faults to atone.

If from the stable a horse we steal,
And the law its power makes us feel,
It does n't in any way lessen the score
To say another man opened the door.
Yet that we do, when in extenuation
We plead old Satan's deluding temptation.
We indulge pleasant vices, great and small,
And make him the scape-goat for them all ;
When the real truth is, I am bound to say,
We usually meet him at least half way.
Nay ; frequently, when the longing is great,
We go all the way, and don't for him wait.
This being so, does not justice require
That I should fully and fairly inquire,
Before deciding this or that way,
If Satan himself may have aught to say ?

So to make a beginning, and get things ripe,
I first filled and lighted my meerschaum pipe —
To act on my nerves, like a soothing balm,
And induce a state of judicial calm ;

And then to aid, and make ideas flow,
I uncorked a bottle of *Veuve Cliquot*,
And tried by its help to decide upon
The various statements *pro* and *con*.
But instead of the question getting fixed,
With every glass it became more mixed ;
Till at last I gave it all up in despair,
And settled more snugly down into my
chair.

But when the bottle of *Cliquot* good
Turned up the part on which it had stood,
And all its soothing influence shed
Over softened heart and teeming head,
I seemed to change, in a way propitious,
And to feel a peace and calm delicious ;
Perplexing doubts and fears all vanished,
And ancient prejudice was banished ;
My heart with love seemed so to fill,
Of Satan's self I thought no ill,
And losing all desire to flee him,
I said aloud, " I 'D LIKE TO SEE HIM ! "

As soon as said I became aware
Some one sat in the opposite chair.

At first the figure was not quite plain,
So I rubbed my eyes, and looked again ;
And then I could see, as plain as day,
A gentleman, dressed in sober gray,
Who, quite at ease, as one could see,
Politely rose and bowed to me.

- “ I beg your pardon, Sir,” he said,
In a tone that showed he was well bred ;
“ I think you did me the honor to say
You ’d like to see me, if I came this way ;
And feeling pleased, as I ought to be,
That you should wish a visit from me,
I just dropped in, while making my round,
To say I ’m yours — as in duty bound.”
Though much surprised, I felt no fear,
But said, aside, “ How did he get here ? ”
For the door was locked, and the window barred,
And I knew he had not sent up his card.
But he spoke so civil and so polite,
I felt quite at ease, as any one might.
So, returning his bow, I said, with a smile :
“ To trouble you so much, Sir, was not worth while.
In an idle moment, in thoughtless speech,
I merely said, if then within reach,

And not having better to do than call,
I 'd be pleased to see you — that was all.
But since you are here, Sir, pray take a seat,
For your call I esteem a very great treat.
We cannot, I am sorry, be called old friends,
But this visit, I trust, will make amends ;
And in future, if it depends on me,
We shall surely better acquainted be."

"I hope so, indeed," said my dubious guest ;
"For personal knowledge is always best.
Especially when, as in my case, you find
Prejudice and ignorance are both combined.
No doubt you have always heard me rated
As one to be both feared and hated.
But I trust, ere we part, to make it appear
That in me you have nothing to hate or fear ;
And when this visit comes to an end,
I hope we shall call each other friend."

The ice thus broken, we both felt at ease,
And each did his best the other to please.
He was, as I said, a gentleman true—
His person was clean, and his clothing new,
Neat, well-fitting, in perfect good taste,
And, as you could see, not put on in haste,

But with that leisure gentlemen should
Bestow upon dress when it is good.
I looked in vain for the smallest trace
Of body deformed or demon face ;
And saw, instead of a hoof, tail, or horn,
As clean a built man as ever was born.
Handsome, too, with features refined,
Of the true Apollo-Grecian kind.
I sniffed for sulphur ; for I thought
He surely must have with him brought
Some little whiff of the brimstone flame,
Enough to show from whence he came.
But in fact the smell, if there was any,
Was rather like to Frangipanni —
Sweet, but subdued, such as floats around
A well-dressed woman, whose taste is sound,
Or like the *Bouquet à la Rose*
Which the pet parson deftly throws
(When his handkerchief he so gracefully twirls)
O'er the heads of admiring women and girls.

In short, in dress and manners, too,
A gentleman complete and true.
And though such a handsome fellow beside,
He had not a smitch of conceit or pride ;

But was modest, in all his speech and ways,
As Bayard himself, in the olden days —
Or (as Chaucer might say) in all things
quite

“A veray parfit, gentil Knight.”

I filled his glass, as also mine,
And as he drank he praised the wine,
Begging to know the brand and name,
So he could get some of the same ;
For he owned he loved the generous juice,
And thought nothing better did earth produce.
He also liked a good cigar ;
But before either, and better far,
He loved to talk with a man of sense,
Who spoke right out, without pretense ;
Who had always something good to tell,
And knew, besides, how to tell it well.

While saying this he bowed to me,
As if to say, “Such a man I see !”
I felt, of course, most highly flattered
To be with praise so well bespattered ;
And back his compliments returned,
With interest, well and duly earned.

Meanwhile the wine, agent potential,
Made us both quite confidential.
Our friendship grew and ripened quick —
He called me Dick, I called him Nick ;
And like old cronies met for a chat,
We freely talked of this and that,
Keeping with care that decent reserve
Which gentlemen, by instinct, preserve ;
So that each felt, when the talk was ended,
That in nothing had he been offended.
As, when with a man whose grand-dad was
 hung,
We speak not of rope, nor of being strung,
So I most carefully kept aloof
From mention of tail or cloven hoof.

It was really strange, as the wine went round,
How many points of agreement were found ;
And how many good traits we both detected,
That never before had been suspected.
Which illustrates the well-known fact
(From a knowledge of which I often act),
That to open the heart, and let in the light
Of friendship warm and fancy bright,

No instrument ever yet existed
So effective as the corkscrew twisted !
And if you should wish to stand well with your
 host
(Especially if of his cellar he boast),
The policy social which never fails you
Is to praise the wine with which he regales you ;
For that will at once convince him that you
Are a man of good taste and judgment too.

Being now quite free from fear or doubt,
I asked him plain, right out and out,
If it were true, what parsons tell,
About the dreadful horrors of Hell ;
And if his chief and greatest delight
Was toasting sinners, day and night ?
This made him laugh, and then said he,
“ Come, Dick ; you 're poking fun at me.
Of course I know quite well that you
Have long since known that was not true,
And was just as well aware as I
It was nothing but a clerical lie !
But having now a chance so good
To make this matter understood,

I will without reserve explain
All about myself and my domain.
Even you, no doubt, some errors hold,
Such as prevailed in times of old ;
And as I wish that you should know
The truth about affairs below,
It will be to me a great delight
On all such matters to put you right.
And first of the climate, which has got
The reputation of being hot ;
In fact, it is said — the lying slander —
To be fitted for a salamander.
Now, so far is that from being the case,
That it really is a pleasant place.
Indeed, our last new suburb, Sheol named,
Is sometimes even for coolness blamed ;
And take it all in all, I swear,
Few places can with it compare.
That rascal Heine was making fun
When he wrote how things in Hell were done.
There are no pots for boiling sinners ;
We use them only for cooking dinners ;
Nor is there of brimstone even a smitch,
Enough to cure a seven days' itch.

It is true the heat, as he remarks,
When he went down reached some high marks ;
But it was dog-day time, just then, down there,
Which does not give an average fair.
Then that scoundrel Burns made a horrid show
Of the dreadful things that are done below,
With burning sulphur, blazing blue,
In which the damned for ever stew,
And toss, and roll, and groan, and roar,
Till Hell resounds from shore to shore.
He made the thing too absurd, in fine,
For all but a blue-blood Scotch divine.
The scamp! if I had caught him on the spot,
He might for awhile have had it hot ;
But when for good he came below,
Confound the rogue! I let him go.
The fact is that, his joking apart,
He has such a kind and feeling heart,
With such good humor, and so droll,
I could not scold him, upon my soul.
He is indeed a first-rate fellow—
Especially when a little mellow.
If he has a fault it 's perhaps a bent
To the use of things called *poculent*.

(Excuse the Latin, for this one time,
It came in so well to make the rhyme.
The word is not current, I 'm aware, to-day,
But it well conveys what I wanted to say ;
And to me, you scarcely need be told,
No language is either new or old.)

“ Perhaps poor Bobby might, in Joseph's place,
With Mrs. Potiphar, have got in disgrace.
But after all, though he may have been weak,
He was neither hypocrite nor sneak ;
And many a saint who turns up his eyes,
And affects the poet to shun and despise,
If fairly judged and given his dues,
Would be found unfit to tie his shoes.

“ But, leaving our splendid climate aside
(Although I must dwell upon it with pride),
We have social attractions of ev'ry kind,
Much greater than any you usually find ;
And to the man of culture much depends
Upon whom he meets as neighbors and friends.
For him it will not wholly suffice
If a place be fair as Paradise,

And yet be mentally inactive,
Or socially quite unattractive.
And on this point — not to be invidious —
We challenge even the most fastidious.
Our society, be it understood,
Is A Number One, and not merely good.
Of every kind we take the best,
And to other places leave the rest.
In fact, I do assure you, Dick,
Of company we have the pick :
Whether for wisdom, for wit, or for worth,
No place can match us in Heaven or earth.”

“But, Nick,” said I, “how is it about
The murdering brutes, and the scoundrel rout
Of those who—” “Stop, stop; hold on,” said Nick;
“That ’s going ahead a little too quick.
You think all such of course are sent
Straight down to us for punishment.
A great mistake, and slander beside,
For no such wretches with us abide :
The vile, the vicious, and impure
Dwell not with us, I you assure,
No more than they do with seraphs above,
In the realms of purity, peace, and love.”

“But, then,” said I, “if that be so,
Where the deuce have they got to go?”

“Ah!” said he, “that question was propounded
The very day after the world was founded.
For it soon was found, from experience sad,
That we had a lot so ingrained bad,
That every effort to get them amended
In a disappointment always ended;
Either because they were badly made,
Or formed from stuff of lowest grade.
You see, when creation first began,
We never thought of that kind of man,
And never expected we should get
Mixed up with such a hopeless set;
Nor should we, but for an accident,
Which even foresight could not prevent.

“At the very end of the last working-day,
When all seemed done, and well under
way,
It was found we still on hand had got
A large and miscellaneous lot
Of odds and ends, and rejected pieces,
Left over from the various species;

And these, so orders ran, without excuse,
Must, like all the rest, be put to some use.
But we all could see quite plain enough,
Little could be done with such poor stuff;
Especially as we were so hurried
(It being late), and fagged, and worried.
Still, in spite of all our trouble and doubt,
We at last did from it some men turn out;
Not much to our credit, I 'm bound to say,
Being much below par in ev'ry way —
As might be expected, when no single bit
With any other would properly fit,
And always either head or heart
Was found the most imperfect part;
So that in fact, beyond dispute,
They did resemble much the brute.

“ Well, it 's from this ill made, offscouring
lot

That the unmendables have been begot;
We did n't intend 'em, and their intrusion
Was due to weariness, haste, and confusion.
But there they are ; they can't be ignored,
However much they may be deplored.

When the first small lot pounded on my door,
I saw at once there was trouble in store ;
And made up my mind, do what they would,
That come into Hell they never should.
So the porter asked them through the wicket
If each had brought a countersigned ticket.
As each said ' No,' he was told that without it
He could n't come in ; that was all about it.
At this they got mad, and raved and swore,
And knocked and kicked upon the door ;
But as admission could not be had
(And getting tired, as well as mad),
They all at once turned right about face
And went straight up to the other place.
And there they raised such a racket and din
That Peter, like me, would not let them in,
But left them to cool their heels and wait
Outside the well-locked and bolted gate,
While he hurried down, in a rapid run,
To consult me as to what should be done.
' We might,' said he, ' deal with this half-score,
But what shall we do with thousands more ?
And they 'll keep coming, never doubt 'em ;
We cannot hope to be without 'em.

Like evil weeds, a prolific breed,
In every place they sow their seed.
It seems to me, then, the right thing to do,
To fix on a plan while yet they are few ;
Or soon we shall find, and much to our cost,
The chance to control 'em forever is lost.
For roguish scamps like sheep will lead 'em
Wherever their knavish schemes may need 'em ;
Especially when we by and by get
The politicians — not born yet !

“ This being quite clear, without more ado
We sat down to think what course to pursue.
We first took our pipes and had a smoke ;
And then Peter rose, and thus he spoke :
' Nick,' said he, ' they must to some station be sent
Where they can be taught to reform and repent ;
Then, when decent and well-behaved found,
Take them away, and scatter them round.'
At that time Pete did n't know, you see,
What an ingrained brute a man can be ;
And thought with some kind of Sunday School
He could reconstruct either brute or fool.
' But, Pete,' said I, ' pray let me ask,
Who is to undertake this task ?

Who is going such a gang to face
While their improvement is taking place? —
That is, if it can be brought about,
Which, by the way, I very much doubt.
And then, furthermore, in what location
Will you undertake this great probation?
In Heaven you could n't hold them in check,
And the throne itself would soon be a wreck;
While the angels, like the Indians red,
Would soon all be plucked and knocked on the
head.

And as to Tophet, I should quite despair
If ever they got a good foot-hold there.
So what to do with 'em I don't see;
They certainly get the best of me.'
At this Peter sighed, and scratched his head,
And admitted all was true I said.
'Yes, yes!' said he, 'I see it plain;
They must their own improvement gain.
Preaching to them will do no more good
Than putting varnish on rotten wood:
It may make a deceptive surface show,
But only hides the rottenness below.
True reform must always begin,
Not from without, but from within.

That which only has its occasion
In force of law, or strong persuasion,
Is always profuse in profession cheap,
But seldom penetrates beyond skin deep.
Men don't mourn their follies and offenses
Till they have suffered their consequences;
And some are such brutes and fools combined,
That even to these we find them blind.'
Then he thought again, but at last cried out,
'Eureka! I've got it, beyond a doubt!
The problem to me is now very plain,
And this trouble will really be a gain.
You know there are lots of new worlds around,—
Some rather shaky, but others quite sound,—
Occupied only by ascidians,
Mollusks, saurians, and ophidians,
But on which human beings, if they please,
May exist in comfort and take their ease.
Now, why can't we use them, tell me, pray,
As the English will use Botany Bay?
That is, send to them all this vile crew,
With whom we are bothered what to do;
Put each lot where it will suit them best,
And leave 'em to settle it with the rest?

Let them struggle and fight best way they
can,
Till they find by trial which is best man.
They can rob and murder, just as they please,
While above and below we live at ease.
Send them, in short, all into probation,
To work out themselves their own salvation.
It is easy to get their full consent,
If you bear in mind their natural bent.
Say there 's plenty to eat, with free drink too;
And no law, nor police, nor work to do ;
The place will so please them every way,
They will want to get there without delay !'
Why, Pete,' said I, ' your plan is splendid ;
Our trouble now, I see, is ended ;
We get clean rid of the fellows off hand,
And bring into use unoccupied land.'

“ So now when these unmendable wrecks
In vulgar parlance send in their checks,
Or any brutal gallows-bird dies
And, singing hymns, for Paradise flies,
We pack them right off without delay
By the first cool comet that comes our way —

Which probably will, to common notion,
Seem rather curious locomotion.
But when you travel in the realms of space,
A common conveyance can have no place ;
And truth to tell, when once they are gone,
We don't care much what they went upon.
But still we keep them always in view,
And note with interest all they do ;
Watching at ease the revolution
That follows from their evolution ;
And see how their hybrid, ill-bred brats,
Like those of mongrel pigs, dogs, and cats,
Will by degrees be changed for the better —
As the cur becomes, at last, a setter —
Till finally, though the process is slow,
They are fit to live above or below.
And thus we get rid, by a process cheap,
Of all our black and scabby sheep —
Such as are shown, by experience full,
To be good for neither mutton nor wool.
And now, dear Dick, you understand,
Why Pete nor I have any on hand.”
“Thank you,” said I ; “that explains it all,
And Pete, I see, did Darwin forestall.

But excuse me, Nick,— pray don't think me rude ;
You agreed, you know, to be interviewed,—
There must be some difference, I trow,
Between those above and those below.
For if they 're alike why separate 'em ?
And if different how do you rate 'em ?
We here have always understood
That Heaven only claimed the good,
While you had got to be content
To have the bad ones to you sent."

" Ah, Dick," said he ; " it 's plain enough
From whence you got that silly stuff.
It is from that wretched apology
For knowledge which is called theology !
That mass of egotistic invention,
Crazy conceit, and baseless pretension,
For which men quarrel, and come to blows,
Though what about not one of 'em knows.
Its tales about me, I here would mention,
Are both false and evil in intention ;
And the same remark will apply also
To what it says of the people below.
But speaking of Tophet and Paradise
(Or Heaven and Hell, to be more precise),

The two places differ mainly in this,
That they send above, to what is called bliss,
All those who cannot live content
With people who from them dissent —
That is, the old Puritanical squad,
Who, deeming themselves the chosen of God,
Think disbelief in their creed so awful
It ought to be made a crime unlawful.
For once let a man the notion get
That he is Heaven's especial pet,
And holds a commission, duly signed,
To do the thinking for all mankind,
He 'll never cease to bore and dispute,
Or, if he has power, persecute.
For then he will, as a matter of course,
Without any scruple, make use of force ;
He will bring you under the clerical rod,
And fine you, may be, or put you in quod.
Now such kind of folks, you can see very well,
Could not be endured in liberal Hell ;
So they all go above, that 's understood,
As reward for having been extra good,
And also for being persecuted
By having their right to rule disputed.

For the mind with bias theologic
Acts by peculiar rules of logic ;
And conscience strictly ecclesiastic
Is always inclined to be elastic.
Then there are those who think it all wrong
To indulge in frolic, dance, or song ;
Good folks enough, may be, at heart,
But apt to play the despot's part,
And to think that they by grace have got
Some kind of light that others have not.
Being also gloomy, as well as vain,
When others are merry it gives them pain ;
And if one takes snuff his nose to please,
He expects the world with him to sneeze.
A very cantank'rous, cranky lot,
For ever engaged in dispute hot
About something which they never can test,
And of no importance if set at rest.
Sometimes it is as to whether or no
Elijah's raven might not be a crow ;
Or which was the proper form of the tale :
Did the whale bolt Jonah, or he the whale ?
I have known them hotly debate a week
If Baalam's ass spoke in Dutch or in Greek ;

Or if the wine that made Noah merry
Was Tokay, or port, or old brown sherry.

“ Now those who come to me consigned
Possess another cast of mind ;
And as a rule they don't care a jot
If Noah fuddled himself or not.
All they ask of a man is that he
Shall grant to others full liberty
To reject or receive as they think best,
And ask from no one a pledge or a test.
The broad-minded men, who with all can
agree,
As a matter of course come down to me ;
For they know they get from those above
Neither justice, charity, nor love.
We have, besides, all the men of parts,
Great in poetry, science, and arts ;
And all the wits, both the old and the new,
With musicians and actors not a few —
All good-natured, merry-hearted folks,
Who liven us up with harmless jokes,
Or make good humor and mirth prevail
By rollicking song or well-told tale.

In fact, more merry they scarcely could be ;
Plague take 'em ! they even make fun of me.
And if I scold 'em, it 's all of no use ;
They say, ' Only a joke ; don't be a goose ! '

“ And now, friend Dick, it 's easily seen
Where is found the difference between
The saints above, all gloomy and sad,
And sinners below, all sunny and glad.
I think you 'll agree with me when I say
That both are good fellows in their own way ;
But it would n't do, you see, to mix 'em,
No matter how you contrive to fix 'em.
And so we had to sort and rate 'em,
And permanently separate 'em.”

“ Dear Nick,” said I, “ between you and me,
The arrangement could not better be.
Such elements must from the start
Most carefully be kept apart ;
Like fire and powder, quiet asunder,
Together mixed they generate thunder.
Imagine Butler, witty and clever,
Living with Praise-God Barebones for ever !

Or think of Voltaire and Rabelais
With Calvin and Knox for but a day!
Why, they 'd think Old Scratch himself was
 loose,
And would n't hear of the least excuse;
For men without humor fear and hate
The wit they cannot appreciate;
And piety, when sour and vain,
Thinks light-hearted people all profane.

“ But, Nick, before we further proceed,
In one thing I shall indulgence need;
And that is my speech, which I must avow
Needs all the charity you can allow.
My college tutor was an old-time crammer,
Who gave me such a disgust for my grammar
That ever since I have quite neglected
To get my knowledge of it perfected.
I trust, therefore, you will excuse
The wretched language I may use;
For, with the training I have had,
My grammar must be awful bad.
And with the scholar I now address,
I feel quite ashamed, I must confess;

For perhaps the meaning of my poor speech,
From its imperfection, you may not reach.”
“ Now, Dick,” said he, “ don’t let that trouble you ;
In such ignorance I can double you.
If not quite grammatic, to the letter,
You ’re epigrammatic, which is better.
That is the best language, say what you may,
Which will best express what you have to say.
Grammarians are but pedantic deceptions,
With a hundred rules to a thousand exceptions.
And though pedagogues may rave and storm,
Sense is of more importance than form.
Only make your speech so clear and plain
That none need ask it over again ;
And then if it won’t with the grammar go,
Why, just send the grammar to Jericho.
Only pedants, prigs, and fools
Shackles make of grammar’s rules,
Which are only good and well to obey
When they really help the sense to convey,
But if any rule your meaning befogs,
Obey it not, but kick it to the dogs.
And in this matter, some have said it,
Old Walt Whitman deserves much credit :

He breaks verbal rules and slights the Graces,
But fearlessly kicks over the traces ;
And when old Walty takes pen in fist,
He 's a thorough rhyming Nihilist.
When readers miss the rhyme for which they look,
He tells them they 'll find it in his next book ;
Or, if not there, in a manner airy
He 'll tell them to search the dictionary ;
And somewhere in that, if they look keen,
The rhyme most certainly may be seen.
When he comes to us, at some future time,
I shall not expect him to speak in rhyme ;
But what he thinks he will tell us right out,
In language that won't admit of a doubt ;
His poetical feet may be quite lame,
Yet carry him high up the hill of fame.

...

“ And truth is, Dick, my own grammar is rusty,
Old-fashioned, half-forgotten, and quite musty ;
Nor will I endure the needless strain
Of learning its useless rules again.
And then, what is grammar, tell me, I pray,
But the best custom prevailing to-day ?
And as custom changes, so you see,
Grammar changes till they both agree.

If you learn the custom of the best,
And follow that, you may leave the rest."

"Thanks," said I; "you are more than
kind,

And take a weight from off my mind.
My language, I know, will not be good,
But at least I may be understood;
And with your example I feel at ease
To deal with grammar just as I may please."

From this the talk went roaming round,
As topics new by chance were found;
And Satan, as he got more mellow,
Came out still more a first-rate fellow—
With not a trace of venom or gall,
But with best of will for one and all,
And full of the rarest information
Of every age and every nation.
Said he, "Ask away; don't stint the measure;
To answer will be to me a pleasure;
For he who keeps his knowledge selfish
Is little better than a shell-fish;
For if shut up in his own thick skull,
That might as well be empty as full.

Your humble servant, no doubt you 're aware,
Of men and women has seen his full share ;
And the various knowledge thus acquired
Is at your service, if it be desired.
So ask what you will, of woman or man,
And I will answer, as far as I can."

"Dear Nick," said I, "since you are so kind,
I 'll take this chance to improve my mind.
There is much I would have asked before,
But feared to make myself a bore ;
So your kind permission I now will use,
And try the privilege not to abuse.
First, then, what may your opinion be
Of our glorious land and people free —
The place where Liberty had her birth,
And now the only spot upon earth
Where her broad banner flutters free,
And none to tyrants bow the knee?"

..

"Well, Dick," said he, "respecting that matter,
A man must be careful how he chatter.
On the Glorious Fourth, of course I say,
It 's the world's wonder in every way,

And destined to be a greater nation
Than has yet been seen in all creation.
But spite of eloquence thus expended,
Judgment, I think, may be suspended,
And in face of this self-assertion loud
A modicum of doubt may be allowed.
You know yourself, as well as I,
What wool there is in all this cry.
You, of course, are free, I freely admit,
If the politicians only permit ;
But if they don't, which is like as not,
Then your freedom all is gone to pot.
You're allowed to choose 'tween Barney and Mike,
And may vote for which of the boys you like.
In selecting the two you have no voice,
But in voting you are permitted a choice —
For which be thankful, and mind what you 're at ;
If you make any fuss you may lose that.
Neither boy cares about you a mite,
Save, perhaps, as a tail to his kite.
And if perchance you should take the whim
To not vote at all, it won't vex him ;
He and his clan will rule all the same,
And, if it should suit them, in your name.

So it matters but little whatever you do,
Since nobody cares a pin about you.
To make things look well you are left as free
As it just suits their purpose you should be :
To act as cat's-paw, in Liberty's name,
To scramble their chestnuts out of the flame.

“In my time, Dick, you must know, I have seen
All kinds of governments ever have been ;
And few have I found among the same
That truthfully answered to their name.
Democracies I have frequently known
That were but tyrannies overgrown ;
While despotisms, as men so called 'em,
Have people made free, and not enthralled 'em.
For let it always be understood
That despots may be both wise and good ;
While the democrats who them upbraid,
May be but tyrants in masquerade.

“ Firm government, native or exotic,
In a certain sense must be despotic ;
For if based upon the whim of a day,
A change of that whim may sweep it away.

It is only despots born short-sighted
Who practice wrongs which have to be righted ;
Because they don't realize as they should
How they would gain by the general good.
But democracies, as history has shown,
Can as despotic be as one man alone ;
While one alone, it must be allowed,
Is easier dealt with than a crowd.
A despotism, in any nation,
May be tempered by assassination ;
For dread of poison, lead, or steel
Makes the haughtiest tyrant feel
That, spite of all his power and might,
To save his life he must do right.
The shade of Brutus before his eyes
As a warning sign will ever rise ;
And the sword of Damocles, bright and keen,
Hanging over his head is always seen.
But a despotic government *prolétaire*
Is in all respects quite another affair.
In oppression and wrong it may be the same,
But on nobody can you fasten the blame.
There 's no single man that you can take,
And put his peace and his life at stake

For being the sole responsible cause
Of social disasters and unjust laws.
With no conscience to sting, nor body to slay,
Content and secure, it pursues its own way.

“ I must say it, for I have good reason,—
Although I 'm aware it is rank treason,—
That as a safe cover for selfish knaves,
Who plunder the people and make them slaves,
Liberty's cap, by demagogues worn,
Laughs a diadem or crown to scorn!
No emperors, kings, or sultans proud,
Or haughty aristocratic crowd,
Were ever such tyrants, devoid of shame,
As many who rule in Liberty's name.

“ Now don't feel hurt, Dick, when I say that ;
You know I 'm a born aristocrat,
And, as I scarcely need to tell,
Reign supreme, when at home, in Hell.
To true freedom I am not averse ;
Nay, on the contrary, quite the reverse ;
But what I see done in Liberty's name
Makes your servant the Devil blush for shame.

“ And remember, Dick, supposing this true,
It in no way at all applies to you.
The good social rule must be respected —
Present company always excepted ;
But you really have got an awful squad
Of villains who richly deserve the rod.
And among the worst, in every case,
Are the “ special friends of the toiling race ”—
Self-dubbed reformers, selfish and lazy,
With morals loose and intellects hazy —
Who, by stimulating discontent,
Make impossible good government.
Yet the stupid people, day after day,
Permit such scoundrels to have their own way,
And never exhibit enough common sense
To detect coarse praise and shallow pretense.
But this state of things, you may depend,
Must some day have a pitiful end ;
For democracy, by demagogues ruled,
Drunk with flattery, misled and befooled,
Is sure to reach, if it go unchecked,
Anarchy first,— by which it is wrecked,—
And then, after floods of dire disaster,
A strong, and welcome, despotic master !

“ But, Dick, I trust this Cassandra cry
Will not to your own people apply.
I like you Yankees, and grieve to find
You have some faults to which you are blind.
And one above all you ought to amend,
The mention of which, I fear, will offend :
I mean the bad habit of brag and bounce,
And threatening other people to trounce.
This habit always your good sense befogs,
And makes you the playthings of demagogues,
Who in reputation will bring you down
To the level of a bullying clown.
You 've quite enough,— that 's freely allowed,—
Of which you may be honestly proud ;
And there 's no need to blow about it,
For fear the world won't know about it ;
By doing so you excite a doubt
If others, untold, would find it out.
Like Bible text on a beggar's petition,
Your bluster creates a strong suspicion
(Which spite of protest will abide)
That it 's all put on the truth to hide ;
For much protest is in fact admission
There really is some ground for suspicion.

A brave man won't boast how brave he may feel,
Nor an honest man shout, ' I cannot steal !'
And well-founded distrust is always born
Of him who constantly blows his horn.
Had Bayard proclaimed himself to be
The pride and flower of chivalry,
He would by that very act have shown
He had no right the title to own.
I wonder to see, with so much shrewd sense,
Still so much swagger and mere pretense —
Degrading a noble, sensible nation
To a club for mutual admiration.
It is a trite, but true, observation,
That self-praise is self-depreciation ;
And your sincere friends are vexed at heart
To see you act so absurd a part ;
Losing your honest, well-earned fame
To get the empty boaster's name.
Morbid self-consciousness and introspection,
Or boasting about one's health and perfection,
Like the tell-tale mold on unhealthy fruit,
Clearly shows that disease has taken root.
In perfect health a man realizes not
That he either stomach or heart has got,

And when he anxiously watches their working,
Depend upon it some mischief is lurking.
In nations the same, those that boast their wealth,
Or challenge the world for vigor and health,
Are very often far on the way
To insidious but sure decay.
And this continual self-praise
Becomes hurtful in other ways ;
For it makes us think our own renown
Is increased by talking others down.
But to ever be at a rival carping,
And upon his faults or his follies harping,
Creates suspicion that there may be
At bottom a little jealousy,
And also a fear — between me and you —
That the rival may be best man of the two.
A consciously great man never descends
To disparage those with whom he contends,
Because he knows by such an act
He would from his own just fame detract.
Belittling a foe, by any pretense,
Must always be done at our own expense ;
For making him out inferior to be
Leaves us no credit if we gain victory.

But there, Old Man, excuse me, I pray;
I did not intend so much to say —
It came tumbling out without proper thought,
And I fear I said what I had not ought."

"Dear Nick," said I, "you don't me surprise,
And I beg you won't apologize;
There really is of that no need,
Since with you I am half agreed.
You cannot lay it on too thick,
And need not fear that I shall kick.
What you said is true to the letter,
And no one could have said it better.
That habit has, I must candidly own,
Upon myself unconsciously grown;
But, now I see it in its colors true,
I will try to correct it — thanks to you.

"I am also with you fully agreed
That we have a great and most urgent need
For some authority which all will own,
That does not depend on numbers alone.
For what reason have we to expect
The ignorant masses will respect

The puppets they for amusement make,
Play with awhile, then to fragments break? —
As the child makes toys from a lump of clay,
Then breaks them all up and throws them
away.

When a power from their caprice is born,
They can but feel for it contempt and scorn;
And how can it in any way oppose
The will of the masses from whom it flows?
While our rulers all come from such a source,
Bad government is a matter of course.
But this kind of thing, when once begun,
Like the plague of old, must have its run;
For the people who won't by sense be ruled
Are always by cunning rascals befooled.

“But enough of this. Let us change our view,
And give attention to something new.
I should like very much your views to learn
On a matter in which all feel concern,
But which we scarcely ever discuss
Without ill will, and perhaps a muss.
I allude to the Church and its master,
Whether known as parson, priest, or pastor.”

“ Agreed,” said he ; “ whatever the name,
I treat all human beings the same —
Fair and square, without fear or favor,
Each according to his behavior.
Clerical men I should very well know,
For I always have a number below ;
And taking them as they come, in the mass,
I call them a good, fair, average class ;
Which, considering the pitfalls in their way,
Is very much to their credit, I must say.
A few are really bright-witted fellows ;
Others windy as a pair of bellows.
Many are real good-hearted, but hazy ;
While some are cranky, or downright crazy.
The word ‘ Reverend ’ before their name
Makes some too much inclined to claim
Authority to say to all men what
They ought to believe or what they ought not ;
And it ’s funny to notice the pope-like airs
With which they regulate others’ affairs.
Still these, with those who have nothing to say,
But go on talking to get their pay,
By no means give us a true impression
Of all who labor in the profession.

For many there are, I say with pleasure,
Who credit deserve in fullest measure —
Men who with any can compare
For personal worth and attainments rare.
And when such, after due probation,
Take to preaching as a vocation,
Because they feel they have something to tell,
And possess the gift to tell it as well,
It matters not if their views we reject,
They still deserve reverential respect.
But he who makes preaching only a trade
At once plants his foot on the business grade,
And can no more claim a special regard
Than he who sells bacon, flannel, or lard.
And with not a few, I am sadly afraid,
Preaching is looked on as only a trade,
Which they enter upon, and try to learn,
As a means by which a living to earn —
As other men learn to be sailors,
Blacksmiths, tinkers, or may be tailors ;
And they make up in affectation
What they lack in qualification,
Assuming to be the agents of God,
They expect all the world to bow to their nod.

In their schooling true knowledge was lacking,
But their heads were filled, by way of packing,
With that cobweb — stretched to infinity —
Irreverently dubbed 'divinity,'
Which so befogs and clogs up the brain
That knowledge tries to enter in vain.
One I knew, the most pretentious of all,
Who fancied himself a second St. Paul,
And who set out from Brooklyn — of all places —
To put the Athenians through their paces;
And at 'em he preached — three hours good —
On the very spot where Paul had stood.
But, as they knew not a word he said
(Though that fact never entered his head),
And his arms and legs thrashed about like flails,
Or revolved round and round like windmill sails,
They concluded it was a case of obsession,
Or, in other words, demoniac possession,
And wondered why those who had him in
charge
Allowed the poor fellow to be at large.

“The same man, on being requested
To explain how Jonah missed being digested

When in the whale's belly he tumbled about
For three long days and nights before spewed out,
Remarked that the explanation — at least to him —
Was just as easy as learning to swim.
For any one could see, who was n't too obtuse,
That he only need dodge the gastric juice ;
Which he without any trouble could do,
Since he carried matches and a lantern too.
At least it would sinful be to doubt 'em,
Since he could n't see the juice without 'em.

“ And this, by many, is extolled as preaching,
And even called religious teaching !
When such are the shepherds, some one has
said,
What must be the sheep who by them are led ?
But, Dick, there are some, among the best,
Who fully make up for all the rest ;
Kind-hearted, tender, simple, and just,
They command our reverence and trust.
We may not agree with what they teach,
And even weary to hear them preach ;
But we give them all the attention we can,
And forget the parson in love for the man.

The more there are of such good men around,
The better the world will surely be found.
But the misfortune is, such men as these
Are not the most apt the people to please,
Because they don't ceremonials prize,
Nor care to dictate or dogmatize.
And should one ever announce himself freed
From the galling bonds of a worn-out creed,
His hearers would at once renounce him,
And as a heretic denounce him!
For every orthodox creed or Church
Sees nothing but sin in honest research.

“As the starving infant, in despair,
From its wasted fist sucks in thin air,
And with it cheats and satisfies
Its hunger keen, and stills its cries,
So blind devotion with fondness hugs
Barren Theology's withered dug;
But from them no life-juice can start
To nourish either brain or heart.

“It 's disgusting to hear some parsons tell
Their absurd fibs about Heaven and Hell,

While knowing no more of either one
Than of Timbuctoo or Prester John.
Just think of the stuff they preach about me ;
Why, sillier rubbish there scarce could be !
From arson and murder, down to fighting,
There 's no sin, they say, I do not delight in.
But did I want to promote crime and lies,
It 's among these men I should seek allies ;
For once fast shackle a man to a Church,
And despised reason is left in the lurch.
The very worst demon ever portrayed,
Who wanted help in his soul-killing trade,
Would find in blind faith, and a dogmatic
 creed,
Just the kind of assistance that he would need.

“ In all that they say about me and my acts
They simply draw on invention for facts ;
As they also do when they try to give
Some account of Hell, where they say I live.
This they describe as a bottomless pit,
Where brimstone flames everlastingly spit,
Into which they thrust, without reprieve,
All those who don't like them believe,

And give your servant a pitchfork stout
To stir 'em up and toss 'em about.
Now, though this is silly as Mother Goose,
To reason against it is of no use.
For, to state the truth without blinking,
Most men hate the trouble of thinking,
And would rather believe what parsons say
Than investigate it in any way.
Their minds being empty, as eggs when blown,
The priest fills them up with stuff of his own;
And, without me and endless damnation,
He knows there 's no need for his salvation;
So he sticks to both, as the drowning man
Sticks fast to his plank as long as he can.
And not only am I thus abused
By slanders which cannot be excused,
But in England I have been nonsuited,
And my actuality disputed.
Nay, not only has my case been lost,
But Hell itself had to pay the cost;
And this occurred in the highest court,
As you may see in the legal report.
So there men can say, ' Nothing prevents us,
Holding the Devil *non est inventus* !'

All which has come from the stupid lies
Told by the parsons and their allies.
But I'm afraid, Dick, this to you may sound strange,
And you 'll think me a little out of my range,
But that would be quite a great mistake
(Though one you naturally would make);
For without me and my cozy retreat,
The plan of creation is incomplete.
And furthermore, you must bear in mind,
I have special charge of part of mankind;
Which gives me the right, and the duty too,
To take interest in all that they do.
And respecting things which they sacred hold,
I think I may say, and not be too bold,
That my knowledge of them equals at least
That possessed by either parson or priest.
So I could become a religious teacher
With as good a right as any paid preacher.

“That is, if religion could be taught;
Which it cannot, no more than be bought,
For religion, like taste, it may truly be said,
Emanates from the heart — not from the head.

It may by all be felt, at any age,
But is never learnt by fool or sage.
Dogmas and faiths may be taught, I allow,
But they don't make up religion, I trow ;
Nor does the preaching of creeds orthodox,
Set just like the tunes in a music-box,
Give more right, not even to a Beecher,
To call himself a religious teacher,
Than grinding an organ, slower and faster,
Gives right to the title of music master.
Some preachers, in fact, bear the same relation
To religion and to their congregation
That the organ-man and his doleful noise
Bear to music and the concourse of boys ;
Nay, now and then one gives us reminder
He plays the monkey more than the grinder :
His pulpit performances are so funny,
And he 's so expert at grabbing money.
He 's chosen, not for knowledge of men or
books,
But for something taking in his ways or looks.
In short, he is taken just because,
Like the monkey, it is found he draws.

But then we cannot, in reason, expect
Men shackled like them to command respect.
Their congregations don't want them to be
Expansive in thought and mentally free ;
But insist they shall keep a limited range,
And never dare even to think of a change.
They know modern life has many new needs,
Yet still they must stick to the same old creeds ;
Though often, I fear, they don't believe 'em,
Nor do their hearers as truth receive 'em.
But enough of parsons, they very well know
That among men of thought they cut a poor
 show ;
And many, though sure of losing their places,
Will make up their minds to kick over the traces.

“ But, Dick, in giving these reflections vent,
I have not, I trust, been irreverent.
For please to note that this tirade
Is not against *religion* made.
For that, I trust, without pretense,
I entertain due reverence ;
Nor shall there about it from me be heard
A solitary disrespectful word.

My remarks apply, with due limitation,
Not to religion, but its imitation—
To that wretched sham which its name assumes
And parades before us in borrowed plumes.
For this abortion, of ignorance born,
I have only dislike, contempt, and scorn.
Religion, like wealth, is oft professed
By men who never have it possessed ;
While those who of it have the most
Of its possession never boast.
But careless observers, misled by show,
Who the genuine metal do not know,
Prefer the tinsel's glittering shine
To the purest gold that leaves the mine.
To true religion, when it I see,
I will reverently bow the knee.

“ But suppose that we now let all this pass,
And give our attention to some other class—
Pious men, you say? Yes, we have many
such,
And the genuine ones I value much ;
For no better men the world contains
Than those in whom true piety reigns.

For that is born of a reverent mind
For all things lovable, wholesome, and kind,
And vaunts not itself, nor takes delight
In bringing others' failings to light.
No matter to whom he prays or kneels,
He who this kind of piety feels,
Belong to what creed or Church he may,
Is better for it every way.
But the piety which is made a screen
To prevent shortcomings from being seen,
Or used to gratify spite and conceit,
Is the meanest vice with which we can
meet.

“ So piety, like wine, we must
Judge by tasting, not take on trust.
To believe in the bottle's label is rash,
For it often covers the vilest trash ;
And the pious label, with Bible text,
Is apt to be but a sham and pretext.
True piety presumes not to say
How others shall think, or work, or pray,
But leaves all to labor, pray, or rest
When and how it to them may seem best.

The man truly pious never shows
That he himself his piety knows;
But sham piety, born of conceit
(The sort with which we are apt to meet),
Is altogether a different kind,
As those who encounter it often find,
For it claims the right, and duty too,
To rule the conscience of me and you.
The pious meddler peeps over your fence,
Or enters your garden on some pretense,
To try on Sunday to catch you all,
You and your children, playing at ball ;
If he does he will straightway make complaint —
To prove you a sinner, and him a saint.
If he prevents the baker, the sinner,
From cooking a poor man's Sunday dinner,
He thinks he then the right has got
To have his own served piping hot.
And if any man should be so depraved
As to go on Sunday and get him shaved,
He 'll put the poor barber into quod
To please himself and glorify God !
And then on Monday be nothing loath
(In another way) to shave 'em both —

Deeming it right for a pious man
To swindle a sinner when he can.

“ If God will help him as bull or bear,
And take him under his special care
In any spec in which he 's concerned,
He 'll divide the profit when it 's earned
By giving the Church ten per cent. of the pelf
And keeping the ninety per cent. for himself.
And if by chance, as he sometimes may,
Think he has gone a little astray,
He will make it all with Heaven square
By setting for some poor child a snare :
He 'll tempt her to sell him on Sunday morn
A flower, perhaps, his coat to adorn,
And then have her put in jail till Monday
For selling to him a rose on Sunday.
And he thinks this should, with true believing,
Fully compound for a little stealing ;
Especially if, when he did the job,
It was a sinner he happened to rob.

“ Another great treat on a Sunday morn
Is to find some widow, poor and forlorn,

Selling some trifle of needle or thread
To get for her starving children bread.
Down on her he comes, with pious zeal,
And the law's dread power makes her feel :
He gets her fined, as Sabbath-breaking sinner,
Enough to make her lose many a dinner ;
Then he hopes this trial her heart will reach,
And invites her to come and hear him preach.
He 's very sorry, his heart for her bleeds,
But he cannot see excuse in her needs ;
She has broken the Sabbath, he contends,
And for such a sin she must make amends.
Besides, she need not hungry be,
For Gospel bread is always free —
And that is better every way
Than bread which supports poor sinful clay.
But that innate depravity — the soul's blight —
Makes the widow see it in another light ;
And she not only won't feel grateful,
But even calls the whole thing hateful.
And in that, for one, I with her agree,
For I think it hateful to the last degree ;
It 's the one humbug above all the rest
Which I especially hate and detest.

Compound of selfishness, joined with conceit,
Its sole support is pretense and deceit ;
And it more rascality cloaks and hides
Than anything else that cunning provides.
The cloak, it is true, is often transparent,
And the knave beneath is but too apparent ;
But, being in sense of shame deficient,
He deems the flimsiest screen sufficient.

“The speculator, pious and knowing,
Will give to his scheme so good a showing
That people get mad as crazy March hares,
And all rush in to subscribe for the shares.
But when they are sold he pockets the cash,
And the great speculation goes to smash.
He then builds, by way of apology,
An institute to teach theology ;
Or, as a kind of a restitution,
Founds a Young Men’s Christian Institution.
Sometimes after wrecking two or three banks,
He will, on his knees, give Providence thanks ;
And to show he is not mean nor greedy,
Will freely give to the poor and needy,

Or found a mission with half what he took
To send to the heathen the Holy Book —
Believing such use of part of his gains
Gives him good title to all that remains.

“ Now an impious scamp from time to time
May thus play the rogue and dally with crime ;
But to practice sin with grace and unction,
As if it were a natural function,
A man must naturally possess
A dash of piety, more or less —
But always bearing this in your mind,
It must be the mean and sneaking kind.
Such a man thinks piety remits
The sin of ev'ry crime he commits ;
So that should his conscience, by chance, repine,
That belief will act as an anodyne,
And give him that calm and soothing repose
Which only the man with a pure heart knows.
In short, his piety is pay in advance
For every sin upon which he may chance ;
It both buys pardon without petition
And gives a good reward in addition,

Thus the pious murderer, if he 's caught
And duly suspended, as he ought,
Dies singing in peace his psalm or hymn,
Believing he 'll be a cherubim ;
But that his victim — short of time to repent —
Will straightway, of course, to punishment be
sent.

“ Now the chief cause of this moral perversion
Is what is known as religious conversion,
Or men being told they are selected,
Set apart, and duly elected
As special pets, for endless bliss reserved,
Without regard to its being deserved —
Nay, if undeserving, so some believe,
The greater the blessing they will receive.
Than which nothing better could be designed
To morally pervert the human mind ;
For why practice virtue which is not needed,
Or shun a vice which will never be heeded ?
Among others I call to mind
One of the extra pious kind,
Who convinced himself he had perfect become,
And was also elected to Kingdom Come.

Of course he 'd no need to be morally good,
Because booked for salvation do what he would ;
Still his native bent was so strong that way,
He scarcely could, if he tried, go astray.
In short, piety and virtue in him combined
To make him a perfect model for all mankind.
Any folly for which he no liking had
He would sternly condemn as sinful and bad ;
Or if from age he had to renounce it,
No man could more severely denounce it ;
And with self-denial rare he would n't
Any longer do the things he could n't.
When he lost his relish for bottle and cup,
He was perfectly willing to give them up ;
As indeed he would — truth compels me to own —
Any other follies that he had outgrown.
In short, he shrank from all vices as hellish
For which he no longer had power or relish ;
And this he thought permission gave him
(With grace enough from sin to save him)
To indulge a little (with deep regret)
In any to'ards which his mind still set ;
And for which, of course, it 's understood
His will and power were both yet good.

And then the way he other sinners mauled,
When their peccadilloes he overhauled,
Should, he thought (though he never said it),
Be quite an item to his credit.

And in this notion, I think we must own,
He most certainly does not stand alone :
We are all apt to think our own backs can
Be spared by our whipping some other man.

“ Now, although this is sad, yet, stated fair,
It really gives us no cause for despair ;
For faith and piety are not here to blame,
But the base abortions that go by their name ;
And man's better instincts often succeed
In making him human, spite of his creed.

“ We had one old chap so extra pious
He felt at first quite scandalized by us.
He had been a deacon, and had made
A fortune by a snug little trade
In a pious pill which, taken on Sunday,
Was warranted not to work until Monday.
He first went above, where Pete let him in,
And he soon detected an awful sin :

A cherub's wings by some means were torn,
And he used a brush on Sunday morn,
Which so shocked the deacon he fainted away,
And did not recover till noon the next day ;
And even then rum punch and a deviled bone
Were taken before he recovered his tone.
When quite recovered from this awful blow,
He concluded he 'd change, and come below ;
' For though,' said he, ' I know full well
None but sinners in Tophet dwell,
Who nothing do but wail and weep,
Yet still they may the Sabbath keep.'
So down he came, and then he soon found
That we kept Sunday all the week round !
And, what was yet more astonishing, too,
Had neither weeping nor wailing to do.
He at first went round with nothing to say,
But after awhile got into the way
Of being happy and doing his best
To promote happiness in all the rest,
And two weeks ago set up the wicket
For the usual Sunday game of cricket.
Now here we see a good fellow perverted
By being, as some people call it, converted !

Like thousands of others so church-ridden,
 His better instincts all were hidden ;
 And he really thought that goodness existed
 Only where those instincts were resisted.

“ And here let me observe that all these perversions,

Absurd beliefs, and emotional conversions
 Are only a misformed, monstrous, and mongrel lot
 Of moral bastards by Theology begot.

And theology is, without exception,
 Man's strangest and most hurtful misconception ;
 To true piety, experience will show,

It has proved itself ever a deadly foe ;
 While it puts in place of religion pure
 A vile and fantastic caricature.

Based on an assumption, and built up of dreams,
 It is all delusion, whatever it seems ;

And to thrust such stuff on men of sense
 Is really quite a moral offense.

It has made more quarrels, ill-will, and hate,
 And led to more wars between state and state,
 Than all other causes together combined,
 As you by historical study will find.

But let it pass without further mention
And talk of something more worth attention."

"Agreed," said I; "and with many thanks
We will leave it to fanatic cranks.
And now tell me, Nick, for I want to know,
Is there not some place, above or below,
Where imperfect natures are corrected
And by a judicious course perfected?
The class, I mean, not ingrained bad,
Like those with whom you trouble had,
But those who with a little correction
Are set with ease in the right direction?"

"That question of yours, friend Dick," said he,
"Does credit to your sagacity.

Such a place there is, a half-way station,
Where such are taken upon probation:
Those half developed, or badly made,
Or those who need but a little aid,
And those blind Fortune in her play
Lured into paths that led astray,—
For part go wrong from want of thought,
And part from being evil taught,—

All such, by the aid of love and reason,
Become decent people in due season ;
For judicious treatment, wise and kind,
Will correct the merely erring mind,
And of those you might deem wholly lost
Make real good men at but little cost.

As the engineer inspects his machine
To observe where faults and flaws may have
 been,
And here and there changes makes,
Or screws up tighter where it shakes,
Till when his repairs are fully done
The machine again will smoothly run,
So we inspect and repair men
And set them going right again.
Those thoroughly bad, past all repairs,
As I said before, we send up-stairs ;
And from there we strew them all about
In the vacant worlds, to fight it out.
So our treatment, you see, is wholly meant
For improvement, and not for punishment ;
Of which, as commonly understood,
We cannot see either need or good.

With you, of course, the pretense will be
Punishment is a necessity ;
Or rather, perhaps, to state it true,
It 's the only thing that you can do.
And with the common human crowd
The claim, perhaps, may be allowed.
So far as it may evil prevent,
Reason to it may give her consent,
To serve as makeshift till men have heeded
The causes which alone make it needed.
But when it is done to square an account,
By hurting back to an equal amount
For some harmful deed of a former day,
It is only spite or revenge at play,
And instead of ending the wretched strife
It only perpetuates 'life for life' !
The brutal idea theology gave
Of punishment even beyond the grave
For faults and follies that men commit
From ignorance or from want of wit,
Or because they had been fore-ordained
And so from the first were quite ingrained,
Is repugnant both to brain and heart
And of our system forms no part.

For when it comes to laying it on
To a man, when he is dead and gone,
For follies long since forgotten quite,
It is but revenge or savage spite!
It is no use raking up old scores,
Nor in probing into healed-up sores;
Let all by-gones be by-gones, I say,
And try to better the coming day.
The past is gone, it is done and ended,
And it's now too late to see it mended.
Besides, punishment does less to deter
The longer the time for it you defer:
Put off too long, the offender at last
Forgets it, or thinks the reckoning past.
To make it of the slightest use,
Or find for it the least excuse,
It must be prompt, right on the crime,
For it fails of both with loss of time.
To tell a child who cheats in his play
That he 'll suffer for it when he is gray,
Or, further still, when he is dead,
Won't cause in him the slightest dread;
It will rather make him now and here
Feel safe, since he has nothing to fear.

He will the more enjoy his game,
And go on cheating all the same.
But make it to him certain sure
He will be called on to endure,
Without delay, right on the spot,
A castigation sharp and hot,
He 'll mend his ways, you may rely,
Because he 'll have good reason why —
Unless he thinks, after calculation,
That the prize is worth the castigation.
Spite of the speech upon it expended,
Or logic by which it is defended,
Punishment, for man or for brute,
Is but a wretched substitute
For that more sure and better way
Which men will learn some future day.
It may rogues from thieving sometimes deter,
But it won't make them honesty prefer ;
It won't dispose them to do as they ought,
But makes them more careful not to be caught.
And then, half the time — more often perhaps —
The man who deserves them won't get the raps.
A cute rascal steals, gets off with the cash,
And an innocent man receives the lash.

“ Yes, punishment is, in spite of all claim,
Mostly revenge, with a different name,
Under which blind Rage and brooding Hate
Their fury may spend and satiate ;
Pleading the while their deeds are meant
For just and righteous punishment,
And that they regret and grieve at heart
For having to play the hangman’s part.
They pretend the role of reformers to fill
For a chance to vent their spite and ill-will.
But, save when improvement is its aim,
Punishment upon us has no claim.
I know it is said in Nature we find
Punishment given of severest kind
For the least breach, though accidental,
Of her laws, bodily or mental.
But her infliction is not meant
In any sense for punishment,—
Or at least not as we understand it,—
And it libels her when we so brand it.
Simple consequence, or cause and effect,
Is not the same thing in any respect.

“ But this must end, or a bore I shall be ;
It ’s too near metaphysics, I see.”

“ Not at all,” said I ; “ I hope you ’ll proceed,
It interests me very much indeed ;
And you make it beside so plain and clear,
I could listen all the rest of the year.”

“ Well, Dick,” said he, “ that last admission
Proves I am no metaphysician,
For the essence of metaphysics good
Is, that it never can be understood.
It may be explained again and again,
But that will not make it a bit more plain ;
And the most prolonged, devoted study,
Instead of clearing, makes it more muddy.
But since you say — from politeness, I fear —
That my discourse is instructive and clear,
I will, since with it you seem content,
Resume the subject of punishment ;
And one point I think, not yet under mention,
Will well repay our very best attention.
I mean the change, incessant though slow,
Which men must constantly undergo,
And which makes them, in every way,
Different beings from day to day.
A man all his life may go by one name,
And yet for no two days is he the same.

Nor do we in body only changes find,
But also in habits, in morals, and mind.
We still call him Peter, or James, or Hugh,
But he 's not the same man that once we
knew.

For that man, perhaps, took a real delight
In stealing, or lies, or may be a fight ;
While this one is peaceful, honest, and true,
And in 'all ways equal to me or you.
It matters not how the change came round,
A man must be taken just as he 's found ;
It may be either from age or prayer —
No matter, so the change is there.
But how can we say that it is just
To take this man, so worthy of trust,
And make him to-day a penance begin
For what was really another man's sin ?
For another he was in former times,
When daily committing follies and crimes.
He 's known, it is true, by the same old name,
But in nothing else is the man the same.
His punishment, if right to be had,
Should have been given while he was bad,
And not kept back, as if to preserve it,
Until he really did not deserve it !

“ It often happens a man takes his swing
Of all the joys self-indulgence can bring,
With no ill result his pleasure to spoil
Or make him from it with fear recoil.
Yet he no fine pays nor punishment feels
Till age at last lays him up by the heels ;
Then, when he 's so changed, excepting the name,
That intimate friends scarce think him the same,—
When we find his conduct all we could ask,
With scarce a failing to take him to task,—
Then he 's punished (justify, if you can)
For the deeds done when a different man !
In joy, while a sinner, he spends his days,
And when a good man the penalty pays.
Were the punishment just it ought to fall
On the man when he sins, or not at all.
So now, friend Dick, you know my views
On punishment and sinners' dues.
And you, of course, will now wish to ask
How we contrive to finish our task,
And make the change in those remanded
By reason and good taste demanded ?

“ Well, in all reforms the first thing needed
(Though often by reformers unheeded)

Is a knowledge thorough and complete
Of the being that you have to treat ;
And in this respect, I venture to say,
In regard to man, I am quite *au fait*.
(Excuse the French — it was not for show
But it is so common down below.)
From Adam down to this generation,
Of all races and every nation,
Good, bad, and indifferent, great and small,
I have known and carefully studied all ;
Observing well their wide diversities,
Curious bents, and strange perversities ;
Which has shown me that the same treatment may
Affect each man in a different way ;
And to find the treatment that suits him best,
Each must be taken apart from the rest.
Sometimes men with faults to be righted
Are only mentally short-sighted,
And do not see so clear as they might
The need to have their failings put right.
Such men we so place that for their offenses
They clearly see all the consequences,
And that experience makes them reflect
How every cause must have its effect —

Ignorance of which, nine times in ten,
Is the cause of vice and folly in men.
But in fact we adopt a different plan
With every different kind of a man ;
And if one plan fails it is thrown aside,
And a different one at once is tried,—
For we don't believe in cast-iron rules,
Nor in using on all the same kind of tools;—
And if teaching fails we think the blame ought
To rest on the teacher, not on the taught.
From experience we don't much expect
Where there 's no knowledge of cause and effect ;
And among men there are but few
Accustomed to connect the two.
The greater part, the reformer finds,
Have what I have called short-sighted minds ;
And we need not hope to see them amended
Until their vision becomes more extended.
But, Dick, excuse me if I here diverge,
And one point upon you specially urge
Which hitherto has been much neglected
And its great importance not suspected :
I mean our duty to recognize
The fact which no observer denies,

That we must admit (to'be judicial)
Many legal crimes are artificial —
That is, not made by Nature, but by law,
As Puritans made sin of playing taw,
And denounced the man who ate mince-pie
As a criminal of the blackest dye.
In such cases the crime, in fact,
Is in the law, not in the act.

“ Then many faults, admit we must,
Spring but from thoughtless love and trust ;
And these, let human law say what it will,
Justice and Charity will pardon still.
Class them not with actions accurst ;
They are but follies at the worst.
The poet Langhorne — too little read —
In noble words this truth has said :
' Believe, with social justice and with me,
Folly is but misfortune in the first degree.'
And further still, he might have shown,
Vice is but folly fully grown.

But I fear from this you 'll think I 'm dozing,
Or that your good wine has set me prosing.

I did not intend to-night to preach,
Nor social morality to teach.
So excuse me this divergence, I pray
Its great importance carried me away."

"Dear Nick," said I, "you 're the only preacher,
And almost the only moral teacher,
That I have ever attentively heard
And carefully treasured every word.
You can't say too much, and, stop when you may,
I shall surely wish you had more to say."

"After that," said he, "I cannot refuse ;
So I 'll tell you something which may amuse.
We once had a lot of social cranks,
Gathered from all the different ranks
Of those who think the human creation
(Excepting themselves) needs reformation :
Russian Nihilists, always in dudgeon ;
Irish Patriots, with knife and bludgeon ;
French Communists, noisy and airy,
Mixed with Italian Carbonâri
And a few Labor Knights, who all the time
Proclaimed free labor a capital crime.

A quarrelsome, cantankerous squad,
With respect for neither man nor God —
Only in one thing were they of one mind:
To smash things all up and then go it blind.
What to do with them was a puzzle;
For each one needed gag and muzzle —
A treacherous, jangling, jealous breed,
Who all alike in this were agreed:
That the man who had any property got
Was the enemy born of him who had not.
You will easily see we had on hand
A most troublesome job, with such a band.
It was clearly best they should not disperse,
But keep together for better or worse;
So, bearing in mind their fightings and jars,
We packed them off to the hot side of Mars,
And there left them, with none to resist 'em,
Free to perfect the new social system —
A chance for which, so they used to say,
They had been waiting many a day.
So there they were with the field all clear,
And nothing to hinder or to fear.
(Though with none to kill or rob when they
came,
I suspect the prospect seemed rather tame.) ..

They were given an island, full of fruit,
With plenty of game and fishing to boot ;
The climate was good, with never a freeze,
And ready-made clothing grew on the trees ;
If ever their plans they could carry out,
This was the place for it, beyond a doubt.
Well, the very first day the row began ;
For each was certain he had the best plan,
And denounced as liar, traitor, and thief
The man who denied his right to be chief.
Each would be master, and none would obey,
So quarrels and fights took up the whole day ;
Which led, as you 'll see upon reflection
(By the course of natural selection),
To weeding out most of the puny and weak,
And driving the rest safe asylum to seek ;
For those best developed in tooth and nail,
When fighting took place were bound to prevail ;
A good thick skull, too, which could stand heavy
 blows,
Was a great advantage, as you may suppose.
Well, thus they went on, from day to day,
Getting always more like beasts of prey ;
Till each at last, like a wild chimpanzee,
Lived by himself in the top of a tree !

And there they are now — not even in huts —
Living on crab-apples, berries, and nuts ;
While as to speech, their demon-like yell
Makes one think of a Calvinist hell.
Do I think they 'll ever civilize,
And become human, decent, and wise ?
Well, I 'm in doubt, for when they were
 created
All the brute elements preponderated.
But they may wear out by having their run,
As diseases we know have often done ;
Though at present there is, beyond dispute,
A tendency steady towards the brute.
In fact, the brute element so prevails
That I sometimes think they are growing tails.

“ Another queer lot, not more united,
Were those who thought mankind were benighted
Because in society some would gain
Positions that others could not attain ;
Whereas, said they, things should be ordered so
That all would be equal, whether or no.
And they were determined, come what would,
Inequality should be withstood ;

And all men alike, in every trade,
Should at once be perfectly equal made.
It is true, they said, as we well know,
That Nature did never make them so ;
Because, when creation she began,
She made a great error in the plan ;
But we, who are with sense better fitted,
Will correct the blunder she committed.
So to give them a chance to try their hand,
We gave them outright a choice piece of land,
With a fine mild climate, quite retired,
And rich in all that could be required.
Well, at it they went, with might and main,
To bring all to a medium plane ;
But as they found, when they came to try,
That the low grades could n't reach the high, .
It was, after debate, by all agreed
That the higher ones had to be razeed —
Or brought down — best way they could be,
Till no higher than they should be ;
So that none could, in the smallest item,
Crow over others or ever slight 'em.
Strong men were kept on water and bread,
While weak ones on beef and beer were fed ;

Thus one grew weak, and the other stronger,
Until they were unequal no longer.
To make more sure they began with the young,
Taking care that none should grow up too strong,
Nor be allowed any skill to attain
Beyond what others could easily gain.
A smart boy they hindered all that they could,
While they helped the dull one more than they
 should;
And so were produced, by slow degrees, •
Two third-rate muffs, as like as two peas.
And when at school it so fell out,
The smart boy would excel the lout,
He was sent at once at home to reside
Till the lout caught up and stood by his side.
Inequality thus away was swept,
And a uniform level gained and kept.
Round pegs were thrust into holes that were square,
And square pegs in round holes everywhere.
It was even decreed that should two men ride
Upon the same horse, it must be side by side,
Because it was grossly unequal to find
One riding in front and the other behind.

But woman, upon this leveling plan,
Fared worse, if it could be, even than man :
Not one was allowed a charm to possess
A shade above those in whom it was less.
If her hair was longer, or more profuse,
It was duly cropped and sold to the Jews ;
So the poor short-haired ones, once in despair,
Were thus made her equals in point of hair.
The auburns, the blondes, and the blacks were all
 stained,
Till a ginger-tint all around was obtained.
This made them equal, so none could take pride
In beautiful hues to others denied.
The plan held, too, in the way they were dressed,
The plainest girl always wearing the best ;
While those who were fair, and attracted beaux,
Were clad in ugly and ill-fitting clothes.
It was even proposed, as just and wise,
To equalize all in regard to eyes ;
As some were short-sighted, and others long,
While some had weak eyes, and others had strong,
It was resolved that, either at work or play,
All alike should wear glasses made the same way —

So that none could have the better vision,
But all see alike, with dim precision.
Besides, they would hide those witching glances,
With which some girls make unfair advances,
And so allure men they wish to enthrall
That gooseberry eyes have no chance at all.
In this way they hoped in time to succeed
In making all women equal indeed.
Well, so they kept trying, every way,
To get all alike, and so make them stay ;
And the thriftless, useless, and lazy agreed
That the plan was first rate — was perfect, indeed.
But, so far as I am able to guess,
It has not been yet a perfect success ;
For, however complete may be the plan,
There will now and then be produced a man
Who, do what they will, and spite of their frown,
Defies all their efforts to keep him down.
The more they weight him the higher he 'll rise,
And in spite of the odds will take the prize ;
Ignoring obstacles thrown in his way,
He makes steady progress every day —
Like balls elastic, which higher rebound
The harder you dash them against the ground ;

And such men as these, as sure as fate,
Will rule all the others, soon or late.
But excuse me, Dick — that is, if you can,
For talking as if myself were a man.
When speaking of things in confab with you
I can't help feeling like one of the crew,
And employ the pronouns 'I' and 'we,'
When I should be saying 'you' and 'he.' ”

...

“Why, Nick,” said I, “I'm not only content,
But regard it as quite a compliment.
Apology, pray, don't ever mention ;
I am flattered by your condescension.
So please go on, and tell me some more
Of the oddities you have in store.”

...

“Well, Dick,” said he, “of all the wrong-headed,
Those with missions are most to be dreaded.
That is, the noisy, vain, and cranky kind,
Whose zeal to sense and to justice is blind ;
And who give themselves some high-sounding name
To feed their vanity and gain cheap fame.
These are the kind I hate and detest,
And wish to distinguish from the rest.”

It is they who mostly fill the ranks
Of prigs, and bores, and meddlesome cranks ;
Who think other folks are bound to submit
To any injustice they may commit,
And not only take quietly treatment hateful,
But return thanks for it to show they are grateful —
It being but in kindness meant,
To spare them still worse punishment.
But for such kind efforts for their good
Men are seldom so grateful as they should.
I have known one refuse to find the coal
With which he was roasted to save his soul ;
Nor would he a penny give towards the hire
Of a man to make up and poke the fire ;
Which clearly shows, beyond dispute,
Man is at heart a thankless brute.
That a man for himself should think and judge,
Reformers contend is nothing but fudge.
They will do that for him ; nor must he presume
To dispute any right which they may assume.
And should he resist, as sometimes he might,
They'll punish him well, to prove they are right.
It is true they can't roast him, just at present,
But they can make his life enough unpleasant :

They can imprison, or impose a fine,
To caution others who his way incline.
The milder cranks only think they know best
How all should be fed, and doctored, and dressed ;
Grown-up men like babies they 'd keep,
Feed, and clothe, and put 'em to sleep.
But it's very strange, you seldom find two
Who quite agree as to just what to do :
In eating some deny this, others that ;
Some say, eat lean, and others say, eat fat ;
While others again forbid meat at all,
And allow only fruit from spring to fall.
Nay, there are those who insist that man ought
to graze,
Like Nebuchadnezzar in the ancient days.
So a man can take or he can refuse,
On authority good, just what he choose ;
But do which he will, he is bound to get
The condemnation of some of the set.
Perhaps the worst of these cranks is he who
thinks
That he alone should decide regarding drinks.
He leaves no doubt as to what he would do ;
He 'd decide for himself and others too.

What's best for them he knows better than they,
And they must take that if he has his way ;
And should his choice with them not agree,
It shows how perverse some men can be.
First, all kinds of spirits and wine we must stop ;
Then small beer, soda water, and ginger pop ;
Till at last we get so well crank-ridden
That perry and cider are forbidden,
And a man is fined if proof they produce
That he squeezed an apple and drank the juice.
By and by they 'll denounce the water that flows
Through soil where the vine or apple tree grows,
For fear it may an element contain
To bemuddle or hurt some feeble brain.
But usually an antidote is found
In the way they run things into the ground,
And make themselves so hated a faction
As to always cause complete reaction.
Men will often drink solely because
They are forbidden by unwise laws,
Though they really little care about it,
And if left alone would do without it.
The simple truth is often dearly bought,
That forbidden pleasures are eagerly sought.

“With the clothing cranks a droll thing occurred
When I one day took a lot at their word.
I said to them, ‘Here, I give you a man,
Set on and dress him upon the best plan ;
Put on, and take off, and shape as you please,
Till his dress is perfect for health and ease —
So perfect, in short, that all will agree
It 's in all respects what a dress should be.’
Now the costume which the man wore then
Was the same as worn by well-dressed men ;
But the way they tore it into tatters
Would surprise those not used to such matters :
There was not a thing that the man had backed,
But something for taste or hygiene lacked ;
From head to foot not one passed muster,
Even down to the linen duster.
So, as something went to please each expert,
They stripped him at last clean down to his shirt ;
Then, being bare, the question arose,
• What dress should replace the cast-off clothes ?
And that brought trouble, for each one opposed
Everything that the others proposed.
In vain the poor fellow begged and implored,
His prayers to be covered were all ignored ;

For having thus got him down to the buff,
They left him so and went off in a huff.
So I gave him, to clothe him decently,
A suit of my own, made quite recently ;
For which he gave thanks, and then said to me,
' I hope there 's no more reformers to see.'
And Dick, as this chance may not happen twice,
I will give you here a piece of advice :
If you wish the masses to take by storm,
Of course you 'll propose some kind of reform ;
For that is a cry which will carry your point,
Though your facts and figures may be out of joint.
But take good care only for it to *cry* ;
Of putting in practice always be shy.
It is always there reformers fall out,
When they try to bring their reforms about ;
For they either cannot be effected,
Or don't result as had been expected.
But suppose they do, still, even then,
They satisfy one and displease ten ;
Then you 're a fraud, as you 'll find to your cost,
And all your fame as reformer is lost.
But while you merely talk and declaim,
You gain, and keep, both honor and fame.

“The safest reforms for which to shout
Are those which cannot be brought about.
For them you may promise just what you please,
And as to fulfillment feel quite at ease.
You prove them feasible by tongue and pen,
But in practice they fail — through other men ;
And thus, if you only play well your game,
You get all the credit and they the blame.
But of course, Dick, you know that this tirade
Is only against reform as a trade :
The true reformer won't care a jot
If gain or fame come to him or not ;
And if you intend in that which you do
The lasting good of your kind to pursue,
You must not care if you get a bad name
In place of well-deserved honors and fame.
You must simply do what you feel is best,
And to time and fortune leave the rest.
For long experience this truth has shown,
That men are led by emotion alone.
Argue and reason, show the truth as you may,
If you don't touch feeling it's all thrown away.
But if you do that right, then feel at your ease ;
You may do with them then whatever you please.

They'll give you full credit, say what you may,
And hail you their friend — at least for the
day,
Or till some one else comes marching along,
With more brass and an oilier tongue.

“Of this kind of knowledge good use is made
By the demagogue, as he plies his trade.
That foul parasite, that curse of the state
(Compound of selfishness, cunning, and hate),
Always succeeds, experience has shown
By making appeals to feeling alone.
With reason and sense he has no concern,
And facts or the truth does n't care to learn;
He only well flatters, cajoles, and lies,
And pretends to heartily sympathize,
Till he makes his cozened hearers cry,
'That is the man that we will stand by;
He is our friend, both honest and firm,
And him we'll elect to fill next term.'
While the honest man, endowed with sense,
Who sees through all this sham and pretense,
And tries the truth alone to state,
Finds out at last, but oft too late,

That simple truth, however clear,
The masses never care to hear —
Indeed, if you tell it, and it does n't square
With the moment's whim, you 'd better beware ;
But call them honest, virtuous, and wise,
You may safely tell them plenty of lies.
All which the demagogue thoroughly knows,
And by that knowledge leads them by the nose ;
Though a mere wind-bag, yet cunning and deep,
He fleeces his dupes like a flock of sheep.
You can't accuse him of good time spent
In useless reason or argument ; . . .
He only tells them how his blood boils
When he sees their unrequited toils,
And how he is ready his life to spend
In proving himself their very best friend —
In the mean time laboring for them free,
Or just for his keep and a little fee.
If a popular idol you would make,
He is the model you must imitate.
Honest work he will glorify much,
But takes good care none of it to touch ;
In regard to that he goes on the plan
Of giving it all to some other man.

For his kind heart will not let him rob
Any poor man of the smallest job ;
But when the time comes to pay for the work,
He puts in his claim as bold as a Turk.
To the workman's purse he sticks like a leech,
Takes all his money, and gives him a speech.

“ The perfect type of this reptile is seen
In the walking delegate, sly and mean ;
Who in ease and idleness spends his days,
While the man at work his expenses pays.
Another type, of a different cast,
More cunning and sly than even the last,
Is the man who makes his fortune sure
By managing the legislature.
You will find this scoundrel everywhere,
From the caucus to the governor's chair ;
And he fouls alike, with demagogue stench,
The pulpit, the bar, and the judge's bench.
Ascend as he may, his vileness he keeps,
And he leaves his slime wherever he creeps.

“ So now once more my opinion you learn
Of those who make politics their chief concern ;

The bulk of whom form, it must be allowed,
A most unsavory and selfish crowd,
Who think the masses are stupid fools,
Fit only to be their dupes and tools.
And such they will be till the day appears
When they use their brains instead of their ears.

“But, excepting some I have down below,
Men, as a rule, make a very poor show ;
And we cannot say that even the best
Are any great way ahead of the rest.
We say some are wise, and others not,
But they 're much alike, taking the lot.
In amount of folly, bear this in mind,
Men differ but little, though much in kind.
The two main classes the world talks about
Stand something like this, as I make it out :
The wise man's follies to himself are known,
But to the outside world are never shown ;
While the fool's follies, from himself concealed,
To the outside world are always revealed.

“But enough of all this ; I'll preach no more,
Or you'll set me down for a fearful bore.

Besides, even if it be well meant,
It cannot be called a compliment ;
And I 'm fully aware it is not quite
In the best of taste, nor even polite."

" Oh, never mind," said I, " Old Man ;
Lay it on as hard as you can ;
For the fact must be fully admitted,
The best among us are scarce half-witted.
We all lack sense one way or another,
And the fool may call the wise man brother.
We feed on flattery, praise, and gammon,
And worship Venus, Bacchus, or Mammon.
You cannot sting the thick skins if you would ;
And to hurt the tender may do them good.
But, Nick, from what you say it seems to me
You've a strong dislike to Democracy."

" That all depends," said he, " bear in mind,
Upon the sort you have in your mind ;
For the name covers things as unlike quite
As sunshine and shadow, or black and white.
If you mean the kind that rules with you,
Dislike it I most certainly do ;

For that as certainly demagogues makes
As a pestilent swamp breeds frogs and snakes,
And the demagogue just as surely brings
The bosses and their corrupting rings.
If that 's what you mean by rule democratic,
I should much prefer rule aristocratic.

“As a name Democracy answers well ;
And the cunning demagogue loves to tell
The people dear how much they are blest
Who under its flaming banner rest.
He learns full well, as he plays his game,
The worth of a good, well-sounding name.
When adroitly used the scoundrel knows
It is like a ring in the public nose,
With which he can lead, and turn it about,
While his dupes for him and for freedom shout,
And really believe — poor, deluded fools ! —
That they are the masters, while but the tools.

“For oppressing and robbing other men,
Without reserve I repeat it again,
Your league of demagogues, bosses, and rings
Beats that of emperors, princes, and kings ;

For it makes men themselves, with proud delight,

Put on their own chains and rivet them tight.

For, after all, you must bear in mind

That when such a league as that you find,

'The people themselves, say what you may,

Are the ones to blame, and only they.

When a bad or unfit man takes a place,

They must elect him, in every case ;

But though his unfitness to all is plain,

Still they 'll elect him again and again.

He may be a thief, and stealing defend,

Yet still be considered the people's friend —

Providing he 's sly, and cunningly pleads

It 's only the rich men's pockets he bleeds.

“ I know it 's treason to say it, Dick,

But the public's hide is awfully thick ;

And its conscience will stretch, as need requires,

Enough to approve of all its desires.

Selfishness, envy, and silly conceit

Are faults which in every rank we meet,

And no more prevail with the rich and great

Than they do with those of lowest estate.

Nor are the masses who work with their hands
Better than those owning houses and lands.
Those who tell them they are are not their friends,
But flatter them for their own selfish ends.
Both have their faults, and both suffer wrong,
But all improve as time rolls along ;
Strike the balance between them just and fair,
And on the whole they 'll come out about square.
The faults of the rich are so often shown,
It 's safe to say they are pretty well known ;
But few like to get ill-will and bad name
By telling the poor they have faults the same.
No doubt there 's much they have to endure,
Which juster laws might prevent or cure ;
But the blame for many so-called wrongs
Most certainly to themselves belongs.
Absence of prudence and of self-restraint,
With sense of responsibility faint,
Keep them too often within an inch
Of public aid or poverty's pinch.
And as for oppression, no despot can
Do worse than is done by the workingman ;
Nor can any plutocrat, full of greed,
Ever show less care for other men's need.

The rights he claims for himself he 'll deny
To all who don't choose with him to ally ;
And if one — who is worth more — gets more pay,
He will do his best to drive him away ;
He will rob him of work, worry him with strife,
And, if that 's not enough, will peril his life.
The rich, he complains, upon him frown,
And all means employ to keep him down ;
While he himself, to those below,
Will not allow the slightest show.
Let the hodman who has felt desire
To raise himself a little higher,
Take the trowel and line in hand
And try their use to understand ;
Will the mason master aid his task,
And give instruction when he ask ?
Will it please him to see the poor man try
To elevate himself a step more high ?
Not he, indeed, it 's against his rules ;
He 'll tell him at once to ' drop them tools,'
And not let him be seen again
Stealing the trade of better men.
He objects to classes above who him rebuff,
But the classes below him are all right enough.

‘ No man should be trodden down,’ he cries,
But he never lets the hodman rise ;
And should a youth have honest desire
The mason’s handicraft to acquire
As a means by which his living to earn,
He ’ll forbid him at once that trade to learn ;
Though he ’d certainly think it unjust and hard
Should his own child be from some other debarred.
He condemns tyrants, and calls them accurst,
While he in his practice is one of the worst.
Yes, workingmen, as I well know,
Hard tyrants are to those below,
Or to each other, when any part
Can rule the others and make them smart.
In public they call one another
‘ Fellow workman ’ and ‘ Dear brother ’ ;
But among themselves, in every case,
The help, or assistant, must keep his place.
And no man must, without asking their leave,
Decide what pay for his work he ’ll receive.
He must not dare to be a free man,
And do for himself the best he can ;
For if he do he ’d better by far
Be living under the Russian Czar.

“ But here I am, still again transgressing,
With my old fault of careless digressing;
And I really fear in that way to-night
I am more than usually impolite.
If I remember, when we last set out,
It was reformation we talked about;
And what has all this to do, I pray,
With reformation in any way?
But you ought to make me understand
I must stick to what we have in hand,
And not go on rambling here and there
Like a lost dog at a country fair.”

“ Dear Nick,” said I, “ pray let me urge
That you continue to diverge,
And follow out each new suggestion
Without regard to what 's in question.
The thoughts that thus spontaneous rise,
Are those which I most dearly prize;
So don't be cramped in any way,
But let suggestion have full play.
Besides, it is by scientists stated
That all things are in some way related;

A notion with which I fully agree,
Even when I don't the relation see.
So go ahead, and continue to say
Whatever comes first, be it what it may ;
But allow me first the bottle to pass,
And to fill up again your empty glass."

"Well," said he, "respecting conversation,
You are quite right in your observation.
For when two make a pleasant pow-wow,
As yourself and I are doing now,
The talk most certainly easier flows
When no restraint you upon it impose ;
And if it be made too precise and set,
It surely uninteresting will get.
So I 'll give you now what first comes to hand,
And let it upon its own merit stand.
Besides, as the bottle gets lighter,
Fancy warms and wit grows brighter ;
Which compensates, I think on reflection,
For any lack of rigid connection.
Call it which you will, weakness or folly,
A man is better for being jolly.

Mais, à nos moutons, as Frenchmen say ;
Let us put this subject all away,
And make a change to some other matter —
Unless you 've got quite sick of my chatter."

"Instead of that," said I, "dear Nick,
I fear that you will get quite sick
Of talking to one so little fit
To profit by such good sense and wit.
But since you permit, I 'll draw on your store
For still a little information more,
Regarding the plans which you pursue
In improving those consigned to you ;
For even the best, I have no doubt,
Have some small faults to be weeded out."

"Well, Dick," said he, "as I said away back,
There is one thing all offenders lack ;
And that is, a clear conception all through
Of the certain result of what they do.
They see but in part, and never reflect
That a cause must always precede an effect.
So all our efforts are first directed
To getting this ignorance corrected ;

For we feel sure that better foresight
Will suffice, with most men, to set them right.
Thus, when a small vice is clearly divulged,
We sometimes let it be fully indulged ;
Till by reveling in it, round and round,
The man runs it fairly into the ground,
And the surfeit makes it so distasteful,
He thinks, at last, it 's perfectly hateful.
He begins to reckon what it cost him,
And then discovers what it has lost him —
Which knowledge dear, I you assure,
Usually works a perfect cure.
You see, the poor, short-sighted man
Is treated on the homeopath's plan.
For as they cure the sick by drop or pill,
Which given to the well would make them ill,
So we cure vice by indulgence judicious,
Which if allowed virtue would make that vicious.
As with them, so it is with us :

Similia similibus !

In others again, the system of cure
Is inoculation *à la Pasteur* —
That is, if some grave fault we have in hand,
Which our greatest efforts will still withstand,

We give up trying as it is to abate it,
And by degrees attenuate it
By introducing, with due restriction,
A milder form of the same affliction
(As doctors substitute mild vaccine
In place of the variole unclean);
And the smaller fault, like the mild disease,
Carries off the worse and is cured with ease.
But our plans, of course, are numerous
And varied, and some are humorous.
Thus we sometimes have to deal with a lot
Of miserly men, who on earth had got
Enough of kind Fortune's golden rain
Their homes in gen'rous style to maintain,
But who yet refused their wives to give
Money enough to decently live.
A very small fault, some will contend,
But nevertheless one we must mend;
For the man who acts a miserly part
Can never preserve a generous heart.
Well, the means we take these men to cure,
Though not severe, are still very sure:
Each has a credit, equal in amount
To his former income or bank account,

Which he can trade with, hoard, or use
In any way that he may choose.
But we give their wives full permission
To go and shop without condition —
Buy all that they like to any amount,
And never trouble about the account,
But hurry in the bills, right straight away,
To their stingy husbands, for them to pay.
And there they sit, signing endless checks,
Till all their credits are hopeless wrecks.
Then, when their money has thus been spent
For debts incurred without their consent,
They begin at last to clearly see
How much better their fortunes would be
Had they always acted, right from the start,
A more considerate, generous part.
They realize how selfish greed,
Denying what their households need,
Is sure to lead, if the chance should arise,
To more being spent than is good or wise.
A man who thus in his pocket bleeds
Begins to see where his conduct leads ;
Till at last Good Sense asserts her sway,
And his better nature comes into play.

“ One time we had toleration to teach
To a band of parsons anxious to preach ;
Each one believing Fate had intended
The world should by him alone be mended.
They pestered me so, and became such bores,
I was sorry to have them on our shores ;
But Pete sent word they 'd so many up there
He thought it was nothing but right and fair
That I should take this particular band
And at dealing with them just try my hand.
So to ascertain just what they desired,
And what to content them would be required,
I called them together without delay
To listen to what they might have to say.
They meant well, I saw, beyond any question,
But unconsciously practiced self-deception,
And easily convinced themselves that they
Were made to rule and others to obey.
Besides leave to make an oration,
Each demanded a congregation,
And expected, as a matter of course,
That all should attend — if needful, by force.
I need scarcely say that such dictation
Was not allowed in our population ;

So in the first place they were instructed
How such matters with us were conducted,
And then informed that, where they had got,
Each one was free to hear them or not.
But this did not please them at all, you see,
So a formal address was read to me,
Which stated that they were duly appointed,
Elected, set apart, and anointed
To teach other folks what alone was true
And of first import — from their point of view ;
And they begged to have a plan perfected
By which their purpose could be effected.
Well, I assured them that, as in duty bound,
I would see fair play in the matter all round.
' But in the first place,' said I, ' if it be so,
You have something to tell we all should know ;
Let us learn exactly what that may be,
Then each can tell if he with it agree.'
With that each one from left to right
Began to preach with all his might ;
But though all from the same Bible taught,
And found in it whatever they sought,
Yet no two among them, that I could see,
As to its teaching could ever agree.

But they talked so loud, and got so excited,
That I had to step in and see things righted;
They were, in fact, on the verge of a fight
To prove which among them was wrong or right.
Two did, indeed, each other so ruffle
It led to a little harmless scuffle,
In which, however, no heads were broken,
Although some pretty hard words were spoken.
The quarrel, I was told, first took its rise
About the meaning of the word *baptize*—
The one contending that its meaning true
Was to sprinkle, as if with morning dew;
While the other declared it should be read,
'You must dip him under, heels over head.'
They were so zealous, though both said 'Brother,'
That I think each would have drowned the other—
Not from ill-will, or from anger strong,
But just to convince him that he was wrong.

"Well, this quarrel raised more; and, to my surprise,
I found there were forty-five ways to baptize!
And, as each sect was eager to expound,
I had to insist on silence all round;

For each one made it plainly appear
He wanted to talk, but not to hear.
So I told them that the first thing to reach
Was agreement as to what they should preach ;
And meanwhile they all must put on the curb,
So their quarrels should not others disturb.
I also proposed, their purpose to meet,
To send them off to a private retreat,
Where each in his turn, in the public forum,
Should be listened to with due decorum
By all the rest, who thus in rotation
Would form the coveted congregation.
In this way, you see, none would have favor,
But all would be put on good behavior.
They could then decide, when all had been heard,
As to whose teaching should be preferred,
And return to tell us, with due precision,
What had been their unanimous decision.
Now this proposal, being fair all round,
Would be, you 'd think, acceptable found ;
Yet they did n't so take it, I soon saw.
But, as what I said was the rule and law,
They had to go ; and so they departed
To the place of meeting, quite downhearted.

“ When there they drew lots for first turn to speak,
And he who got it spoke at them a *week!*
He sprang from the real old Puritan race,
And Plymouth Rock claimed for his native
place.

The way he went in for priest and pope,
As foreordained sinners, lost without hope,
Was terrifying. But, to make things square,
The Episcopalians got their share;
While as for the other sects, great and small,
He sailed right in and demolished them all.
Then, when they had been put to the rout,
He went on to prove, beyond a doubt,
That only he, and a very few more,
Were entitled to land on Jordan's shore;
While all the others he made no bones
Of sending pell-mell to Davy Jones.

“ When he was done, compared with his greeting
Babel itself was a Quaker meeting.
Each one was down on him, heavy and hot,
For the mauling that he himself had got,
Though quite agreed that every thrust
He gave the others was right and just.

“ Well, as when a brand in powder is cast,
The first explosion is also the last,
So they at once all scattered around,
And by the next day not one could be found.
They 'd preach to outsiders till all were gray,
But not to each other a single day.”

“ Well, Nick,” said I, “ you managed that well.
There 's lots of humor, I see, in Hell ;
And since you have genius, in addition,
He 's lucky indeed who goes to perdition.
Your plan was one of the same description
As curing a quack with his own prescription ;
Than which I know no better invention
To put an end to baseless pretension.

“ But after all, setting aside
Your own rare judgment, so well tried,
You have such abundance of first-class mind,
And so much talent of every kind,
To inform, advise, direct, and suggest,
You scarcely can fail to act for the best.
And it makes me fairly long to be
Admitted to such brave company ;

For there 's nothing, I guess, one would like to
know,
That he could not acquire from some one below.
And what a treat to hear them explain,
Show where we were wrong, and make all plain;
To have removed or straightened out
All mixed perplexity and doubt,
And get any problem that we may please
So put as to be understood with ease.
But in history, it seems to me,
The privilege should most valued be;
For even in the most reputed,
How many statements are disputed —
Especially those we find about
Old notables long since mustered out.
And to think that among your varied host
One could find the real man who ruled the roast,
And said the word, or did the deed,
Of which in history we read!
We then could ask, at the fountain-head,
What truth there is in what we have read."

"Now, Dick," said he, "I strongly advise,
If historical faith you really prize,

Not to take the step that you propose
And ask for the truth from him who knows.
For if you do you will lose your trust,
And throw down history in disgust.
For the faith that you so fondly hold
Will seldom agree with what you 're told.

“Historians, Dick, you must bear in mind,
Are not, by any means, all of one kind:
One will write about men and their work
Just what he is told, like any clerk;
Another will write what he knows will please
Those on whom he depends for his bread and
cheese.

Or, if perchance he is not a drudge,
He may owe some other man a grudge,
And finds that by writing his life and deeds'
He can both vent spite and satisfy needs;
Or if not for spite, for revenge, nor pelf,
He may write to make great fame for himself.
But even those who write what they think is true
Only give their own particular view;
Accepting whatever that view will suit,
And slighting the rest as of bad repute.

Why, Dick, I 've seen a man, whose well-known
name

Stands among the first on the roll of fame,
Made almost mad with vexation and rage
When he saw himself on history's page.
Nine times in ten the name alone
Is all that such a man will own ;
And even that, in passing along,
Is sure to be got in some way wrong,
While the record of what he did or said
Comes mostly from the historian's head.
The speeches grand and epigrammatic
Are frequently made in some bare attic
By a poor, hungry, shivering hack,
To fill his stomach or cover his back.

“ History, in short, to state it plain,
Call it sacred or dub it profane,
Is just the belief men settled in
As to how things were or should have been ;
And what to Tom is fact historic,
To Jack is only metaphoric.
Every tale by children received
Is lovingly cherished and believed ;

And the stranger it is, or more unreal,
The greater affection for it they feel.
But as the years come creeping on,
They drop most of them one by one ;
Though some will make an impression so strong,
They cling fast when old as they did when
 young.

Nothing can ever drive them out,
Nor of their truth create a doubt ;
And these last bits of romance make
What men for truthful history take.
Sacred or profane, call it which you will,
It is only the cherished romance still.

“ If you love history, you ’ll find it best
To take it right down and so let it rest.
If you inquire how it is founded,
You ’ll find confusion worse confounded ;
To your pet belief some one will reply,
And prove it doubtful — perhaps a lie.
And what is queer, it is most confused
Where the best authorities are used ;
For what one takes another will reject,
Or use with quite a contrary effect.

"The sole history uncontradicted,
 And by neither dates nor facts restricted,
 Is that of Old Ireland, which is as free
 From one or the other as it could be—
 The men all shadows, the time all in doubt,
 Anything about 'em can be made out.
 Why, one of their bards, who came down below,
 Undertook by Irish hist'ry to show
 That ancient Milesian legends stated
 Saint Patrick and I were near related!
 He made it out thus:

The same pedigree

Belonged both to the O'Gradys and me;
 And Saint Patrick's mother, that noble lady,
 It's very well known, was born an O'Grady—
 Though his father was, as all agree,
 One of the clan of O'Shaughnessy.
 'So,' said the bard, 'Your Honor's akin
 To Erin's best blood, including O'Flynn;
 Which meself being one, though called McShane,
 Your Honor and I are cousins, that's plain.'
 A droll old fellow, chock-full of fun,
 Who never could stop when once begun;

And fond of poteen, which he 'd swig the while
He reeled off history, mile after mile.
It made no odds that his legends and lays
Were never the same on any two days ;
They were always amusing, if not quite true,
Especially those about Brian Boru,
Or Malachi with his golden chain,
Which was made, he said, by Tubal Cain.

“ But leaving the bard and his legends out,
And returning again to historic doubt,
We find it is not in what took place
We have the greatest confusion to face :
It is when men's motives are explained,
The greatest divergence is attained ;
For then we meet with such conflicts, indeed,
That no two writers are ever agreed.
The hidden springs which to man impart
All movements, either of brain or heart,
So secret act that we all must own
They are to ourselves but seldom known ;
While to others they can be but a guess,
Colored by prejudice more or less.

“Take Luther, for instance, whose daring acts
To history give such a store of facts.
What made him take the course he did,
And do the things he was forbid ?
Well, Catholics say the motives he had
Beyond a doubt were evil and bad ;
But Protestants say they were pure and good —
That is, if rightly judged and understood.
The one makes him truthful and free from guile ;
The other treacherous, lying, and vile.
One makes him show the way to Glory,
The other down to Purgatory.

“The authorities are, please bear in mind,
On both sides alike of the highest kind ;
So you have your choice, take which you like
best,
And reject as unworthy all the rest.
Historians, in short, are only men,
With special liking for using the pen ;
And they view all events, like me and you,
From their own particular point of view.
They like this or dislike that, as it falls out,
Sometimes with good reason, more often without ;

And have our habit of following those
Who set the fashions in beliefs or clothes.
From which it happens, turn and turn about,
Historic creeds come in or go out.
With profane or sacred, it 's just the same:
They constantly change in substance or
name ;
And infidels in either, in spite of hard knocks,
May become in their turn strictly orthodox.

“ But this constant change of historic creed
Makes investigation a mental need ;
And investigation, by creating doubt,
Soon puts old tradition to utter rout.
It is hard to give up our Joan of Arc,
Or William Tell and his famous mark ;
But lately we have surely learnt
That Joan was neither slain nor burnt ;
While as to Tell and his wonderful bow,
Very learned men are ready to show
That when the romance first begun
'T was but a legend of the sun.
So if historical faith you wish preserved,
And your confidence in it left undisturbed,

Be it religious or political,
Never inquire, nor be critical.
Make no researches of any kind,
But shut your eyes and take it in blind!

“ Then see the mistakes and perversions made
By those of the simple recording trade.
If a man, by chance, has friends in the crew,
They 'll give him a credit beyond his due ;
But if he displeases the scribbling throng,
They 'll omit his name, or put it down wrong.
Poor Smith may perform some chivalrous deed,
Or in some daring adventure succeed,
Which should for ever secure his name
A place high up on the roll of fame ;
Yet, by mistake, neglect, or intention,
He 's never given the slightest mention —
Or worse, perhaps, the fame and renown
Will all be given to Jones or Brown !
But, after all, what matters the name ? —
The man is known by either the same.
For when all are dead who knew the man Smith,
He and his deeds are no more than a myth ;

To which is added, or taken away,
Some little circumstance every day.
Pocahontas, some say, though princess bred,
For pennies would gladly stand on her head ;
While others make her as perfect a queen
Of propriety as ever was seen.
Each famous man's life, whatever betides,
Will in history have at least two sides ;
And as to his name — remember, Cæsar
May have been either Kaizer or Kezar :
And after all the pother and fuss,
By either one he 's the same to us.
But let the historians pass for awhile,
Till I tell you something will make you smile.

“ Among others we are sometimes saddled
With men whose brains are a little addled —
Poor fellows whose minds have got a kink,
Till they can't in strict connection think.
Such men are frequently extra bright
When their brains are once set going right ;
And even while shaky, it has been found
That on some one point their judgment was sound.

They are usually somewhat vague, it 's true,
But we may get from them some ideas new.
We had one such, a surgeon of fame,
Who fastened on me the day he came.
He thought he had found an unfailing plan
By which to improve any kind of man ;
And his idea was — perhaps it 's sound —
That any good quality may be found
Among the animals, wild or tame,
If with due care we look for the same.
And since among men, as a rule, we find
They are deficient in at least some kind,
All that we need is a feasible plan
To transfer them from the beast to the man.
And since in the blood, as science proves,
Ev'ry form of vitality lives and moves,
It 's clear that in it, and nowhere beside,
All the traits of character will reside ;
So by changing his blood, it is evident,
You may change the man to any extent.
And this is effected with full success
By taking those animals which possess
The trait that 's desired in full perfection,
And then making sufficient injection

Of blood from their veins, by means well known,
Into the man's, and so make it his own!
And thus he gains, by this sanguine infusion,
The good the animals had in profusion.
And thus, with care, you may always succeed
In giving man all the good traits he needs:
Daring from bull-dog, patience from ox,
Persistence from mule, and caution from fox;
Mildness from sheep, and firmness from hog,
But all the best qualities from the dog —
For in him is always loyalty and trust,
With the courage to fight for what he thinks
just.

So a man is improved, as you perceive,
By so much dog as you make him receive.
Such was his notion, and, though he was mad,
A good many thought it by no means bad.

“ I said to him one day, ‘ Should you reverse
The transfusion, would it make the dog worse ? ’
‘ No doubt of it, ’ said the surgeon at once ;
‘ It will always be so, or I ’m a dunce.
I have tried it, and, in every one,
The poor dog’s good qualities all were gone ;

Or rather were quite counteracted
By bad ones from the man contracted.
That man by the dog is always made better,
And dog spoilt by man, is true to the letter.
And thus, I think, if you 'll not be offended,
Degenerate dog-kinds have all descended.
I once contrived, with infinite pains,
To draw some blood from a lawyer's veins.
Impossible, you 'll think, and well you may;
But it really was done, and in this way:
By legal quibbling he 'd got acquitted
A sheep stealer whose guilt was admitted;
And being paid with some of the mutton,—
Of which he was fond,— just like a glutton
He ate so much he fell sound asleep,
And dreamt he 'd swallowed a flock of sheep.
While in this state it was easy to draw
A few drops of blood from his weary jaw;
That being the place, I felt quite sure,
Where I should find it the most impure
(Taking care to well protect my skin,
For fear a little might enter in).
Well, those few drops, after infinite pains,
Were thrown into three good, honest dogs' veins;

Against which they struggled and fiercely fought,
As if they knew the corruption it brought.
And they had good reason, for one became
A ravening wolf, with his eyes aflame ;
Another a fox, constantly picking
The flesh from some helpless lamb or chicken ;
The third a hyena, whose ghoulish tones
Were mingled with crunching of dead men's
bones.

Thus each was spoilt — made a dangerous brute
Which all men felt it a duty to shoot.

“ Now that these bad traits were transmitted
From the lawyer must be admitted,
For we can see them every day
In legal practice come into play ;
While in the dog from lawyer clear
No such qualities ever appear.
But demagogues' blood, beyond dispute,
Produces the most ill-favored brute —
Traacherous, cruel, sly, and mean,
Thieving, greedy, vile, and unclean ;
And the smallest amount of such bad stuff
To produce all this will be found enough.

And now,' said he, 'in this plan you 'll find
The only way to improve mankind' —
As queer a notion as ever man had;
But then, you know, the poor fellow was mad."

"Well, Nick," said I, "mad though he may be,
I 'm half inclined with him to agree.
A real philosopher, I should name him,
Though perhaps the others would n't claim him;
And his whim is not alone amusing,
But gives good matter for private musing.
Speaking of philosophers, I guess you 've got
In your varied circle a very choice lot?"

"Why, yes," said he; "we 've the best of the band,
Of every age and every land:
Right good fellows, too, as well as clever —
Touchy sometimes, but ill-natured never;
Erratic or flighty, in all the schools,
Or a trifle misty, but never fools.
In the olden times many to us came,
Familiar quite with fagot and flame;
For the priests, not liking to hear them boast,
Gave them a sort of hygienic roast,

To burn out heresy complete
And leave them orthodox and sweet.
But in this they blundered, beyond doubt,
For they burnt it in, instead of out.
The heretics were spunky, showed fight,
And stuck to what they conceived was right —
Genuine reformers, first of the kind,
Proclaiming freedom for the human mind,
And resolving for it all risks to take,
Even of fiery fagot and stake.

“ But perhaps the roasting was only meant,
In a spirit kind and benevolent,
As a sort of gentle breaking in
For the worse burning soon to begin,
And instead of thinking it treatment hateful,
The heretics for it ought to feel grateful ;
Or, if they did not,— which is like as not,—
It shows that they merited what they got.

“ It would both interest you and amuse
To note the subjects philosophers choose :
While some take up that and others this,
Nothing whatever to some comes amiss.

One even has proved and clearly shown
He 's familiar with the great unknown ;
Another asserts, and makes it quite plain,
That the unattainable he can attain,
Or will make, by demonstration clear,
The ever invisible appear ;
Another, without the least presumption,
Will build a new world on mere assumption,
And yet contend, with dogged persistence,
That the present one has no real existence ;
And one even proves the future is gone,
While the past and present are only one !
To the Philistines this is amusing,
And to common minds rather confusing ;
But not to him, for he sees it quite plain,
Because he has got a philosopher's brain.
And after all, though it has a queer sound,
It is good metaphysics, and profound.
I find nothing so dark, tangled, or steep,
Nothing so difficult, knotty, or deep,
But some fellow tackles it, tooth and nail,
With a firm conviction he will not fail.
I have even found some who undertook
To give the meaning of Browning's last book !

And one I recall, who from Concord came,
Renowned for his great transcendental fame,
Who promised to give us a master-key
By which to unlock any mystery,
And make all things so transparently clear
That doubts and divergence would disappear;
So that, from disputing and getting riled,
We should all agree and be reconciled.
And this he explained in a queer compound
Of Concord philosophy—very profound,
With seasoning of mild theology
In scientific phraseology;
In short, a very remarkable production,
Especially in the matter of induction.
As facts were troublesome he used to flout 'em,
And for the most part got along without 'em;
But when by ill-chance he had to heed 'em,
He made them himself, as he might need 'em:
A plan which possessed this advantage, you see,
It made facts and theories always agree.
And this is the plan, between me and you,
Which theologians always pursue;
Also reformers and statisticians,
And all brands of party politicians,

Who always make both the kind and quantum
Of the facts they use as they may want 'em.
If what he said against reason rebelled,
That was no reason it should be withheld ;
For against such teaching, it is well known,
Reason and fact can't hold their own.
Well, all things must end ; and at last he gave
 way,
Leaving nothing at all for others to say.
As to his audience, he went so deep,
Some stole away, and the rest went to sleep.

“ I don't wish, however, by this to slight
True philosophers, but contrary quite ;
For I know their worth, and here let me say
I read their productions every day.
It 's all good they tell of the nature of things,
And to minds philosophic much pleasure brings ;
But to those who don't for philosophy care
It 's much like a dinner of all caviare,
Which tickles taste and appetite well,
But gives no food keen hunger to quell.
When a man is really down in the dumps,
Belabored by fortune's heaviest thumps,

For raising his spirits and killing his care
There is more philosophy, such as will wear,
In a good bank account or pocket well lined
Than in Plato and all the Stoics combined.
And, by the bye, Plato always resented
The imperfect way in which he 's presented.
But this, of course it need scarce be stated,
Is the fate of all who are translated,
Excepting bishops, who by translation
Are only raised to a higher station.
We had one lot so perfectly transcendental,
They thought nothing real, material or mental;
Men of convictions and emotions intense,
Who conceived of nothing but a void immense,
Where the manifold oneness in monotone
Proclaims the manyness of the one alone,
Which in single threefold totality
Reigns in solitary solidarity."

"Hold up, Nick," cried I; "do, I pray;
That fairly takes my breath away!"

"Oh, that 's nothing at all," said he,
"Or only just the A B C;

But, as you have not so far progressed,
We will for to-day forego the rest.
Well, being so vapory and profound,
A special place had for them to be found ;
And fortunately just then came in view
A splendid comet, entirely new,
Composed altogether of moonshine and mist,
Where no solid matter or mind could exist —
Just the place that they needed, every way,
So they named it New Concord that very day.
And there each teacher, enthroned on a cloud,
Calls round him his own sympathizing crowd,
And such high-soaring views each day will expound
That moonshine beside them seems like solid
ground.

“ But after all, Dick, they are first-rate men,
Whose views I hear again and again.
For oft from their mist-cloud comes a spark
That lights up regions hitherto dark ;
And now and then thunderbolts are hurled
That rouse the mind of a sleeping world.
To me there is also a great attraction
In their gaseous content and satisfaction ;

And I often think, since it came to pass
That the solid world was evolved from gas,
Perhaps gas transcendental may yet condense
Into practical and useful common sense.
Those restless mystics, in fact, represent
That peculiar, introspective bent
And fondness for subjective speculations
Which once so distinguished the ancient nations."

"Yes," said I, "in that and other things as well
The old Greeks especially did us excel,
And I've always felt desire to know
The reason why they should have done so;
For, on reflection, all must confess
We have helps which they did not possess."

"Dick," said he, "the reason is not far to seek —
They did not waste their time in studying Greek!
If they had, like the boys in classical schools,
They'd too often have been but dunces and fools;
For nothing was ever so well calculated
To make nine in ten quite addle-pated.
A strong-brained boy may stand such abuse,
And spite of it may become of some use;

But still he's been handicapped, so to speak,
And, after all, knows but little of Greek.
The grammar he knows more or less, as may be,
But the language little more than a baby.
He might tell Sappho her songs were divine,
Or perhaps invite Sophocles to dine ;
And that would be just about the extent
Of the knowledge on which so much was spent.
Why, Dick, it's one of the funniest things
When old Charon on his ferry-boat brings
Some Greek professors of college repute,
Anxious to meet, converse, and dispute
With genuine Greeks of the bygone days
Whom they used to criticize, blame, and praise ;
Whose language they taught with confidence sure
That they spoke and wrote it perfect and pure.
You'll think it strange,— and it really is funny,—
They can't understand 'em for love or money.
The old Greeks listen with polite respect,
And finally begin to half suspect
That the new arrivals when they speak
Are trying their best at Pigeon Greek ;
While they are like Yankees in a Paris hotel,
Who are certain they converse in French very well,

But wonder why the waiter, amused,
Does n't seem to know the language used!

“ And the same with Latin, in less degree :
The old and new very seldom agree.
It 's the pronunciation arbitrary,
Without rhyme or reason, so prone to vary,
That the ancients think most strange and queer,
And often greet with ironic cheer ;
While aside they whisper, ‘ By the jingo,
Did you ever hear such a lingo ? ’
Cæsar was furious when first shown
That curt dispatch, said to be his own,
‘ *Veni, Vidi, Vici !* ’
‘ In the first place,’ said he, ‘ I never said it,
And don't feel anxious to have the credit.
But that 's a trifle, compared with the way
In which they pronounce it from day to day ;
As if they thought I 'd lend tongue and jaw
To jabbering such a strange patois.
Once they had it *Veenee* and *Veecce*,
But to-day it is *Weenee* and *Weecce* ;
To-morrow 't will be *Vikee* or *Wykee*,
Or may, perhaps, be even *Oh, Crikey !* ’

Saying this he went off, as if offended,
To get a bad rent in his toga mended.

“ Other old worthies, in like way aggrieved,
Had also to grumble to get relieved;
But, all being sensible and warm at heart,
A few little miffs could not keep them apart.
With real good fellows, and clever all round,
A common language is very soon found ;
They all see the fun, and laugh or make jokes,
Or give one another good-natured pokes.
Even Cæsar, when at last he came back,
Was one of the jolliest in the pack.

“ But, Dick, if such virtues in that speech reside
That a man who knows it need know naught
beside,
How is it to-day with the modern Greek,
Who practically no other can speak ?
From the very first hour he draws his breath,
All through his life till the day of his death,
He uses Greek in every connection,
And surely imbibes it in full perfection ;
So that of the grammar he has perfect knowledge,
Far beyond whatever is gained at college —

And he also *speaks* the language, too,
Which those from college but seldom do.
Still it does n't seem to give him sense or profit
Above that of those who know nothing of it ;
While he should be, with such preparation,
Far ahead of any other nation.

“ But the worst is, when with Greek he is muddy,
A young fellow has no stomach to study
The things of *to-day* and the people around,
With whom in interest close he is bound,
But with whom he seldom learns to speak
From losing his time in cramming Greek ;
And aside from all this, knowledge grows so fast,
The present will soon leave no room for the past.
There is so much modern which a man must know,
He has no leisure left that he can bestow
In speculating on what was said
By people tens of centuries dead.
Greek grammar, I know, is by some defended
By the plea that study on it expended
Is training good to develop the mind
To fit it for work of every kind.
And so it may be for the few that it suits,
And with them it may bring forth excellent fruits ;

But it makes a sad dunce, with no wish to learn,
Of the man whose mind has a different turn.

“ Minds vary much, and to treat all the same
Is playing a foolish and dangerous game.
A goat will get fat on waste paper and rags,
Or castaway shoes and old gunny-bags,
But such kind of diet, you may rely,
Would be for a horse a sentence to die.
It is so with Greek, which, though food for a few,
May be poisonous rubbish for me or you.
It is, in fact, to a certain class of mind,
As useless as painting would be for the blind.
But ‘ Greek or nothing,’ flouts the classic flag,
With ‘ Nothing but Greek ’ by way of a tag.

“ The B. A. caps are all of one shape and size,
And only the heads they fit can gain the prize ;
The rest, however much they may contain,
Without college distinction must remain.
So to give to one a classical shine,
Dull fools may be made of ninety and nine,
Who might have been, had they met with fair play,
The most distinguished in every way.

We should think it absurd should one propose
 To put all alike in one size of clothes—
 The same for tall and short, or long and thin,
 Or for those so fat they could scarce squeeze in ;
 Yet in the same mold to squeeze all minds,
 Without regard to sizes or kinds,
 Is just as absurd, and, what is worse,
 To those who don't fit it's a blighting curse !
 In short, to study only ancient lore,
 And to worship those who have gone before,
 Is China repeated in all its details,
 Save mandarins, buttons, and long pig-tails.

“ Besides, there are studies adapted to all—
 The broad or the narrow, the great or the small—
 Which for training alone Greek grammar excel,
 With advantage of being useful as well.
 Some minds are so strong they don't become
 -weak
 Though fed upon nothing but college Greek ;
 From even such food, so meager and tough,
 They manage to get nutrition enough.
 But those less strong, or of different bent,
 Are stunted or die from such nutriment :

For a diet may be for one eupeptic,
Which will make another one quite dyspeptic.
The Romans, says Heine, their flag unfurled
O'er every part of the then known world ;
Which they could not have done any more than fly
If they 'd had to learn Latin, or even try.
And as for Greek, we know very well
The monks of old thought it came from Hell.

“ But, say the professors, when men study Greek
It is not useful knowledge for which they seek ;
It's the mental training, the brain exercise,
For which they so highly the old classics prize.
Such kind of training, so they will pretend,
Has this for its principal aim and end —
To grind a man's wits, and to make them so
 keen
They can solve a deep problem soon as it's seen.
But experience proves this grinding process
Is by no means always a thorough success ;
For many so treated are often found
Who are made more dull by being so ground.
So close to the stone they are constantly pressed,
So remorseless it turns, without any rest,

That the ingrafted steel becomes so reduced,
No kind of an edge can be ever produced.
Thus native wit, in many a case,
Is all ground out, and Greek takes its place.

“ A man can find exercise good as can be
By digging in the sand thrown up by the sea ;
But, dig and delve in it all that he will,
It remains always barren and sterile still.
He may work all his life, and find with regret
That exercise only is all he can get ;
But the same effort spent in a good rich soil
Would give him plentiful fruit for his toil,
While the work on muscle and limb would tell
In the way of exercise just as well.
Then where is the sense, and where is the use,
In barren toil which will nothing produce,
While the same work spent in a different field
Would be training as good and rich produce yield ?

“ In my usual stroll through Boston one day,
I saw advertised a real Grecian play ;
In which the actors were all to speak
In the very purest classic Greek,

And in their dress and actions show
What Greece was like long time ago.
The play was one I knew all about,
For I saw it when it first came out,
And when performed by the greatest men
The Grecian stage had produced till then.
So I took my ticket and programme along,
And in the lyceum joined the cultured throng,
Curious both to hear and to see
What their idea of the play might be.
But from the beginning I saw quite plain
It was not the old play over again,
Nor anything like it in any sense,
In spite of their fuss and cultured pretense.
In fact, I became very soon aware
They had misconceived it everywhere ;
But the misconceptions were so funny
That they alone were worth all the money.
As to the actors, it was quite evident
They were all at sea as to what the play meant :
The author's metaphors, to the Greeks so clear,
They thought realities, but plaguy queer ;
And so they gave them in literal style,
Though plainly misdoubting them all the while.

In one part they were even enough absurd
To imagine each one some kind of a bird.
Sometimes like game-cocks they 'd each other
pursue,
Clap their wings, strut about, and cry 'Doodle
Doo' ;
And one especially took me aback
By waddling like a duck and crying 'Quack.'
Then they looked so funny in white nightshirts,
Deficient in sleeves and scanty in skirts,
And made such a jabber in bastard rhyme
(Like so many crows in their nesting-time)
That I jumped at first to conclusion sure
It was only meant for caricature —
Like negro minstrelsy, only done
As extravaganza, just for fun.
As to the words, I 'd have been in a fog
Had I not well known all the dialogue ;
But the actors soon showed they had no doubt
They were talking pure Greek right out and out.
And so they were ; but bear this in mind,
'T was Greek of a most peculiar kind —
No more like that of Pericles
Than apple-sauce is like cream cheese,

And when they marched, while passing before us
Chanting a long, monotonous chorus,
It was plain each thought that in speech and
manner

He would muster pass under Hector's banner.
But oh, their poor legs, with nothing to screen 'em!
I only wish, Dick, you could but have seen 'em.
Had Æneas such when he was a boy,
He would never have got away from Troy.
And then to think of the Pyrrhic phalanx
Supported on such spider-like shanks;
Or the Ten Thousand tramping back
On such along their weary track!

“ Among the scenes was the Acropolis complete,
And a plaster statue of Pan with cloven feet
(But covered up from his heels to his throat
By a long-tailed drab-colored overcoat —
Because uncovered he was thought to be
An offense to their Boston modesty);
Also Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill,
With many other things not in the bill.
As for the music, which came in betwixt,
It was good all through, but queerly mixed.

A hymn came first, then the song of Omphale,
With Yankee Doodle by way of finale ;
And then to conclude, without apology
They all set to and sang the doxology.
It seemed to me, when I came to quit,
Like opera bouffe without the wit ;
And I do assure you, upon my word,
Even as burlesque it was too absurd.
But what was worse and my feelings ruffled,
They talked through the nose, and even snuffled.
Still, the people cheered, and declared it to be
Much finer than they had expected to see.
Not one of them knew what it all was about,
But each thought that he did, and joined in the
shout.

“ When Aristophanes heard about the affair,
He became so enraged that he tore out his hair.
‘ By Jove ! ’ said he, ‘ what a stupid crowd
To so misconceive my bird and cloud.
They must have thought me a regular muff
To even imagine such silly stuff.’
Had he been with me, so great was his rage,
I believe he ’d have kicked ’em off the stage.

“ But enough of Greek ; our classic course ought
To be denounced as a vile Juggernaut,
Which crushes the intellect bright of our youth,
And kills all desire for natural truth.
But, Dick, some day you shall open a bottle
With old Homer himself or Aristotle,
And hear them discourse ; then you will know
What real Greek is, as we have it below.
Let us now pass on to something new :
What shall it be, Turk, Christian, or Jew ? ”

“ Well, neither,” said I. “ As the choice is mine,
We will now take up a different line.
My friends and I have often discussed
On which of man's traits we fasten must
As the one which can be clearly shown
To belong to him and to him alone.
In short, the single distinguishing feature
Belonging to him and no other creature,
And which marks him out as no other can,
As the genus homo, and species man.”

“ Well, Dick,” said he, “ a short time ago
We argued that question down below

Among ourselves, when around the table
With wits and sages, learned and able,
And decided it by yeas and nays,
At first, in many different ways.
Some said, 'Man is the only being that cooks';
Others, 'Man only reads newspapers and books.'
Some said, 'He alone digs mines and ditches,
Wipes his nose, and puts on coats and breeches';
Others said, 'Man alone makes fire and light,
Bottles wine and ale, and with them gets tight.'
But by none of these doings is man marked out
As quite separate from the animal rout,
For every one of such human traits
Some kind of animal imitates.
But at last one was found, all had to own,
Belonging to man and to him alone;
And that is a gift (often improved at school)
For making of himself a confounded fool!
No other animal, low or high,
In this to man can ever come nigh.
Nature sometimes tries the best she can
To make a fairly rational man;
But spite of all her care and skill
He will become a ninny still.

Sometimes she will change, and her best will strive
To produce the stupidest fool alive ;
But after her greatest efforts are spent,
He 'll improve upon her fifty per cent,
And will make himself, after she has resigned
him,
A stupider fool than she had designed him.
So there you have it, Dick, and now you know
How we decided that question below.
And that decision, I here would note,
Was come to by unanimous vote :
The cap went round for general inspection,
And was found to fit all, without exception ;
Each looked at the other and broadly smiled,
But no one appeared the least bit riled.

“ And why should we at man's follies be vexed,
Or by his perversities be perplexed ?
It is best to accept him simply as man,
And do with him always the best that we can.
Were he wiser or less confusing,
He surely would be less amusing.”

“ Well, Nick,” said I, “ that 's not a flattering view,
But self-experience makes me own it 's true ;

And whether man will ever wiser grow
Is something which I don't pretend to know
A fool he is now, that 's very plain,
And I fear he such will long remain:
Had it not been so, I and McGraw
Would have had more sense than to go to law.
And that reminds me, I want you to say
If you have any lawyers down your way? "

" Lawyers ? " said he ; " well, we once had *one*,
But could get no peace till he was gone.
As soon as he came he began to nose round,
And to ask where my title-deeds could be found ;
He hinted that I should be made to explain
Where I got my right over Tophet to reign,
And raised up so much ill-will and distrust .
I had to bounce him at once in disgust.
So he went up above, and Pete, in pity,
Admitted him into the Golden City ;
But there he began the very same round,
And told the cherubim he had found
Each had a claim — which he thought was good —
In the golden floor on which he stood,
And he had no doubt a legal decision
Would compel an equal all-round division.

If demurrer was entered, or retriever,
He would apply for a legal receiver
To hold it in trust and administer on
Till the case was decided for *pro* or *con*.
The receivership he would take himself—
For the general good, not for the pelf;
And when the court had directed all sold,
He would give up what was left of the gold:
Always providing, it must be explained,
That it should so happen any remained
After first deducting his proper share
For legal service, attention, and care—
All which should come first before the division,
As the law, very fairly, makes provision.

“ This set all quarreling like dogs for a bone,
And with him at their head they besieged the
Throne,
Demanding a trial right straight away
To decide just where the title might lay,
And he, as attorney to full extent,
Made a motion, with long argument,
To show that upon his clients' petition
The court should order an equal partition.

“But first he made them a document sign
By which they were bound to him to resign,
Six months from that date, to a minute sharp,
Possession of every golden harp
In case, at the end of said term, they
His retaining-fee had failed to pay ;
And also besides, when the gold was got,
One-half of every cherub's lot.

“So you see, by the terms the fellow made,
He thoroughly understood his trade ;
As indeed he ought, for he 'd acted, you see,
As a widows' and orphans' legal trustee,
And knew how to make his charges expand
Till they ate up all the estate in hand.
Well, the end of it was the same kind of muss
That he made when he first came down among us ;
So a council was called, and without a No
It was straightway decided that he must go.

‘But where to?’ said Pete ; ‘such a troublesome
pest

In no decent place can be ever at rest.
The angels in Heaven, it 's plain, can't cure him,
And the devils in Hell will not endure him ;

So he can't in either place stay, that 's shown,
And where to put him I 'm puzzled, I own.'
And so we all were till it was decided
A lawyers' retreat had to be provided,
Where they all on themselves could exercise
The legal skill they affect so to prize ;
For, like ev'ry other troublesome race,
Once started we knew they 'd increase apace.
But what place had we, where this strife-breeding
crew
Could be left in their own contention to stew ?

“ Well, we sought all round the realms of space
To find for them a suitable place,
And at last we hit on a certain spot
Where the water was always steaming hot,
And the earth all over so unstable
No man for a week was ever able
To say of the spot upon which he stood
That his title to it was clear and good :
He might go to bed with his head due east,
But would find when he rose it was south at least,
Or even turned so completely round,
That plump in the west it would be found.

And there we decided to send the band,
Conveying to each a good slice of land,
To have and to hold, right, title, and seizin,
With hereditaments of all degrees in,
All duly set forth in legal flummery,
With a 'hand and seal' and other mummery;
Leaving each one his own estate to defend
'Gainst any one else who might to it pretend.

"I need scarcely say, in a very short space
Confusion and uproar reigned in the place;
Quo warrantos, surrebutters, and torts,
Replevins, ejectments, and claims of all sorts,
Flew around thick as flies on stinking meat,
For each was resolved the others to beat.
Decisions in banc by Courts Supreme
Used up foolscap paper by the ream,
And left things muddled five thousand times
more
Than other decisions left them before.
And so it went on, and so it does now,
A never-ending contention and row.
But the fun of it is, it has so turned out
That lawyer and client take turns about;

For each one found he 'd a valid claim got
Upon every other fellow's lot,
And yet, notwithstanding, just the same,
All the rest on his had equal claim —
For the land had purposely been so mapped
That the boundaries all were overlapped.
This gave plenty of practice fine as could be,
But with one cruel drawback — it gave no fee !
And law without fees is to lawyers no treat,
Being much like mustard without any meat.

“ And here you will see in this connection
How it works in the way of correction ;
For each is brought by experience to see
What a pest and nuisance a lawyer can be,
And then he resolves to try if he can
Become in the future a decent man.
The chance seemed but poor at first, I allow,
But reformed lawyers are plentiful now ;
Indeed, we have hopes that in the end
The worst among them at last may mend.
And when the change is effected complete,
They 're as clever fellows as one can meet ;

For their tricky cunning is not ingrained,
But comes from the way in which they 're trained.
In fact, the lawyer, as we find him,
Is but the reflex of those behind him —
For when men will fight with law like fools,
Each needs a lawyer to work the tools ;
And he, like the Swiss, hires out to fight
Without any care as to wrong or right.
For the right side, with him, will always be
The one which retains him and pays his fee :
He fights for pay, and, as for the rest,
Prefers the side that pays him the best.
He 'll turn without scruple, and contend
The cause is wrong he used to defend.
Tricks and lies which the pillory merit,
By the lawyer's code are no discredit,
Even when invented to give a chance
To some rogue who ought on the gallows to
 dance ;
Indeed, if they should in the end prevail
To insure his freedom from rope or jail,
They will be by lawyers highly lauded
As brilliant efforts to be applauded.

“ Yet if a man sets a murderer free
By filing his chains so that he can flee,
He 'll be held by law in the deed to take
part,
And if he is caught he will surely smart ;
While the man who gets the rascal acquit
By legal quibble, perjury, or wit,
Receives just as much reward and applause
As if he had triumphed in some good cause.
And yet of the two Mr. Lawyer Chicane
Is more guilty than he who severs the chain.
For the rogue who slips his chain may again
Be caught and replaced in the prison-pen ;
But the one who by legal quibble gets clear,
Though known to be guilty, has nothing to fear.

“ A lawyer may know, when a thief he defends,
That every cent of the money he spends
Has all been stolen and laid away
To help that thief at his trial day ;
Yet he makes no scruple with him to agree
To take part of the plunder and call it fee !
But if with justice true you rate him,
Does not this an accomplice make him —

At least in plans for escape and concealing,
If not as a principal in the stealing ?
He 's but a pal who gets part of the plunder
And contrives all danger to stand from under ;
And he won't think his fee is any the worse
For being stolen from another man's purse.

“ In fact, law is, in practice, a juggle,
In which the lawyers contrive to smuggle
So many quibbles, tricks, and snares
To trip up Justice unawares,
That the man who happens to be in the wrong
(Providing his purse is sufficiently long)
Shall stand a chance as good on his trial
As he who is right beyond denial ;
Nay, even better, you may be sure,
If Wrong is rich, and Right is poor —
Which made Rabelais think 't would better
suffice
To decide all cases by a throw of the dice :
For then poor Right would as good chance hold
As rascally Wrong with his bags of gold,
And that, I think, as both now fare,
Is more than poor Right's present share.

“ It 's strange, in all professions under the sun
Some member his title to sainthoöd has won
Except in the law, and from that one trade
Not a single saint has ever been made.
But in fact, as you will readily see,
Such a transformation could not be ;
For lawyers and saints are as opposite quite
As light and dark, good and bad, or black and
white.

“ But, Dick, there 's one thing more I call to mind,
Which I 'm sure you will of interest find ;
And that is, the exact location,
Where lawyers underwent probation.
Well, it was fixed where, so far as we could see,
It would never to others a nuisance be —
The best position, 't was thought all round,
That in the universe could be found ;
Being far away from any other place,
And with nothing adjoining but empty space.
Another point also was duly observed,
In which the proprieties were preserved :
The location was chosen, to state it in brief,
'Tween Mars the bully and Mercury the thief ;

So had they but been able to roam
On either side they 'd have felt at home.
And there they were left by themselves alone
To stew in a legal hell of their own ;
It was rough, I know, such a course to pursue,
But there really was nothing else we could do.

“ And, spite of all this, Dick, we must not forget
That, though justice with law we don't always
get,

Yet that gives no cause all law to decry,
Nor does it mere lawlessness justify.
For though we may wish it should ever tend
To righting wrong as its principal end,
And that in all cases justice and law
Like a well-matched team together should draw,
Still it may happen a law is needed
In which strict justice cannot be heeded.
For laws are made, be it understood,
With reference to the general good —
To guard men's goods, their lives conserve,
And social peace and order preserve ;
But to do this best they sometimes must
To individuals be unjust,

And now and then a man will feel
The weight of Order's iron heel
From his hour of birth to the end of his days
In many oppressive or wearisome ways.

“ That law is a nuisance no one can doubt it,
But, as men are, we cannot do without it ;
And if it keep order, oppress though it may,
It 's better than anarchy every way.
It may not be consistent, kind, or just
When it forbids, or commands that we must ;
And yet, inconsistent though it may be,
And oppressive perhaps to you or me,
Still, if we should try to do without it,
Our case would be worse, you need not doubt it.
A bad law may injure, and so irritate
That for its repeal we may work hard and wait ;
But it 's better to obey while we denounce it,
And help on the day when the world will re-
nounce it.
For the evils that flow from its unjust action
May be less than would follow from its infraction ;
And if a good man a bad law defies,
It need not occasion the least surprise

If a bad man finds, from his example,
For breaking good ones excuse ample.

“ But this is becoming too trite, I fear ;
And so, if you please, we will end it here,
And take in its place whatever you say.
So make a selection and ask away.

“ Poets ? yes, we have any amount,
A few first-class, some of little account ;
But they 're all so fond of wand'ring round,
You never can tell where one can be found.
They mostly prefer worlds still in the raw,
Or not yet come under the reign of law ;
And don't object if they 're only gassy —
In fact, prefer them to those more massy.
Some can't, indeed, compose a lay,
Unless they dwell in nebulae ;
And as to those whose poetry burns,
Nothing but comets will serve their turns.
Love-poets like the moon, shaded or bright,—
If sad, the dark side ; if joyous, the light,—
And quite a number spend all their days
On shining Venus, singing her praise ;

And though ten thousand sing the self-same lay,
Not two will do it in just the same way —
It's amazing what changes they have in store
On the two simple words, 'love' and 'adore.'
One man contrived to escape from the crowd
By hiding deep in a rosy-hued cloud ;
In fact, there's no end to their whims and notions,
And no calculating upon their motions.
Worlds that are fixed, or reclaimed from waste,
Poets think spoilt, or not in good taste.
You'll say they are whimmy — suppose they are ;
They had better be that than stupid, by far.
For their strange fancies we should not flout 'em,
Nor think our wisdom could do without 'em :
Deprived of poetry, man would be
Consumed by his own cupidity ;
For that alone lifts him up from earth
And gives to his sordid soul new birth.
A number of poets have written of me,
But scarce any two of them ever agree ;
They differ, in fact, like cream-cheese and Stilton :
As, for instance, Montgomery and Milton.
The one wrote of Satan, his sin and his guile,
In a truly orthodox, high-sounding style —

To make old maids with a pious incline
Dote on their pastor and think him divine ;
The other, a man of bolder invention,
Gave my life, with especial mention
Of how, by a trick, I was tumbled and fell,
After nine long days' turning, down into Hell.
John's language was both choice and sonorous
(Though sometimes diffuse, and apt to bore us),
And he did describe, I must allow,
A real Titanic Donnybrook row.
His poem, in fact, is really sublime,
And is justly praised in every clime ;
But, though awarded such general credit,
It is rare to meet a man who has read it —
As a girl praised for understanding
Does n't always get married, notwithstanding.

“ When Milton came to us,—which, of course, he
did,—

Of all his theology he soon got rid,
And being quite honest as well as wise,
He admitted at once his great surprise
At what he found in the Realms of Woe,
As he used to call our place below ;

He asked my pardon, and hoped I 'd o'erlook
The stupid stuff he had put in his book.
I told him no apology was due
From one so talented, honest, and true ;
But that a great debt I should always owe
him
For being hero of so fine a poem.
So ever since then we have been great friends,
And he constantly tries to make amends
For past mistakes and misrepresentation
By aiding me much in administration.
And he really is a very useful man,
Always willing to do the best he can ;
With a genius for organizing
Which, in a poet, is quite surprising —
In fact, he was, though but few know it,
As much a statesman as a poet.

“ But, Dick, you should see the gathering we get
When all the great poets together have met
To welcome among them some arrival new
To whom an exceptional honor is due.
Then are assembled the renowned of old,
Who lived in the fabulous Age of Gold ;

With every one whose well-known name
This age first heard from the trump of Fame.
That is the time to hear thoughts profound,
While wit like lightning flashes around,
And merry jokes which leave no sting
Around the festive board ring.

“ I well recall the memorable day
When we heard that Shakespeare was on his
way.

How they all came trooping to be on hand,
And hail him chief of the glorious band ;
And how he, with his wit and genial heart,
Captivated them all from the very start !
Universally beloved, and feared by none,
He soon was the idol of every one.
But I saw that, though his sympathies wide
Took in all mankind on every side,
He still had a preference, so to say,
For the men and things that had passed away.
How seldom we find on Shakespeare's page
The least reference to his own age :
His fair maidens sweet, and his warriors bold,
Nearly all have the faith and manners of old ;

And the strange New World, though known in his
day,
Is barely mentioned in sonnet or lay."

"O Nick," said I, "what a treat it must be
Such a glorious band to hear and see.
As you and they round the table sit,
What gems of poetry rare and wit
Must lavishly around be thrown
Which no one cares to keep or own —
Enjoyed for the moment on the spot,
But not set down, and perhaps forgot.
You ought to have with you in Hell
A thousand like dear old Boswell;
Each treasuring up with loving care
All his hero's sayings, rich and rare."

"Yes, Dick," said he, "it is as you say,
Bright things are uttered every day;
But not all lost, for sometimes when at ease
I jot many down which specially please,
With notes also, if they happen to strike me,
And the subject matter is one that likes me,
And some of the fellows, it should be told,
Are as given to scribbling as of old.

In every corner, scattered around,
Sheets of their jottings can always be found.
I have rolls and rolls of these odd scraps,
Of which you would like to see some, perhaps?
If so, I will send them, for, truth to say,
I have so many they 're in the way.
You must take them, however, as I send 'em,
For I cannot in any way emend 'em.
I have neither time nor liking much
To give to any a finishing touch;
So do as you please with 'em — don't return 'em,
And if you find 'em worthless simply burn 'em.
As a rule they don't bear the author's name,
So you can speculate from whom they came.
There 's prose and poetry, long and short,
Fair and poor, of every sort.
You 'll have to take 'em as I caught 'em,
And at your leisure read and sort 'em.
To writing a few, signed with 'S.',
Your humble servant must confess;
And for these I trust, for our friendship's sake,
You will every kind allowance make."

Dear Nick," said I, "oh, what a treat!
I never thought such luck to meet.

Send all you can, the more the better,
I would not miss a word or letter.
I shall value much such a rare treasure,
And read them with both profit and pleasure ;
Especially those marked 'S.' below,
Which will always be the best, I know."

"All right," said Nick ; "only bear in mind,
It will not all be a first-rate kind.
Sometimes a saying appears perfection,
When uttered in its proper connection ;
But spoken alone, or at the wrong time,
It may seem neither wisdom, wit, nor rhyme.
With a lot of good fellows over the glass,
Many things for good jokes will readily pass
Which the following day, when alone we sit,
Seem stupidly dull and devoid of all wit."

"Just so," said I, "with that I fully agree ;
Such experience sometimes happens to me.
At night, when the corks are merrily flying,
We laugh at a thing till we come near dying ;
Yet next morning, with the head in pain,
The wit, somehow, won't appear so plain.

And if on the doctor we have to call,
We are apt to mutter, ' Confound it all !
I guess I 've heard just about enough
Of that poor, sorry, and silly stuff.'

" But talking of doctors, I 'd like to know
If any of them come to you below ? "

" Doctors ? " said he ; " yes, more than a few ;
And better fellows you never knew.
A little cranky, sometimes, about pills
And other remedies for human ills ;
But always eager to do their best,
And give help to those with pain opprest —
Ministers of mercy whom thousands bless
For aid in their time of dire distress.
They give more help to the poor in pain,
Without the slightest prospect of gain,
And with less pretension, fuss, and show,
Than any other people I know ;
They do it, to state the matter in brief,
From natural love of giving relief.
And then just think how ready they are
To boldly engage in deadly war

With foul disease and deadly pest,
Night or day, without fear or rest !
For true courage with humanity combined,
The sword is left by the lancet far behind ;
And the true knight-errant is he who will face
Or fearlessly follow to its lurking place
The murderous pest, to breathe whose breath
Is almost sentence sure of death.

“ Doctors have their whims, like all the rest,
And may, perhaps, persuade you to test
Some remedy new, or course of diet,
Because they think you had better try it ;
For they would n't advise it, that 's understood,
If they did not believe it would do you good.
And if anything in your looks should make
The impression that you are like to quake,
They will always give you the best advice
Without any need to ask for it twice.
One chap was with us but a little while
Before he told me I suffered from bile,
And advised taraxacum in small doses,
Combined with bromide, to correct neuroses.

Another, who thought I looked rather pale,
Recommended the use of Allsopp's ale ;
Remarking aside, ' I may as well say
That I take myself three bottles a day —
It is n't worth while to lie about it,
For I really could n't do without it.'
And another, from the school Eclectic,
Assured me I showed a little hectic,
And advised a compound spicy and hot,
To be drunk each night from a pewter pot.
In short, it 's endless the advice I get,
Because all make me a kind of pet,
And watch with care for any disorder
That may throw me out of working order ;
So something new comes every day —
Which I thank them for and hide away.
And thus I manage the doctors to please,
Yet keep my stomach in health and at ease.

" You 're no *savant*, Dick, I 'm well aware,
And so for science would not much care ;
Or else I could give you ideas new
Which even with us are known but to few.

But speaking of *savants*, when they come below
It's amazing how much some of them do know—
That is, you must please to bear in mind,
The so-called learned, or bookish kind;
Especially those who make a study
Of subjects at best a little muddy,
Such as race migration, philology,
Archæology, and ethnology.
On one of these hobbies once got astride,
No one can foretell where a man will ride;
For if confident, as most of them are,
He is sure to gallop both fast and far,
And without either thought or care in the least
If he lame for ever his overdrove beast.
Still such kind of men are often instructive,
Though apt to be to each other destructive;
For from their wild theories sometimes grow
Great truths which the world finds useful to know.
Even in those of the vaguest order,
Quite closely verging on Bedlam's border,
A new idea will sometimes start
Of value to either head or heart,
And which, perhaps, would not enter the brain
Of a man on all things thoroughly sane.

Nay, even cranks and those who abuse us,
Still have their use, for they do amuse us.
Why, a fellow once, by the name of Smith,
Told me to my face I was but a myth ;
And another, more learned than he,
Made out my family pedigree,
And gave me a list of many dozens
Of uncles, aunts, and all kinds of cousins.
But the queerest crank that ever came down
Was an old Boston deacon, surnamed Brown :
Lanky and long, like a soft-bellied shad,
He looked like a preacher gone to the bad ;
For though his clothes had the clerical stamp,
They hung about him like the rags of a tramp ;
While all his pockets, behind and before,
Were filled with hymn-books and tracts galore,
From which, if hard pressed in disputation,
He could always make some apt quotation.
He had a habit when he met you,
And by the button-hole could get you,
Of saying, between a groan and a cry,
' Brother, are you fully prepared to die ? '
All which, with not a single trace
Of joy upon his gloomy face,

Made him, as you may well conceive,
Not at all a pleasant man to receive.
You could not help entertaining a fear
If he came by your cellar he 'd spoil the beer;
Or if around at the milking hour
The milk would certainly all turn sour —
In short, a man to whom fun and frolic
Gave twinges as sharp as gout or colic.
But still, though neither merry, social, nor bright,
His intentions were good, and his heart all right.
On his first arrival he announced that he
Had a special commission to convert me,
And began his task by at once proposing
We should sing a hymn of his own composing,
Beginning with 'Satan, father of sin,'
And ending with something like 'Grace begin.'
The man was, at first, so imploring that I
Hesitated what I should to him reply;
But Syd. Smith thought that by making pretense
He could get up some fun at my expense.
So he, in conjunction with Hood and Burns,
Began to weep and implore me by turns
To hear what the good man had to say,
And humbly with him to kneel down and pray;

While as to the hymn, they would each take a part,
And perhaps in the end it would touch my heart.
If I only would do it no one could tell
What a blessing it might be to all in Hell.
This droll pretense of sorrow for sin
Completely took the poor deacon in,
Till he really thought he had been appointed
To convert Satan and have him anointed.
But the man was so honest, so earnest and true,
I would not allow them the joke to pursue ;
So, telling him how it had all been done
By the three merry fellows just for fun,
I took him around so that he might see
How happy in Tophet we all could be.
And from what he saw he was so amazed,
He seemed for a time like a man quite dazed ;
But when satisfied that it all was right,
He was overcome with joy and delight :
The jokes were forgot, and he felt so good
That he would have laughed if he only could.
He really wanted to smile, and did begin,
But only succeeded in making a grin ;
For the smiling muscles, from long inaction,
Had almost lost the power of contraction.

But by steady effort, long sustained,
A half-pleased look was finally gained ;
And so great was the change thus brought to
pass,
He knew not himself in the looking-glass !

“ One Boston chap, 'mongst other conjectures,
Gussed I had heard all their Monday lectures ;
And when he was told I did not attend 'em,
Began to recite, explain, and defend 'em.
Said he, ‘ You ought, by hook or by crook,
To listen to those of Joseph Cook —
Discourses, sir, which Boston delighted,
And all other places left benighted.’
It took him some time to learn that below
Some things could be taught which he did n't
know.

He candidly said, when he first came in,
That many things would have much better been
If the plan of creation had been deferred
Till the Boston professors had all been heard ;
It was a mistake, and they went too fast
When they made the world first, and Boston last.
As for the ancients, considering all,—
With no Bunker Hill or Faneuil Hall,

And no Pilgrim Fathers or Plymouth Rock
 As primitive seat of the parent stock,—
 They really had, he was bound to say,
 Done fairly well — that is, for their day ;
 And, save for lack of a finishing touch,
 Greece was like Massachusetts, very much ;
 While Athens, either in war or in peace,
 Might almost be called the ‘ Boston of Greece ! ’ ”

“ Well, Nick,” said I, “ that ’s mighty amusing ;
 But, if I ’m not good nature abusing,
 There is a subject we ’ve not broached yet
 Upon which I should like your views to get.
 For it ’s one upon which, I am bound to say,
 I feel great interest every way.”

“ Ah, Dick,” said he, and he winked at me,
 “ I know beforehand what it must be.
 You think it becomes your bounden duty
 To get my views upon female beauty ;
 And especially to know, without reserve,
 If I think your women the palm deserve.
 When a fellow’s young and good-looking,—like
 you,—
 That ’s a topic he ’s bound to pursue.

Go where he will, or do what he may,
He 'll find this question in ambush lay :
'Where do you think, on looking around,
The handsomest women are to be found?'
If in love, as is usually the case,
Where his mistress lives, of course, is the place ;
If he 's simply gallant, he 'll just make his bow,
And say, ' Ladies, that place is where I am now.'
But, Dick, let me say, if a sensible man,
You will dodge that question whenever you can ;
For reply as you will, in this or that shape,
You can scarcely help getting into a scrape.
With the men or the women, perhaps with the
two,
You are bound to find you have trouble in view ;
For no matter how your choice is defended,
Some one is sure to be by it offended.

" A man may forgive an injury deep,
Or even let just indignation sleep ;
But wound his self-love, and while you live
He neither will forget nor forgive.
And remember that all men, foolish or wise,
Have something which they especially prize :

With some it 's a horse, a dog, or a cat ;
With others it 's wine, cigars, or a hat.
But be what it may, you must bear in mind
That it is the very best of its kind ;
If you have a doubt, with yourself let it end,
Or you make an enemy out of a friend.
For our own hobby-horse is a noble steed,
Of pedigree renowned, and famous breed ;
While as for the hobbies of all the rest,
They are but asses or mules at the best.

“ When Gil Blas was asked to honestly say
What he thought of his patron's last essay,
And said it was good, but rather deficient,
His just criticism was quite sufficient ;
The archbishop dismissed him at once in haste, *
Wishing him all good luck, but a better taste.
The man craved praise, and Gil Blas, like an ass,
Pointed out faults which he might have let pass.

“ The Arab who gave the horse-thief chase
Preferred to let him win in the race,
Because he knew his famous steed,
The most renowned of all his breed,

Was the one which then before him flew
And bore the robber in safety through.
The fame of his horse, so much renowned
As fleetest in all the desert round,
Was so dear to him that, at any cost,
He would not permit that fame to be lost.
Though gone from him, yet he still could say
' My horse against all has won the day ! '

“ But it 's when you come to man's choice of women
That you have to use most care against sinning :
Impugn his taste, or disparage his liking,
He 'll become as savage as any old Viking ;
His mistress, of course, or even his wife,
He will stand up for at risk of his life
And if you wish his good-will to retain,
Never let him suspect you think her plain ;
Nay, instead of that,—I say it between us,—
Lead him to suspect you esteem her a Venus :
He 'd rather even be jealous by far
Than have you think her at all below par.
The love-lorn knight of the olden time
Thought it much less of insult or crime

To steal his mistress or lead her from duty
Than to deny her worth or peerless beauty.
In short, Dick, if you wish always to please,
Economize truth in matters like these."

"That may be all right, Nick," said I, "as a rule.
But, perhaps you'll admit, I 'm not quite a fool;
And I claim that our women, without reserve,
Don't get all the praise that they really deserve.
I can stand a fair and honest critique,
And so request you will plainly speak.
If with what I say you don't agree,
Say so at once; it won't offend me.
The fact is so plain, of course you must know
That our belles, for beauty, take the front row.
Many others are handsome, pretty, or neat;
But for beauty they all must take the back
seat."

"Dick," said he, "of course it 's your bounden duty
To claim the first place for your home-bred beauty;
But remember this, between you and me,
Many good judges won't with you agree.

And I say it myself, with deference due,
Your assertion is not absolutely true ;
You must bear in mind I know 'em all round,
And plenty as good can be easily found —
In fact, I think you have really got
Only a good, fair, average lot."

This made me mad, and I said, quite excited,
"You are prejudiced, Nick, or else short-sighted ;
Unless you 've been jilted, or fail in good taste,
Or have spoken, perhaps, with thoughtless haste!"

"Not at all, sir," said he ; "I know what I say,
And I 've not been jilted nor given away ;
And as to my taste, be it vulgar or fine,
It at least equals yours in speaking of mine!"

"Nick," said I, "excuse me, I pray ;
That was n't what I meant to say.
It was not polite, and I make excuses
As one who in haste his best friend traduces."

"Enough, Dick," said he ; "that makes amends ;
Now let us again be the best of friends."

Confound the women! they 're at the root
Of all the follies, and quarrels to boot ;
From the time of Helen, right down to this day,
Man loses his head when they come in his way.
But, Dick, two good friends, like you and me,
Need not quarrel if we don't agree.
Let 's discuss the women and our views avow
As freely as we would of a horse or cow."

" All right," said I ; " we will each keep cool,
And neither shall make himself a fool ;
Nor forget to keep, as a gentleman true,
The reserve and respect which is woman's due.
But your glass is empty, and the bottle too —
A condition of things which will never do.
It is but the fourth since you came in,
And to make it the last would be a sin ;
So allow me now to fill up again,
And we then can converse like gentlemen.

" Well, to begin : our belle, admit you must,
Has an elegant figure and a fine bust —
Nowhere showing undue protuberance,
Nor mere vulgar, coarse exuberance ;

But quite sufficient to give her grace,
And match her form with her lovely face.
Some points, it 's true, an artist proficient
Might deem to be a little deficient ;
But who cares for that ? what matters size ?
It 's the form and quality we should prize.
Just notice yourself the first that you meet,
And say if she 's not as perfect as sweet ? ”

“ Why, Dick,” said he, “ you 're a connoisseur,
With excellent taste, refined and pure ;
And the Yankee belles are all in your debt
For the best eulogium they 've had yet.
But, my dear fellow (pray don't feel hurt ; .
You know in such matters I 'm quite an expert),
That outside display of grace and beauty
I must, as a friend who does his duty,
Show up as being in greater part
Not nature's own work, but that of art !
Woman-making, in fact, is a profession,
Of which a few smart folks have full possession ;
And to be just, I 'm bound to tell,
They do their work uncommonly well.
The woman's true form is indifferent quite ;
All the modiste needs is her weight and her height :

She then makes a dress in all ways complete,—
Full here, flowing there, graceful and neat,—
And then makes the woman, by pad and compress,
To fill out and fit the inside of the dress ;
She pulls her in here, and draws her out there,
Till the form is perfect everywhere.
In other words, the dress is not made
To fit the woman, married or maid ;
But the woman is made, by modiste art,
To fit well the dress in every part.

“ And the one part where, above all the rest,
The clever modiste exerts herself best,
Is the bust, respecting which we must observe
The extremest delicacy and reserve —
Indeed, some say that to name it is quite
Indelicate, vulgar, and impolite.
But when artful women together conspire
To build up a something for us to admire,
We at least may ask, and be not afraid,
Of what kind of stuff that something is made.
And let me say that the knowledge I possess
Of the curious deceits of female dress
Has been obtained, with due propriety,
From those who serve the best society ;

And every particular which I state
You may rely upon, without rebate.
Remember also I have kept the run
Of every fashion since dress begun —
In fact, before ; for, to state it brief,
I saw adjusted the first fig-leaf!
And, to show that I know what I 'm talking
about,
It was worn bias, with the shiny side out!
I therefore can justly my claim assert,
As a thorough and practical expert.

“ Regarding then what we have in hand,—
The female bust,— you must understand
That in every modern, polished nation
It is mostly an artistic creation,
And is the one particular part
On which the modiste best shows her art ;
What nature may have done or neglected
Does n't matter, since all can be perfected.
By cunning use of padding and stuffing,
With plenty of whalebone, steel, and puffing,
A bust as flat as the sole of a shoe
Is made as round as a fresh drop of dew ;

And thus are produced, Dick, I assure you,
Those divine forms that so much allure you.
If you doubt what I say,— which won't me sur-
prise,—

Take the chance to observe when there 's no dis-
guise ;

Which you can do, with modest impunity,
For they will give you full opportunity :
Make one in the very next full-dress ball ;
You may not see much, but — you 'll see it all.

“ It is much to your credit, Dick, I declare, .
That of this you are not already aware ;
And by dispelling a pleasing illusion
Perhaps I may cause regret and confusion.
But it 's no use trying the truth to smother,
For you 'd find it out some time or other.

“ Then with teeth and hair it 's just the same,
For few of your belles can truly claim
That they possess either tooth or curl
Equal to that of a Gypsy girl.
Your skillful dentists and artists in hair
In their professions are beyond compare ;

And the reason why of course can be found
In their steady practice all the year round."

"Now, Nick," said I, "that 's at most but half true,
And applies, I contend, to but a few ;
While all of them, without an exception,
One beauty possess in fullest perfection —
And that is, bewitching, fairy-like feet,
Faultless in form, dainty, graceful, and neat.
None other like them can be found
Anywhere else the whole world round."

A mocking smile Nick's face o'erspread.
He paused awhile, and then he said :
"Feet, did you say? — and charmingly small?
Why, Dick, they are scarcely feet at all ;
They at best are but half-grown from lack of use,
And sadly deformed by all kinds of abuse.
Each crippled toe has a corn or bunion,
Small as a pea or large as an onion ;
While the whole is so cramped and crushed out of
shape,
It rather resembles the paw of an ape.

Motion it has none, that 's understood,
No more than if it were made of wood ;
While the humped-up in'step, high and steep,
Resembles much the shank of a sheep —
Not finely arched, with plenty of play,
Freely moving in every way,
But firmly fixed, compressed and lumpy,
Making the whole look thick and stumpy.
The shoemaker ignores both bones and toes,
And never for model to nature goes :
He compels the poor foot to fit the shoe,
Not the shoe the foot, as he ought to do.
And remember, it 's only the shoe you see ;
Could you once see the foot you 'd agree with me.
Turn corn-cutter, and, I 'll venture to say,
Your admiration will soon fade away ;
For you 'd find those dainty little boots and pumps,
Cover nothing but withered and deformed stumps.
Next to China it is in France that you meet
With the worst deformity in women's feet ;
And next to France, I must say it, though with
 pain,
In the United States, from Texas to Maine."

This made me mad, and I shouted right out :
“ Why, Nick, you 're a lying, libeling lout !
You 've insulted our girls, our pride and delight,
And this instant I wish you to quit my sight ! ”

“ Liar yourself,” said he, with a leer ;
“ And a fool as well, that 's very clear —
I 'm sorry I let an evening pass
With such a conceited, ignorant ass.”
These were the last words that the Devil spoke,
And then he vanished in a cloud of smoke ;
Leaving me, I must candidly confess,
In a perfect state of unconsciousness.

Next morning I found myself, dressed, on my bed,
With an uneasy stomach and aching head ;
While on the table I could see
Some empty bottles,— two or three,—
And underneath it, upon the floor,
Lying on their sides, were several more.
Not a sign of a visitor could I see ;
But then, the bottles were too many for me.
Some one, of course, I knew had been there,
And he, no doubt, drank the biggest share.

Be that as it might, the most pressing question
Was, how to correct a deranged digestion.
But iced soda-water, with pickled sardine,
Soon made my stomach again feel fine ;
And all of a sudden it flashed through my head
Who my visitor was, and what he had said.
So down I sat, in my slippers and gown,
And never stopped till I 'd written all down :
So well to memory was it committed
I believe no single word is omitted,
Which to some may seem a remarkable feat,
And it certainly is not easy to beat ;
Yet when I state I am no mere dreamer,
But reporter for the *New-York Screamer*,
And that my special rôle is to quote
The conversations of men of note,
It will be seen that a five-hours' chatter
To me would be quite an easy matter.
Why, it has often happened to be the case
I 've reported meetings that never took place ;
And have recorded interviews complete
With men I never happened to meet.
I knew, you see, by intuition rare,
All that they would have said had they been there ;

Their presence was not any way essential
To our talk discursive and confidential.
It is true, when sometimes my report is read,
Men see many things they forget they have said;
And a few have even the libel muttered
That nothing of the kind was ever uttered.
But my profession is a guarantee sound
That whatever I write will be truthful found;
So all such aspersions I easily pass by —
For when were reporters ever known to lie?
Their character is fixed and so perfected
They are above being even suspected.

A few days after, on my table I found
A bundle of papers with string tied round;
All kinds and sorts and colors they were,
From the common brown to cream-laid rare.
There were backs of letters and envelopes old,
All of which should have been to the ragman sold;
With blank pages from books, both old and new,
And sandwiched between an odd billet-doux.
Some smelt as sweet as a violet bank,
While others with stale tobacco were rank;

A few were also redolent, I fear,
Of Holland gin or Bavarian beer ;
And if my scent was, as usual, correct,
I could even rye and bourbon detect —
Just such a collection as is often found
In an editor's sanctum scattered around.
They were also composed in every tongue
In which cultured men have written or sung ;
So that one with linguistic attainments small
Could not have been able to read them all.
But I can any language write or speak,
From modern Dutch to ancient Greek ;
And whatever the lingo, old or new,
Translate into English good and true :
Which explains what might otherwise look quite
 queer,
Why they all alike in plain English appear.

The outside paper, as I could see,
Was very plainly addressed to me ;
And looking inside with anxious presage,
I saw " Dear Dick," on the very first page,
And then, " Let us forget the other night's spat ;
We have both too much sense to remember that.

When we meet again, which we soon will do,
Our friendly relations we will renew ;
But the women, Dick, we will leave alone,
For of all contention they are the bone.
It may also be well, if you think so,
To uncork much less of your dry Cliquot ;
For it takes a stronger head than mine
To carry off much of so good wine.
The scraps I send I hope you can use ;
If they don't instruct they may amuse.
You will see a few signed with my name,
Or initial 'S.', which is the same ;
These are intended to throw more light
On some things we discussed the other night.
For it struck me, when I came to reflect,
That I had been guilty of some neglect,
And did not say, as I had ought,
On certain topics all I thought.
But some you will find among the collection
That have only an indirect connection
(Or possibly even they may have none)
With subjects formerly entered upon ;
They refer, in fact, to matters new
Not even broached by me or you,

And I must tell you how I came,
 As Paddy says, to send 'these same.'
 The fact is that between you and me
 There 's a strong bond of telepathy,
 In virtue of which I know right away
 Every single thing you think or say,
 And I often hear you mutter, quite pat,
 'I wish I could talk with Nick about that';
 Then I answer the best I am able,
 As if we sat again at your table,
 And I write it down, with notes perhaps,
 To send among the other scraps.
 So now you 'll know, when you pick 'em out,
 Why they were written, and what about.
 And now, for the present, I must say, '*Hasta la*
 vista,'
 As the Aduanéro did to the Contrabandista.

S.

"P. S.— Respecting women, Dick, let me remark,
 The wisest of men is much in the dark,
 And after a lifetime with or without 'em
 Has to confess he knows little about 'em.
 If experience in a much-married life
 Could teach a man something of maiden or wife,

My old friend Solomon surely ought
To be just the man in that way taught ;
Yet even he, with nine hundred to study,
Found his views about 'em confused and muddy,
And Sheba's queen, there is reason to fear,
Did n't help at all to make 'em more clear.
When she called him wise, to tickle his pride,
She probably said to herself, aside,
' The silly, soft-headed, vain, old goose !
If he is n't really too obtuse !'
While he, poor fool, the flattery hugged,
And never dreamed he had been humbugged.
Nay ; even myself, after all I 've seen
In regard to women, am yet quite green.
In fact, they 're a puzzle which I can't explain,
And could I do so it would all be in vain ;
For you, of course, Dick, at your age,
Are yet in the ' dear angel ' stage,
And nothing could make you believe or confess
A woman could ever be anything less.
I shall, therefore, now give you nothing more
Than a little useful, practical lore,
Which, if you 're not a love-smitten goose,
You will often find of the greatest use.

“ First, then, woman — blessings upon her ! —
Is quite without man’s sense of honor ;
It ’s something she really knows nothing about,
For in her constitution that was left out.
Man must always put honor above
His life, his fortune, friendship, or love ;
But love in woman is always so strong,
It rules over all, in old or in young.
It is to woman, in Nature’s plan,
Exactly what honor is to man :
She thinks that all is fair and right
That helps her loved ones in the fight,
Or gives her advantage, in her strait,
Over rivals she may fear or hate.
Don’t blame her for this, nor think of her less,
Nor expect from her what she does not possess ;
For this very defect (if such it be)
Only makes her what a woman should be.
Of her it may be truly said,
Her heart is bigger than her head ;
And as a result, in old or in young,
In logic she ’s weak, but in love she ’s strong.
So lack of logic we should not deplore,
Since in reasoning less she loves the more ;

We should love her better just because
She does slight logic and honor's laws.
Nothing whatever with her stands above
Devotion and truth to those she may love;
And when she loves she won't care to try
To find out the slightest reason why.
But with man the keen sense of honor bright
Rules over all, if he be a true knight.
Still, woman's lack of logic, though no defect,
Carries with it this caution, which don't forget:
Never argue with her, as a rule,
No more than with fanatic or fool:
With fool or fanatic it is but time lost,
And with woman it will always be to your cost.
For if you engage in the wordy fray
One of the two must, of course, win the day;
Then, if victory is yours, she 'll never forgive,
And if hers, you 'll hear of it as long as you live.

“So your true course is, if you wish to be friends,
To own you are wrong when a woman contends.
The man of tact will never oppose her,
Nor ever to wounded pride expose her,

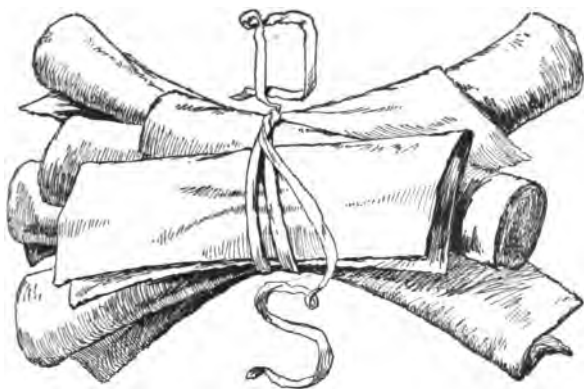
But will lead and guide her, with hidden sway,
By seeming to let her have her own way.
Once let her think it is your way she takes
And not a step forward further she makes.

“ And just here, Dick, you will want to know
About woman's status down below —
And perhaps on earth at a future day,
When present conditions have passed away ;
But for this you will have to wait and see,
And must not be told in advance by me.
I will only say, to satisfy you,
That in all ways it will gratify you ;
It could not now be explained or defended,
Because it could never be comprehended.
Suffice it to say, it will no more compare
With her present position, deemed so fair,
Than this compares with her status of old,
When she in the market was bought and sold.
To-day you treat her, as a general rule,
As a kind of cross 'tween angel and fool,
With one law for you — loose and light,
And another for her — rigid and tight ;

But no laws for either will ever suffice
Till you make both equal in virtue and vice.

“ And now, dear Dick, I expect you 'll opine
I 've sent a P. S. that is quite feminine —
Because in length it is more extended
Than the letter to which it is appended.

S.”



A FEW SCRAPS WHICH FELL OUT ON
UNTYING THE STRING.

SCRAP I. THE POLITICIAN.

I N the social dunghill, foul and deep,
A swarm of hideous reptiles creep ;
A vile brood, in corruption begotten,
And thriving only where all is rotten.
Clean-minded men, with an instinct sure,
Loathe and avoid them as things impure ;

Or, if by chance in their path they lie,
Stamp upon and crush them till they die.
But the politician, to gain his ends,
Will make of these reptiles his dearest friends ;
Will rejoice to see them thrive and breed,
And will aid them in their time of need.
To loathsome filth, which other men spurn,
He won't object — if it serve his turn ;
For with likings coarse, and conscience dim,
No scruples about it trouble him.

The hand may be foul with the dirty fee
Of shameless corruption and bribery,
Or red with the blood from a victim's throat,
But he 'll lick it clean if it hold a vote !
He will make himself the loafer's slave,
Or from the rope the murderer save,
If they only do, on Election Day,
The work for which he is willing to pay.
The unsavory crowd of odds and ends
That he calls fellow-men and dearest friends,
May compel him down in the mud to kneel,
Or kick him, to show the contempt that they
feel ;

But he 'll stand it all, make his bow and smile,
If they only for him will vote the while.
His sympathy warm to the convict he 'll send,
And money to free him will lavishly spend,
If he but work well in the party traces,
And can vote in twenty different places.
Hound-like he 'll fawn or crawl on his knees,
The vilest scum of the earth to please ;
And if thieves get caught in the legal net,
He will promise them a pardon to get,
And denounce all laws which interfere
With his efforts to get the rascals clear.
There is nothing so slavish or so mean,
Nothing so brutal, so vile or unclean,
That the politician ever rejected,
If it only helped to get him elected !
Spit upon, cuffed, and ordered about
By every voting brute or lout,
He never attempts defense or excuse,
But tamely pockets the meanest abuse.
If only they vote him into his seat,
They may make him a mat, to wipe their feet ;
For rascal and sneak in him are so blended,
He has no self-respect to be offended —

Cur-like, he licks the hand that whips him,
And turns to kiss the boot that kicks him.

If criminals should congregate
In some one district of the State,
And poll a sufficient vote to say
Who should get in on Election Day,
Some politician with brazen face,
And hungry for any well-paid place,
Would hasten to beg them, you may be sure,
To elect him to the legislature.

He would promise them, without reserve,
Their rights as working-men to preserve ;
And to resist all kinds of legal suppression
Of any man's private or special profession.

He 'd pledge himself to bring in a bill
To make it no crime to tap a till,
Or to crack a crib in the silent night,
Or relieve a pocket with fingers light.
He 'd propose, indeed, a joint resolution
That doing so only made restitution ;
And that, instead of being a crime,
It cured injustice every time.

The judge and jury that had to try 'em
He would always have elected by 'em ;

Which would put them both on good behavior,
And incline them in the prisoners' favor —
As they ought to be, in every case,
Where poor men stand in the prisoners' place.

If a man defended the money he 'd got,
And during the struggle by chance should be
shot,

He 'd contend it was right that man to kill,
Because he 'd resisted the people's will !

But if it so happened — turn about —

That he killed the man who cleaned him out,
The politician would straight denounce him,
And as a murderer ask to trounce him.

In the pulpit, and on the editor's stool,
He has always some paid or some pliant tool
Ready to back his villainous schemes
And befool his dupes with idle dreams.

Should one of the breed your guest ever be,
Lock up your spoons, and take care of the key !

If Mohammedan votes could carry the State,
You would hear him cry out, "Oh, Allah is great !"
If Sambo prevailed, and the white lost the track,
You 'd hear him contend that Jesus was black ;

And that he himself, in his very soul,
Regretted he was not black as coal!

S. J.

SCRAP 2. PRETENSION.

The purse-proud parvenu's pretentious show
Marks the vulgarity that lies below ;
As diamond rings on dirty fingers
But light up the grime that on them lingers.

SCRAP 3. ÉGALITÉ.

This simply means that in every nation
All should be equal in rank and in station ;
And in making laws all alike have a voice,
While obeying them is left to each one's choice.
For as each one is free to take his own way,
It would tyranny be to make him obey.
The army should always be on this plan,
And in it each individual man
Should an officer be, in full commission,
But no one a private, bound to submission.

SCRAP 4. INJUSTICE.

It 's a world of injustice, some folks say,
And becoming more so every day.
Which in one sense is true,— 'twixt me and you,—
And lucky for them, as they well know, too.
For were these people their dues to get,
They would be complaining still more yet.

Strict justice, in spite of their cry,
Is the last thing for which they sigh ;
In fact, it 's a question, take us all round.
If a wish for strict justice can be found.

A.

SCRAP 5.

A man may forgive you and not come to blows,
If you merely deny the thing which he knows ;
But what he believes without knowing why,
You must never question, much less deny.
For he 's never quite sure and free from all doubt,
Excepting of what he knows nothing about.

SCRAP 6. THE LOVE OF LIBERTY.

Most men love liberty, or so they say;
But each one loves in a different way.

The German,— says Heine,— or else some other,
Loves liberty as he does his grandmother.
His love is not noisy and enthusiastic,
Expressed in speeches, eloquent or bombastic,
But is shown in deep respect and veneration,
As to a relic of a past generation.
He does n't exhibit her with parade and pride,
But snugly maintains her by his fireside;
So that only by chance the news gets round
That the dear old soul is still above ground.

The Frenchman loves liberty like his mistress —
With fussy devotion and ardent caress.
For a time all goes well, and they swear that their
love
Shall endure while the stars shine on them above;
But soon they get weary, then quarrel and part,
Or in jealous rage she gets stabbed to the heart.
He will praise her as being the pink of perfection,
Then cut off her head to show his affection.

The Briton loves liberty as he does his wife —
Quietly, but deeply, as he does his own life.
He never makes fuss nor noisy proclaim,
And cares not even to mention her name ;
But provides for her needs, and guards her with
 care,
And respects and honors her everywhere.

Pat loves liberty as he does his whisky —
With a love disposed to be rather frisky.
So long as a bottle will give him a drink,
He loves it without ever stopping to think ;
But let it get empty, and down with a crash
Comes his stick on the glass, and sends it to smash.
And liberty, too, he 'll denounce or he 'll kill,
If she won't let him follow his own sweet will.

The Yankee loves liberty like his first child —
With a love and a pride that most make him wild.
That another like it ever was born
Is an idea proudly spurned with scorn ;
But long before he gets through with it
He wonders what the deuce he 'll do with it.
Disdaining to seek from others direction,
He first tries humoring and then correction ;

Till the bantling becomes so big and rampankshus,
The father begins to feel troubled and anxious,
And sometimes he even conceives a doubt
If the brat may not turn and kick him out!

The Italian loves liberty like his saint,
To which, when in danger, hé 'll promise new paint,
Or some macaroni, or a new dress,
If it will but help him in his distress ;
But if the image does n't give him relief,
He 'll treat it worse than a rascally thief.
And liberty, the same, he only admires
So long as she satisfies all his desires.
On the whole he does n't care much about her,
And gets along very well without her.

The Spaniard loves liberty like his queen —
All the better because she is rarely seen ;
He thinks the best plan is to shut her up tight
In a palace big, away from the light.
She is regal and grand, divine almost,
To be revered like the sacred Host ;
Make her too common, and right away
The reverence all fades in a day.

SCRAP 7. SYMPATHY AND SENSE.

Intellect and feeling, these two combined
In varied proportions, make up the mind ;
And just as either preponderates,
So in each one his character rates.
Some, too much to sentiment inclined,
To fact and reason are partly blind ;
Others so close to intellect only hold,
That their fancy is feeble, and their judgment is
cold.

Emotion, like the wind and tide,
Should stir to action, but not guide ;
Reason alone should direct the helm,
Or misfortune sure will overwhelm.
He acts for the best, in whom is fairly blent
Cool intellect with generous sentiment.

Bear this in mind, that wrongs are best righted
By the cool-headed and clear-sighted,
And not by the gushing sympathetic,
For ever making appeals pathetic,
But who, by ill-advised assistance,
Give social evils more persistence.

A weak head and a warm heart
Are things better kept apart ;
For the most unfeeling, selfish calculation
May do much less harm than such a combination.

The warm-hearted Kelt, in case of a fight,
Does n't stop to make out the wrong or the right ;
But, with generous sympathies excited,
Rushes blindly in to see matters righted,
And, laying about him best way he can,
Nine times in ten he kills the wrong man !

Blind benevolence acts as a nurse
To social evils, and makes them worse.
It breeds beggars to eat up the bread,
By corrupting alms before them spread ;
And confirms offenders in their offenses,
By shielding them against their consequences.
For why should they care to think of amending,
When no hurt follows from their offending ?
Sloth will not work, nor improvidence save,
While others will for them provide and slave.
Helping — too much — destroys men's ambition
To help themselves of their own volition ;

For why should they toil for what they can get
Without either labor, worry, or fret ?
And they 're sure, at last, their duties to shun
When they know that others will see they are done.

Men will often accept needless assistance,
When pressed upon them with fussy persistence ;
Till, losing at last all self-respect,
They abandon effort' and alms accept.
Make an asylum for destitute drivers,
With pensions for them and all their survivors,
And though none could be found, if you sought
 them before,
They 'll be waiting in crowds till you open the
 door.

If a foundling asylum you should build,
You may rest assured it will soon be filled ;
Although before, in the country round,
A deserted child could not be found.

Yes! help without judgment, be always sure,
Will generate more need than it can cure ;
As a dole of money or bread will create
The very beggars who for it will wait.

But such benevolence, thoughtless and blind,
Will always be the most popular kind ;
While that which is with judgment mated,
Is sure to be both spurned and hated.
So let this fact be understood,
When acting for the public good ;
And though injustice may be your lot,
Pursue your course, and care for it not :
For that which public approval gains,
Is but seldom worth a wise man's pains.

The greatest good to the greatest part,
To ignorant men you can't impart ;
For the only thing they understand
Is something put into their own hand,
If, by combining labor with skill,
You start up the workshop, forge, and mill,
And enable thousands, hungry before,
To keep cold and want away from their door.
They will not think that a worthy deed,
But call it, probably, selfish greed.
And if for your labor, worry, and fret,
A fair recompense you should chance to get,

You will likely be called a money lord greedy,
Who steals the hard earnings of the poor and
needy.

But never mind that; take it all the same,
'Though, for so doing, you get a bad name.

If you wish to pass useful and peaceful days,
Care nothing for popular blame or praise.
The applause of the crowd may please the vain,
Or be made by the shrewd a means of gain;
But the man of sense — he cannot prize it,
For in his heart he must despise it.
'T is but the gabble and clamor loud
Of a selfish, senseless, unthinking crowd,
Of whom some observer said long ago
That, taking them just as they come and go,
They all belong to one of three classes:
Jabbering monkeys, tigers, or asses.
And in not a few you will often find
The three together are well combined.

They will slaver a man with praise one day,
And kill him the next from whim or for pay.

To-day they will hail him as kaiser or king,
And to-morrow upon the gallows he 'll swing.

SCRAP 8. CONVERSION.

When the Indian is left in benighted condition,
He 's free from all fear of sin and perdition ;
But when his poor head with dogma is crammed,
He learns he has got a chance to be damned,
And he gladly surrenders all Nature gave him
In return for a promise from Hell to save him.
But, on counting the cost to get quite clear,
He often believes it has cost too dear ;
For, chased from his land, and poisoned with rum,
He finds but small comfort in Kingdom Come,
And often shows, by actions hateful,
That for conversion he don't feel grateful.
Sometimes even, for a sham he 'll brand it,
Because, you see, he can't understand it.
In his sinful, ignorant condition,
He sees not the beauty of perdition —
Excepting, perhaps, it may be confessed,
For those who robbed him of all he possessed ;
And for them he may think, I 'm sadly afraid,
That Hell and damnation were certainly made.

SCRAP 9. PAUPERS AND HELP.

The men who have had the most assistance
To adversity make the least resistance ;
Like trees tied to props from the day of their
 sprout,
They never get rugged, healthy, and stout.
But those who make laws some men to protect,
This obvious truth ignore or neglect ;
For they prop them up, and feed them on pap,
Till they cannot stand the smallest mishap.
Deficient in well-tried muscle and bone,
They 're never able to stand alone ;
But, like the pauper, with self-respect lost,
They depend on support at public cost.
And by such means, again and again,
Mean paupers are made of decent men ;
For when protected at others' expense,
They are aided under a false pretense,
And are really paupers, if not worse,
Supported out of the public purse.

Call it protection, or any other name,
Public aid is pauperism all the same.

But some men are paupers from natural bent,
And not from wrong help, nor from fortune spent.
From cradle to grave they have but one song :
" Please give me something to help me along !"
Poor in spirit, they 're paupers born,
And self-dependence they hold in scorn ;
Convinced that by Ill-fortune's frown
All things conspire to keep them down,
They never display either pride or pluck,
And all their mishaps ascribe to ill-luck.

It is useless to help a man of this kind,
For, do what you will, he is always behind ;
And he 's not contented alone to remain,
But must drag some one else to his pauper plane.
When his means are gone, and his plans mis-
carried,
Then is the time he is sure to get married ;
And when poverty nips so he scarce can bear it,
He raises a flock of poor children to share it.
As if his misery and distress
By being shared was made the less ;
Or, because his own lot is not bright,
He drags them into it out of spite.

Of all the beings mean and forlorn
The worst of all are the paupers born ;
Yet though we dread, and fear, and hate 'em,
We still make laws to propagate 'em.

SCRAP 10. WHEN TO BEGIN IMPROVEMENT.

Man never will mount to a higher plane,
Nor succeed in banishing vice and pain,
Till he learns this fact, and lays it to heart,
That far back he must go to make his start.

If strong and healthy plants we seek,
Instead of puny, sick, and weak,
We must begin before the seeds are sown,
And not delay till they are full grown !
We must first, with proper skill and toil,
Select and cultivate well the soil ;
Then choose the seed, and take good care
That it be healthy, sound, and fair.
For if the soil be barren or lean,
Or the seed infected or unclean,
The plant such imperfect growth will make,
That all the care we in future take,

And all the skill and toil we expend,
Can but a lingering life extend.

And if human beings we wish to see,
Healthy and happy, as they ought to be,
We must give to them, before their birth,
Such care as we give the seed and the earth.
By after-training none can be perfected
If a right beginning has been neglected.

From men and women of impure stock
Should be had no increase of the flock;
For those imperfect in body or mind
Should always be the last ones of their kind.
Only by those who best are fitted,
Should propagation be permitted;
And not, as now, should foul Disease
And brutal Crime, as they may please,
Bring forth their like, or even worse,
To blight the race with endless curse.

SCRAP II. THE PURITAN.

The Puritan pure, wherever his home,
Is a pope at heart, though not at Rome;

For he always assumes a divine commission
To meddle, without a request or permission,
Or even in spite of protest or prayers,
With his neighbor's strictly private affairs :
To tell him what he should do or think,
And what he should eat, or wear, or drink ;
What he should read, what he should say,
What to believe, and when to pray ;
And should his neighbor object or rebel,
He will try, by law, to punish him well.
What he understands by himself being free,
Is the right to make others with him agree ;
And if this right should be disputed,
He thinks he 's being persecuted.
No one denies more emphatic than he
The Roman pope's infallibility ;
But if any one questions his own dictum,
Straightway of blasphemy he 'll convict 'em.
For when it concerns what he gives out,
It 's illegal even to have a doubt ;
Submit you must with that to be crammed,
Or be outlawed here, and yonder damned.

Himself wouldn't burn you — he 's not so cruel ;
But he 'd gladly sell the Devil the fuel,

And for love of God — or a little hire —
Would even assist to poke up the fire.
For the saints up above, so he would tell,
Listen with delight to the groans in Hell ;
And enjoy their nectar with greater zest
When they see those burning they once loved
best.

SCRAP 12. HANDS AND BRAINS.

The hand working-man very seldom can see
That brain working-men are as needful as he ;
His thoughts are so twisted the contrary way,
He thinks he is always more useful than they.
In fact, he too often believes he alone
Creates all the wealth a nation may own ;
The skill to devise, to foresee, and direct,
Without which his labor could little effect,
He regards with jealous distrust and dislike,
And thinks it his duty against it to strike.
He hears so much of the toiling bands
And of what we owe to the horny hands,
That he quite loses sight of the thinking few
Who provide for the hands the work they do.

Yet Toil alone, without direction wise,
But little attains, however it tries ;
And to have things so that all may thrive,
Mind and Muscle together must strive.

No people can ever assured be
Against unforeseen calamity.
The time with all will come, and come again,
When men for work will seek in vain ;
When Woe and Want, a doleful band,
With Discontent go hand in hand ;
When Ruin rules, and grim Despair
Seems firmly fixed forever there.

In times like these a nation oft will find
Its salvation due to some single mind :
From one man's brain springs an idea new,
Which the old good times will again renew ;
Which work will find for the idle hand,
And plenty spread o'er the famished land.
And yet that man, to whom all owe
A debt which year by year will grow,
If he take but a tithe of what he created
Will as a plutocrat vile be execrated.

Yes, lucky, indeed, such a man will be
If he 's not called the people's enemy ;
For they will always hate, or forget,
The man to whom they owe such a debt:

A thousand hands for work may seek,
Till they 're with famine weary and weak,—
Groping around them like the blind,
Seeking for what they never find,—
Till one busy brain discovers the way
To again set those idle hands in play.
And yet so silent may work that brain,
The horny hands will oft complain
That, while they toil and sweat to create,
It can only dream and speculate.
They do not see that hands alone
Are only helpless flesh and bone,
Till the brain directs them what to do,
And how their task they can best pursue.

In the wound-up watch, whose steady click
Keeps count of our actions, slow or quick,
The silent spring seems in motion never,
While the busy wheels are working ever.

And yet that ribbon of coiled-up steel
Moves every lever, cog, and wheel.
Noiseless its force, no click or jerk,
Although from it comes all the work :
The swift, the slow, the great, the small,
With steady pull it moves them all ;
And when, uncoiled, its force is sped,
All motion stops — the watch is dead.

And just as the spring is the moving force
Which impels the watch in its daily course,
So the brain, with its silent power,
Moves the social wheels from hour to hour.
And just as the watch-wheels no more will run
When the spring uncoils and its work is done,
So the crowd of helpless horny hands,
When the brain is still, all idle stands.

SCRAP 13. A MAN'S TRUE WORK.

It is not just, nor wise, nor kind
For one to work for all mankind,
And take upon himself the charge
To regulate the world at large.

Useless will be his struggle and strife
To make smooth for all the path of life:
Spread over far too wide extent,
His labor will be vainly spent ;
But if confined to a smaller field,
Good in abundance may be the yield.
Nor should he distant regions roam,
To seek the work that waits at home ;
For that which each should make his own,
Right to his hand is always thrown—
If he do that, and do his best,
To others he may leave the rest.
Why spend time other lands to explore
For work we can always find next door ?
Why uselessly on a crowd throw away
What would well feed a few a single day ?

SCRAP 14. IDEAS AND WORDS.

Speaking of men, some philosopher said
That they by ideas are stirred and led ;
A dictum which is undoubtedly true,
If confined alone to the thinking few.
But it 's useless trying the fact to blink
That but very few men will try to think ;

Nor can you induce them, do what you may,
For Nature did not create them that way —
They prefer to pay other men to do it,
And then make complaint if they have to rue it.
It is well-sounding words, chosen aright,
And not ideas, which most men excite ;
For whether they are to be duped or bought,
Speech will ever prevail over thought,
And the orator's tongue will always gain
The victory over the thinking brain.
The words " Hallelujah," " Amen," and " Glory "
Are more efficient than sermon or story ;
And either, spoken in proper season,
Will far outweigh both logic and reason.

In all that is daily said or wrote
We but seldom find a thought to quote,
But words without end, and phrases fine,
In every paragraph and line ;
And as for ideas, old or new,
Search as we will we find but few.
Nor are they needed, it should be said,
By those who with orations are led ;
For they on ideas set little store,
If they do not even think them a bore.

Their preference always will be found
For ringing words, with plenty of sound:

So if the masses you wish to lead,
To this one rule pay especial heed:
Use rousing catchwords and taking refrains,
To tickle their ears and muddle their brains.
Don't trouble for fact or argument stale,
For they with the masses will always fail;
And as for reason or sense, dismiss 'em,
For those you address will never miss 'em.
In every speech of orator renowned
Certain catchwords will always be found;
And if you know the subject of his speech,
Or the kind of men it is meant to reach,
You can tell beforehand the exact jingle
Which in that oration is sure to mingle.

"The people should by the people be ruled,"
Are words by which crowds of men are befooled;
And though they mean nothing, yet sound so well,
That put in a speech they are sure to tell:

But the matter most important by far,
Is to know just who the dear people are;

And it comes to this, if you get it clear,
When orators cry, "The people are here,"
They mean their dupes, beyond a doubt,
With all the others counted out.
They may be many or they may be few,
But the smallest number will always do;
The tailors three this truth proclaimed,
When they themselves "the people" named.
To know who the people are, and where,
Is the politician's special care;
And they 're those that he finds, on taking notes,
Will give him the greatest number of votes,
While those who dare his claims oppose
Are not the people, but their foes!
The masses are always by him told
That they alone authority hold,
And that all officials, when they elect 'em,
Are but the servants of those who select 'em;
When the plain truth is, as we all well know,
The masses are worked like puppets in a show.
Fuddled with praise, which they expect to receive;
Bamboozled with promises, meant to deceive;
They follow their leaders, unthinking, pell mell,
As sheep follow after the one with the bell.

And if they find out how much they are fooled,
It makes them no wiser to be so schooled ;
For the next demagogue that comes ranting along
They will follow the same, if he sing the same song.
For the plain truth is, and it ought to be said,
They love to be flattered, cheated, and led.

Those who on reason reliance place
Will find themselves soon in sorry case ;
For any new cry, well calculated
To tickle the vain and shallow-pated,
Will soon cut out the man of mere sense,
And leave him without an audience.

With deceptive words the tariff man leads
The working-man, on whose labor he feeds ;
Taking his dollar, time after time,
And giving him back perhaps a dime.
But he does it all without detection,
By slyly using the word " protection,"
And making the poor, simple fellow believe
That he really does some protection receive ;
Or at least that by joining in the theft
He may save himself from being quite left.

By that single word, craftily used,
The working-man is robbed and abused.
His cunning employer, on profit bent,
Increases the tariff fifty per cent.,
But gives the employee not one cent more
Than what he had been receiving before ;
Nay, if he catch him in need and distress,
He will take advantage and give him less.
For in all his dealings with the man,
He buys his labor as cheap as he can ;
And when by the tariff his profit expands,
He won't always increase the week's pay of his
 hands,
But every cent of that profit expends,
In making still larger his fat dividends.
His employee may help to make the theft,
But in sharing the plunder he gets left.

Preachers the same bewilder their sheep,
And all wish for thinking put to sleep,
By shouting words like "grace" and "salvation,"
"Future probation" and "foreordination";
The meaning of which no one can tell —
But they serve their purpose just as well.

Theology, in fact, in spite of pretense,
Is nothing but words without any sense.
And much philosophy, especially the deep,
Over which enthusiasts pore and wise men sleep,
Is very often, in at least two-thirds,
Only a jumble of high-sounding words.
But the advantage philosophers have is this,
That when in a system any part goes amiss,
Or, the several parts, as we often see,
With each other won't fit, but will disagree,
They can easily say, in its defense,
That the words were used in a special sense.
Or better still, if confusion reigns,
Invent a new word, which all explains,
Or leaves the matter in such a tangle,
That at the worst it ends in a jangle.

And so with Logic, that pretentious prig,
With its own self-importance always big;
Which, deeming verbal trickery fair,
Lives on words as the orchid lives on air,
And uses, instead of facts, which it hates
Syllogisms, terms, and predicates.
By them it proves, to certainty quite,
That white is black, or that black is white;

Or that south is north, or north is south,
By syllogistic word of mouth.
Logic, in short, by mere pretense,
Brutally snubs poor Common-sense ;
While Rhetoric, with wordy wiles,
Befools, bewilders, and beguiles.
An oration as fine as ever heard,
Which thrills the hearers with every word,
Will oftentimes, when examined with care,
Be found of sense and veracity bare.
It may please the ear, or muddle the brain,
But lends us no aid the truth to attain ;
It may impress all by sheer impetuosity,
And yet be nothing more than empty verbosity.
The words may flow so copious and free,
As to make a real verbal diarrhoea ;
But constipation obstinate is found
As regards ideas and reasons sound.

Orators strive more for what is new
Than for what is either good or true ;
And would rather please, surprise, or frighten,
Than either warn, instruct, or enlighten.
They do not to fact and reason appeal,
But try only to make their hearers *feel* !

But in using words to muddle and confuse,
In a manner untrammelled and profuse,
Metaphysics does, beyond any doubt,
Beat even theology, out and out.
In using its terms, you can freely act
Quite reckless of either reason or fact;
For having with either nothing to do,
You have only fancy free to pursue.
You may safely say whatever you please,
And as to meaning feel quite at your ease;
For all its words, if you have to define 'em,
Take any meaning you choose to assign 'em —
Which makes it certain, if any dispute you,
That, say what they will, they cannot confute you.

When for Nowhere you once set out,
The way need never be in doubt;
For stray where you may, as you stroll along,
Or go where you please, you cannot go wrong.

Yes, words, when rightly used by tongue or pen,
Are most potent agents in leading men.
Used by teacher and reformer right,
They may lead them on to truth and light;

But used by selfish, designing knaves,
They may mislead men, and make them slaves.
One word may make joy or tribulation,
May make a state or ruin a nation ;
And skillful diplomatists, with artful words,
Will succeed where soldiers fail with their swords ;
While the priest, with the words "the church's
 ban,"
Can make a coward of the bravest man.

Superstitions of various kinds,
Like clot-burs hang to all men's minds ;
And spite of reason will cling so fast,
They hold tenacious to the last.
On certain minds they cluster thick,
To others but a few will stick ;
But none from them are wholly free,
How wise soever they may be.
And one there is which is ever found
On every man the whole world round :
The superstition, gross and dense,
Which worships words instead of sense,
And follows meaningless cries and sounds,
That for ages have gone their noisy rounds.

As bees are led, at the will of man,
By the tinkling of an old tin pan,
So men by a cunning party cry
Are led to struggle, to fight, and die —
Though the cry may really mean no more
Than the creaking of an old barn-door.

SCRAP 15. THE OLD COLLEGE DON.

Men now begin one another to ask,
When our college course is taken to task,
If we ought not to learn a little about
Some things that we can't very well do without,
Instead of nothing else, so to speak,
Than a "little Latin, and less Greek" ?
But up to his feet the old college don springs,
To prove the great value of words over things.

.....
"Words," he contends, "are ethereal and mystic;
While things are all gross and materialistic.
And words, besides, you can easily learn,
If your memory only serves your turn;
While science requires trained observation,
With experiment and investigation —

In practicing which your hands may get soiled,
 Or sometimes even your clothes may be spoiled ;
 While in word-study you can keep yourself neat,
 And need never rise up from your easy seat.
 You have merely got to learn and know
 What somebody said long ages ago ;
 While in scientific pursuits you must
 Seek all for yourself, not take it on trust.
 And then, knowledge of material things,
 Though it often both wealth and power brings,
 Is still but knowledge of a common kind,
 Vulgarly useful, but no way refined."

So says the don, and he never claims
 To know aught of science or its aims ;
 But come to names, that 's another story —
 Then he shows himself in all his glory.
 He knows the origin of the name ammonium,
 But does n't know the thing from tin or stramonium.
 He will tell you that leucopyrite
 Comes from πῦρ, fire, and λευκός, white ;
 And then he 'll point out, with learning profound,
 Many places where those words may be found.

But if you ask, as, maybe, you might,
What thing is meant by this fire and white,
You will find the question awfully bore him,
For he would n't know it if set before him.
With dignified air he would say such knowledge
Is not taught by those in a classic college;
Names alone are their concern, never mere
 sense,
And to vulgar science they make no pretense.
As a rule they rather take pride, indeed,
In teaching nothing a man may need.

Mere specialists narrow, in words alone,
No culture in anything else they own;
They think it better by far to know
What men imagined ages ago,
Than to get the very smallest notion
Of the force that keeps the world in motion.
They prefer to study the dubious rhymes
Of Horace, and others of ancient times,
Than to learn the laws of life and health,
Or how society gains its wealth.
They esteem a man's knowledge as low or high,
From the number of names he calls a thing by,—

Always deeming him fairly proficient,
If he thinks one name quite insufficient,
And can demand his coat or hat in
Both English plain, and Greek or Latin,—
Although he may be quite unable to tell
If it grew in the ground, or from a tree fell.

To not call a horse *equus*, or *hippus*,
Of all just claim to culture may strip us;
And yet we might name him in all known tongues
Without knowing where he in nature belongs,
Or being able the changes to trace
From the three-toed horse to the present race.
The boy who combs and curries his hide,
And calls him horse and nothing beside,
May know more about him and all his queer
 games
Than he who can call him by twenty-odd names;
And the boy's knowledge is to be preferred
To that which can give us only a word —
That is, in just so far, at least,
As it concerns the living beast.
If he runs away and threatens to tip us,
It will do no good to cry, "O hippus!"

Nor would he entreaty any more mind
If we called him that and *equus* combined.
The stable boy's humble Saxon (and oath)
In practical value would outweigh both ;
For that, with his knowledge, might easily check
The horse's career, and save our neck.

SCRAP 16. PARTY REWARD.

It may happen, dear Dick, that some time you
Such splendid work for your party may do,
That for reward you may be selected
To be, in turn, to Congress elected ;
And then you will duly entitled be
At the end of your name to put ' M. C. ',
And in case you die while yet in your seat,
You may have a monument,— half complete,—
With an epitaph calling you truly great
For voting your party ticket always straight,
And never rejecting a nomination
Which in caucus had met with approbation.

But " half complete " is rather more
Than happens to nineteen in the score ;

For few monuments reach so high a station
As half the way up above their foundation —
Being left unfinished so that ours at home
May look something like those of Greece and
Rome ;

At least in being dilapidated,
If not in art quite so highly rated.

I call to mind one begun on this plan,
To a truly great and deserving man,
Whose death by a mad fanatic's hand
Spread sorrow over a mourning land.
The design was grand, that cannot be disputed,
But it never was more than half executed ;
And what was done fell so out of repair
That, the last time I was visiting there,
Part was in ruin, part stolen away,
And the rest was hastening fast to decay.
Liberty above held her laurel wreath,
While hogs rooted and grunted underneath.
Of course it does not follow that *yours* will stop,
Till quite complete, from the bottom to the top ;
But, to make sure, you might leave with a friend
A sum of money for him to expend,

If need there should be, either little or much,
To give the construction a finishing touch.
You could then die in peace, feeling quite sure
That your monument was made secure.

But, monuments aside, there 's another source
Of glorification in the usual course ;
When your late decease in the papers is put,
They will have your picture in a bold wood-cut—
It may be that of some thief, it is true,
But still it will serve, for the day, for you.
(In politics you must not be jealous,
Nor sensitive about bedfellows.)
And then some brother member, over your bier,
Will read a long eulogy on your career ;
While a committee will attend your body,
And consume much bourbon, champagne, and
toddy,
To show their regret for greatness lost,
And to have a good spree at public cost.
After which all the speeches signed with your name
Will be in the " Record " transmitted to fame.
You need not either speak or indite 'em,
But get some other fellow to write 'em ;

'T will be said with what applause they were
heard,

Though you really never uttered a word.
In fact, they may be made (not read)
A long time after you are dead.

Perhaps you may also mentioned be
In some magnificent history ;
Written, maybe, in a summer vacation,
By one of the leading men of the nation.
Not one of your dreary old composers,—
Dull-witted, plodding, scrupulous prozers,
Like Ranke, Gibbon, Rollin, or Hume,—
Who makes one work his whole life consume ;
But a live historian, western bred,
Who cares for nobody, living or dead,
Nor for facts, either, if so be that they
Should troublesome be, and stand in his way —
A man who 'll contract, for so much a page,
To compile the records of any age,
Or of any place — from the Land of Nod
To Kalamazoo or Konkapod,
Or write the life of any man noted,
And tell you how he had always voted.

Such are the blessings which get you can
By being a thorough party man,
And never scratching, nor daring to kick,
Though you had to vote for your friend, Old Nick.

But perhaps your ambition may higher fly,
And a seat in Congress won't satisfy ;
In which case, if you can stand the cost
(Which, by the by, need never be lost),
You can buy a noble senator's chair,
And sit, perhaps, next a millionaire,
Who, if you assist his measures through,
May make a millionaire of you.
But mind you don't credit all he may tell
About any shares he may have to sell ;
Unless, perhaps, you and a few more
May be let in upon the ground floor.
For let me say, between me and you,
Our senators know a thing or two,
And are quite as smart at a speculation
As in fixing up affairs of the nation.
They, in fact, often mix up the two so well,
That which is which it 's impossible to tell ;
But it makes no odds, for both are meant
To profit them in any event,

Either in pocket direct, or else in fame —
It does n't matter which, for each ends the
same.

So remember, that if with these men you sit,
You must keep wide awake, and brush up your wit.

But it 's in the political-censor line
That senatorial talents brightest shine :
When the Old World systems they denounce,
And their upholders threaten to trounce ;
Or when they speak in thunder tones,
And make kings tremble on their thrones.
In no other body could you sit,
And hear so much eloquence and wit,
Or note such delicate appreciation
Of the courtesy due another nation,
With such knowledge of problems complex,
Which other people trouble and vex,
But in which our senators only see,
Of government simply the A B C.

Those ancient senators of Greece and Rome
Were famous fellows, no doubt, at home ;
But still what were they, even at their best,
To a real live senator from the West ?

Their speeches might rouse a sleepy nation ;
But his can terrify all creation,
And make the folks on the planet Mars
Cry, " Oh, my gracious ! " and " Bless my stars ! "

But, recurring again to historical fame,
There is always one peril attending the same :
The historian and you may be at outs ;
And then of your merits he 'll entertain doubts,
And may think it his bounden duty to note
Certain holes you may have in your moral coat —
Such as having been guilty, twice in your life,
Of running away with another man's wife ;
Or of having your daddy with poison fed,
To get hold of his money when he was dead ;
At the least he 'll show you were on the docket
For having once picked a poor woman's pocket.
But never mind that ; even were it true
Your party will always stick by you,
Providing you stick to its constitution
And pay up a liberal contribution.

For in every great political race
Neither truth nor decency have any place ;

While to lies and slanders there 's no objection,
If really needed to win the election.
And then, if you feel hurt,—and can spare the
self,—

You can write a history to suit yourself ;
Which will take its place among the rest,
And perhaps be ranked the very best.
In this you can prove that your friends and you
Are the only patriots good and true,
While those who oppose you, without exception,
Are mere pretenders, given to deception ;
And that the whole tribe, both great and small,
Are proven criminals, one and all.
But if you have scruples and object
To utterly losing self-respect,
Or refuse to take part in dirty tricks,
You 'll have nothing to do with politics ;
For combine together but few ever can,
The party politician and gentleman !

S.

SCRAP 17. RELIGION.

A man's religion, like his coat or hat,
Is more changed by him than he is by that.

As age by age he wiser grows,
And more of self and nature knows,
He throws aside superstitions crude
As he does his skin-made garments rude.
But fond association old
Has on the mind so firm a hold
That, though his creed is not the same,
He still retains the dear old name ;
And so it happens that the designation
Tells not the belief of age or of nation.
The belief may change completely round,
While the name still keeps the same old sound.
That which Christians to-day as truth accept
They will to-morrow as error reject ;
And yet, because they keep the name,
They still are Christians all the same.

SCRAP 18. UNCLE SAM.

When Uncle Sam views his homestead sumptuous
He is apt to feel a little bumptious,
And sometimes get, if the truth must be said,
What is commonly called too big a head ;

And his just pride, which is meritorious,
Degenerates and becomes vainglorious.
But this touch of harmless vanity
Does n't at all affect his sanity,
Nor prevent his being, this apart,
One of the best of fellows at heart ;
Though it often makes him loath to admit
That he, like others, may faults commit,
Or that any other nation has grown
To intelligence equal to his own.

When he looks around at the display fine
From field and forest, factory and mine,
Or inspects his bales of cotton or hay,
He will often smile, and to himself say :
“ Well, now, I reckon, taking the whole world
round,
This is the greatest country to be found ;
And what is more, and just as true,
We are the smartest people too.
In the onward march of human progress
We must take the very first rank, I guess ;
And all the rest, it is just as clear,
Must be content to lag in the rear.

Which is hard on them, of course I know ;
But it can't be helped — God made it so,
And, so far as I see, their only plan
Is to imitate us as far as they can ;
For it really seems that we are designed
To be the instructors of all mankind.

“ Since the Star-Spangled Banner was first unfurled
We have gone far ahead of the slow Old
World ;
And, though they endeavor with all their might,
They barely manage to keep us in sight.
In all things we find them, from day to day,
Imitating us in every way,
Till in course of time, so it looks to me,
There will scarcely any difference be —
Excepting, of course, as all must admit,
We shall always excel in sense and in wit.
Why, even now, when they 're girls and boys,
They play with exactly similar toys ;
And when they are men and women grown,
They usually act much like our own :
They court, get married, bring up babies,
And if bit by mad dogs they have the rabies ;

Exactly the same, from year to year,
As our people are doing here.
All which they must from us have caught,
For we by them have not been taught;
And in no other way that I can make out,
Could such a coincidence have come about.
And, seeing that their intelligence is less,
Imitation does them credit, I confess.

“It is true for some thousand years or more,
Before we traded or opened a store,
They invented things which, considering how
They had never known us, were some, I allow;
But had we been there to first point them out,
They 'd have been more perfect, there is no
doubt.

In fact, those fellows just jumped my claims,
And recorded them in their own names;
Instead of leaving them lying latent
Till I came along and took out a patent.
Nay, even now, in some Old World places,
Fellows poke round, and discover traces
Of inventions which, if they'd let 'em be,
In due time, of course, would all come to me;

Yet in spite of this they don't go ahead,
But are always by our example led.
Why, even in England, with all their boast,
American ideas rule the roast.
Quite recently, or at least so I hear,
They have even taken to bottling beer,
And brewing various kinds of ale,
As at Albany, amber and pale.
They wear thick coats when cold, and thin when
hot ;
And drink when thirsty, or sometimes when not ;
Eat oysters and codfish, and raise bread with
yeast,
Exactly the same as they do way Down East ;
From where, no doubt, by some one returned,
These useful customs have all been learned.
They have also ships and a few steamboats,
But none like those over which our flag floats.
Our railroads they have copied in part,
And also all our models in art ;
And in elections have accepted the plan
For each one to vote for his favorite man—
A practice which, every one must own,
Before our time was quite unknown.

“ But all their ideas are small and slow ;
Not big, like ours, with plenty of go.
They boast about royalty, and are vain
Because it costs them so much to maintain ;
While in New-York alone may always be seen
A dozen who cost us as much as their Queen —
And only mere common fellows, too,
Of no more account than me or you.
In the country at large, of course, there are
more ;
In fact, they can be pointed out by the score ;
Which I don't say to be bragging about 'em
(For I often wish we could do without 'em),
But to show that we are able to pay,
When we choose to do it, much more than they.

“ Then they have men who proudly boast
That they command a countless host
Of obedient serfs, of whom they say
They are masters complete in every way,
And employ them just as they may please
To increase their profit, power, or ease.
Well, in every city we have men
Who can count up their thousands by the ten

Of citizens free, whom they control
And own, right out, both body and soul.
Our Pats, Macs, and O's, of all degrees,
Bring even governors down on their knees ;
And when in their might they in caucus
assemble,
Senators and presidents before them tremble,
And, in their haste to pacify them,
Humbly ask what will satisfy them.
Why, in one election we pay as much
To bosses, heelers, boys, and such
As the English in a year dole out
To support the Queen and all her rout.
Yes, every fourth year with us is spent
As much to elect a president
As their Queen costs in any four —
In fact, very often a great deal more ;
While a candidate for a senator's seat,
To make it quite certain he will not be beat,
Must pay as much in good money down
As would buy a brand new royal crown.
And it is n't from vanity this is said,
But to show how in all things we go ahead.

- “ In England, too, it is worthy of note,
The greatest man can cast but one vote ;
While with us, on our vast progressive plan,
Fifty thousand are cast by a single man !
If any one doubt this I 'd have him recall
What is done by the boss of Tammany Hall.
- “ In mayors and aldermen it 's the same,
Very few they have deserve the name ;
They have never more than half understood
How to deal in charters and contracts good,
But allow them to go without a thought
Of how much might be made if they were bought.
In fact, they 're so slow that they let things slide
Which might for a score of smart fellows provide ;
And if boodle were hinted, I 'd bet a cent
Not one in a dozen would know what it meant.
- “ Our men, with salaries small in amount,
Their savings by untold thousands count ;
Though poor when they enter, yet when their term
ends
They are millionaires — and so are their friends.

“ In short, there 's no doubt that, as a nation,
For fixing things we beat all creation ;
Old England may try, and strive as she will,
But in all things *big* we shall beat her still.
She may think her reform and progress springs
From the natural growth of men and things ;
But that 's a mistake, for she stock-still stood
Till America set her a pattern good.
In short, there 's no doubt that the world at large
No progress made till we took it in charge ;
And all its future, in every way,
Depends upon what we shall do and say.

“ All over Europe, whatever betide 'em,
They always look to our press to guide 'em.
When Bismarck doubts as to what should be
done,
He at once consults with the *Bragtown Sun* ;
And he would not dream of fighting the Tsar
Unless backed up by the *Spread-Eagle Star*.
Even the Pope, who keeps the keys,
Never feels completely at ease ;
But is apt to be blue, if not despondent,
Till he hears from his New-York correspondent.

Napoleon the Third, when his fortunes were dark,
Very often was heard to repeat the remark,
'Had I but followed the *New-York Screamer's*
plan,
I should never have been shut up in Sedan.'
And the Russian Tsar when troubles thicken,
Or he feels the need his wits to quicken,
Dispatches a Cossack, right straight away,
For a *Screamer* man, whom he keeps in pay,
And to whom he recently told in advance
What part he should play in case Prussia fought
France.

"Queen Victoria, in trouble or grief,
In our press finds always aid and relief.
To a reporter from the *New-York Screamer*
(Sent to her express, by a special steamer),
She said if their editor would condescend
To become her private adviser and friend,
She would dispatch a man-of-war to carry him,
And make her prettiest granddaughter marry
him.
All which is true, as I happen to know,
For the reporter himself told me so.

“ And this is n't boasting — nothing of the kind,
But a plain, simple fact as you can find;
Just as plain, in short, so it seems to me,
As that one and two are equal to three.
For there 's no denying it, say what you may,
We *do* beat all creation, every way!
We are also just, and generous, too,
Towards all with whom we have to do;
And in this, I think other nations must own,
As a shining example we stand alone.
While they by force of arms compel
Others beneath their flags to dwell,
We only annex and appropriate
Just what is needed to round out a State;
And we never take it till we make out
A good title to it, beyond a doubt —
That is, it must always be understood,
A title which Congress declares to be good.
And in this we act unlike John Bull,
Who never thinks that his hands are full,
But picks up bits all over the world,
Wherever his flag may be unfurled;
And but seldom makes the least pretension
To right or title for his extension,

But just takes it, without any fuss,
In a manner different from us.
For we are content, be it little or much,
With all that lies round us which we can touch ;
Not taken at once, which would look like greed,
But a bit at a time, as we may need.
John's bits are scattered all around,
Where any unused spot is found ;
While ours, it happens, are all connected —
With only the owners to be ejected.

“ To absorb a continent is just and right,
But nibbling islands is another thing quite.
And then it is n't because we want to do it,
But our manifest destiny drives us to it ;
And destiny, we know, since man existed
Is something that never could be resisted.
And how far, in time, our touch may go
Is something I don't pretend to know ;
But whatever we reach, if we need the same,
We shall take and annex in Liberty's name! ”

This, or something like it, a bit now and then,
You may hear him maunder again and again,

As he sits, perhaps, on a bale of hay,
And slowly whittles a shingle away ;
Calculating, when his crops are all sold,
How much they will bring in silver and
gold.

A good-humored smile creeps over his phiz,
As he makes the remark, " Prices is riz
For kerosene, flour, and wheat,
For pork and beef, and all other meat ;
And what a splendid chance it will be
If no one has them for sale but me ! "

And on this he bases his calculations
That he is ahead of all other nations.
Well, let him think so, if such be his whim ;
It hurts no one else, and it pleases him.
Let him build his castles while yet he may,
He 'll be prosy enough before he 's gray.
At present he does n't always realize
That, when any foreigner from him buys,
The transaction results, as it was meant,
In profit to each to equal extent ;
So that neither has any cause to boast
That he either gives or receives the most.

And the buyer who pays, so business tells,
Must be quite as rich as the one who sells ;
At least good sense would so suppose,
As far as each transaction goes.

Then, as to riches, we must bear in mind
That they 're not all of one single kind ;
And one sort may here be highly rated
Which there is but lowly estimated.
One nation may revel in wealth to excess,
And another the poorest pittance possess ;
And yet the poorer of the two may hold
What the other can't buy with all its gold.

That a people's greatness depends not alone
Upon how much money or land they may own,
Is a truth which, to-day, at any rate,
Uncle Sam does n't fully appreciate.
But he will ; it will come in its order ;
And with less wealth his views will be broader.
As he gets older he will realize
There are other things than dollars to prize ;
And that if Tom has many, and Dick but few,
Dick still may be the richer of the two.

He will also learn, though, maybe, late,
That being big is not being great ;
And that many big men, take them all in all,
By the standard of worth come out but small.

But though Uncle Sam in schoolboy bounce
Beats all the world a pound to an ounce,
Still it 's honest brag ; he does n't deceive in it,
But does himself sincerely believe in it.
He takes as true, without any dilution,
The well-known patriotic resolution :
"That for virtue, freedom, and intelligence, com-
pared with us,
All other nations ain't worth a cuss !"

Yet after all, though he does blow the bellows,
He is at bottom the best of good fellows ;
All his foibles, indeed, to tell the truth,
Are those of a confident, robust youth.
He is shrewd at a trade and keen on the make,
But his heart is as warm as his own griddle-
cake ;
And when want or misfortune make their calls,
His money rolls out like Niagara Falls.

At high-pressure always, he sometimes must
Blow off the steam or he 'd certainly bust.
Like a bumptious boy in his papa's coat,
To wear it he 's got to puff and bloat ;
Or else he 'd be lost in such roomy wear,
And nobody would know that he was there.
Like a jolly young heir to property new,
With no over-due debts, nor notes to renew,
He splurges and blows, and spends his pelf
As much on others as on himself.
He snubs the old folks, their toil and their thrift,
Which provided for him this splendid gift ;
He forgets their trials and bitter tears
For so many hundreds of weary years,
While they nursed the tree and watered its roots,
From which, at his ease, he gathers the fruits.
In the flush of his youth and boyish conceit
He thinks the Old World worn out and effete ;
And opens his eyes when perchance he is told
That she may be young after he has grown old.
Yet a nation new in a single day
May develop the germs of sure decay ;
While the ancient state from which it has sprung
In a single day may again be young.

Of course Sam feels, it must be allowed,
Of his fine estate quite justly proud,
As indeed he ought; for, with lavish hand,
Nature gives him the best of every land.
And her bounties of all kinds, rich and rare,
He gathers with little trouble or care.
But he much mistakes when he thinks such luck
Is solely due to his own wit and pluck;
That accounts for much, but the blood and
treasure
Of the Old World, spent without stint or measure,
Has cleared the path and smoothed the way
On which, at ease, he travels to-day.
She alone bears the cost of the fight sustained,
By which those magnificent gifts were obtained.
He starts from the level which to gain
Cost *her* ages of struggle and pain;
And now *he* shares, to the full he may need,
In the harvest of which *she* sowed the seed.

But he 's not given to thinking, I doubt,
How all his good-fortune has come about;
Like a heedless, lavish, generous boy,
He spends, but he does not always enjoy.

With a rush and plunge he scatters his wealth,
Too often at peril of life or health ;
Of thrift or of saving he sees no need,
And so for the future takes little heed.
For a small present gain in a day is spent
What should forever enrich a continent ;
And resources which his children will need
Are sacrificed to short-sighted greed.

But that will mend as time goes on,
And much of his wealth is spent and gone.
Like a spoilt child whose parents adore him :
His greatest troubles are all before him,
When his children press on every side,
And a farm for each he cannot provide,
He then will realize, on his own hearthstone,
That, the meat being gone, he must pick the bone !

But when he is brought to that thrifty plan,
He will prove himself every inch a man ;
His grit is good, his head is clear —
He 'll be right-side up, we need not fear.
The trouble and need he will have to meet
Will bring him more thought, with less conceit ;

And when he and poverty come to the clinch,
He 'll be all the better for a good hard pinch,
And none the worse, when fully grown,
For the few wild oats he may have sown.
We may rate him sometimes and give him a poke,
But he knows very well it 's only a joke ;
He 's a jolly good fellow, take him all in all,
And may Heaven's best blessings ever on him fall.

J. B.

SCRAP 19. OPINIONS AND CONVICTIONS.

Opinions may but lightly sit,
And welcome the aid of ready wit.
But convictions take a bull-dog grip,
And reject all aid from tongue and lip ;
They seek no defense, permit no doubt,
And resolute to the last hold out.

Opinions keen disputers make ;
Convictions, martyrs for the stake.
From the head opinion takes its start ;
Conviction springs, firm-rooted, from the heart.

The grandest works that the world has seen
Of busy hands or intellect keen,
Are all by men in whom the conviction grew
That they had the power to carry them through.
Had they but by opinions been sustained,
Those works but as dreams had ever remained.

But conviction, we must bear in mind,
Is to reason ever deaf and blind.
Child of emotion, it scorns all fact
Which agrees not with its thought or act;
And, intolerant of doubt or change,
Sees nothing beyond its own short range.
It may give the martyr courage to brave
The burning pile or living grave;
But also such tortures it multiplies,
And those who inflict them it justifies.
It makes the martyr, but, truth to tell,
The persecuting bigot as well.
Opinions, however false or strange,
Time and experience correct and change;
But convictions, right or wrong, change never;
Once adopted they are held forever.

Scorning evidence and disdaining proof,
From investigation they keep aloof;
Resting sure that when they believe and feel,
There can be no need for other appeal.

SCRAP 20. OUR EARTH.

This ball of earth upon which we stand,
With its oceans deep and its solid land,
Is made of atoms which in the past
In myriad other forms were cast.
And not alone have they made this earth,
With all to which it ever gave birth,
But countless other worlds beside,
Where sentient beings lived and died.
And also suns, now dead and cold,
With satellites which round them rolled,
All long dispersed and scattered wide
Through boundless space on every side.
And in some future cycle of time,
When our own bright sun has passed his prime,
When this living earth, chilled through and
 dead,
As a dust-cloud round about is spread,

These atoms again, in the cosmic storm,
Each other will attract and new worlds form ;
On which new beings, with thinking brains,
May exist and toil, feel joys and pains,
And think, like us, that each petty ball
In the universe ranks first of all.

Myriads thus have lived and died,
And in their turns been cast aside ;
And the same will it be with myriads more,
Who will dream not that others have lived before.
In Nature's unceasing and changeful play,
The life of a world counts but for a day.

All worlds, and beings which on them live,
Are only forms which her forces give ;
They are but atoms in order arrayed,
Like those of which all existence is made.
This world we walk on with so much pride
Is but a speck on a mountain side ;
And a million such would be missed no more
Than a single grain from the sand on the shore.
Then what is man who on it crawls,
And loves and hates, and struts and brawls ? —

The ghost of a shadow, who leaves no mark,
But fades away in the fathomless dark.
One shrink of our earth's thin, crumbling crust,
And man and his works return to dust.
All his triumphs of science and art,
All of which he has ever made part,
May vanish complete in a single day,
And pass like a fleeting shadow away.
He is not the first, nor will he be the last,
That through a sentient, conscious life has passed;
And even now he may not stand apart
As the only being with mind and heart.
There may be those in worlds unseen
Greater in both than he has been,
Who would look upon him, if in their range,
As he himself looks on an insect strange,
And would laugh at his pride, ambition, and
rage,
As he at a monkey grinning in a cage.

Then what are honors, riches, or fame,
That we should wish or strive for the same?
A span of time, the longest but small —
And then an end to them one and all.

Old Nature acts, in her changeful play,
Much like a child with a lump of clay :
Forms her world-stuff in endless shapes
As he fashions horses, dogs, and apes ;
Then crushes them all to a formless lump,
And throws them again in the common dump —
But only afresh the play to renew,
And from them to fashion creations new.

The same atoms make, taking turn about,
The courtier fine or the clumsy lout ;
The coward to-day, to-morrow may serve
To build up some man of iron nerve ;
And the beauty who charms us now with her
 smile,
May form in some future time a reptile vile.
The very same atoms may constitute
Intellectual man or thoughtless brute ;
And which it shall be depends at the last
On the way that they together are cast.
All the atoms of earth on which we tread
Have some time formed parts of beings now dead ;
Who thought, toiled, felt anger, joy, and shame,
Then vanished and left not even a name.

And untold times again they will serve
To make up the muscle, bone, and nerve
Of countless others, ignorant of the past,
Who will think themselves both the first and the
last.

Life is but a moving, magic show,
In which weird pictures come and go
As the cloud-hidden showman makes them glide
Across the sun-illuminated slide.
Some pass quick, some lingering stay,
But each, at last, fades clean away;
And once gone by, not prayer nor tear
Again can make it reappear.

We can see the wheels, the cogs, and the
springs,
And the chain which together holds all things —
But there we stop; we seek, but ne'er can see
The starting-point, the *primum mobile*!
And why in searching should we still persist
For that which never did — nor can — exist?
The circle both ways alike extends,
And at no one place begins or ends.

Just so it is in nature's ceaseless round,
Where primal causes never can be found.
Some little of the *how* experiment may teach,
But neither that nor reason to the *why* can reach.
Knowledge of nature will this truth convey,
That forms alone can change and pass away ;
While the atoms that make them remain the same
Through all the ceaseless changes of shape and
name.

Birth, growth, and death to forms alone can
apply ;

Their substance is never born, and cannot, there-
fore, die.

Man is but a form lasting a day,
And then forever passing away.

These atoms made men, with muscles, brains, and
bones,

And those made fishes, or worms, or trees, or
stones ;

Yet both are the same, and either could take
The other's place and the same beings make.

'T is not the *matter*, but the *form* alone,
That makes it a man, a tree, or a stone :

As the same granite builds the fortress wall,
The prison-cell grim, or ancestral hall,
And each remains without change the same,
Though they differ so both in form and name.

SCRAP 21. AFFECTED CONTEMPT.

Showing contempt for what others esteem
(However absurd to us it may seem)
Is at best ill-bred, and usually hides
A secret envy of what it derides.
For men will often pretend to despise
That which they really would very much prize,
But which they know, to their vexation,
Fate makes no part of their social ration.
And one man may feel as proud of humility
As another does of ancient nobility ;
While he who condemns a prince or a king
Is absurdly vain when boss of a ring .

The democrat sneers at the titles he apes,
And affects to esteem them but sour grapes ;
Knowing well that he cannot attain 'em,
He noisily pretends to disdain 'em.

Dukes and earls he contends are nothing but fudge,
But he loves to be called a colonel or judge ;
In fact, if he is n't he 'll think you slight him,
And perhaps will demand that you shall fight
him —

Unless he thinks you the better shot,
For then the offense may be forgot.

Affected simplicity often conceals
The love of distinction it really feels.
And when, to please the democratic crowd,
Honors and titles are not allowed,
Men will attract the regard of society
By any form of notoriety,
Or confine their ambitions, thoughts, and cares
To becoming mere vulgar millionaires.
The notoriety, when it 's attained,
Like the wealth may be with infamy stained ;
Still, like titles and honors, it satisfies
The love of fame they affect to despise.
Thus far their highest ambition extends,
And here their idea of greatness ends.
Craving for distinction is not abated,
But — is it in any way elevated ?

SCRAP 22. THE RABID DEMOCRAT.

I never knew one of this breed yet,
Who was not for ever in a fret
And worry and stew to prove that he,
And he alone, was really free.
For fear his claim may by chance be slighted
By those he thinks enslaved and benighted,
He constantly shouts, and rants, and raves :
“ Just look at me, ye down-trodden slaves !
I 'm a bred-and-born sovereign, that 's what
I am,
Real genuine metal, and none of your sham ;
While you — ye poor devils ! — sweat and groan,
With neither bodies nor souls your own.”
That they may choose to live just as they do,
He can't conceive for a moment is true ;
They must do like him, in every way,
Or else they are under some tyrant's sway —
While ten to one he 's a slave as complete
As ever was chained to a galley-seat.
Some ignorant boss, who has more brass than
brain,
Leads him about like a dog by a chain ;

Makes him work and vote, just as he tells
him,
And then to the highest bidder sells him.

SCRAP 23. VAINGLORY.

Distrust those who make loud professions,
And those who boast of great possessions;
For great professions most prevail
With those who in their practice fail,
And boasted wealth, when you try to find it,
Has nothing but empty brag behind it.

SCRAP 24. HABITS AND RULES.

The man who relies on rules to guide him,
Must have them always ready beside him;
And even then, when most he needs 'em,
He is almost certain not to heed 'em.
For, whether at work, or play, or school,
It is habit leads us, without rule —
Save when the two, as they sometimes
will,
Together run, for good or for ill;

And then the rule, no matter how right,
Becomes a thing superfluous quite.
But when they conflict, with the bulk of men
Habit carries the day, nine times in ten ;
And hence the need, with the wise or the fools,
To rely on good habits, not on rules.

Rules must be kept at the fingers' ends,
But habit on instinct alone depends.

SCRAP 25. VANITY AND CONCEIT.

It was well said by old Montaigne,
That man is most absurdly vain ;
And so he is, and, do what he may,
The fact stands out as plain as day.
But all vain men don't need our pity,
For many are both wise and witty ;
A fact of which there is proof good and ample,
And in Montaigne himself a good example.

Harmless vanity, we all know well,
In the warmest hearts will often dwell —

And in brave ones, too; for dandies well-dressed
Foremost in combat have often pressed.
Its foibles sometimes may make us smile,
And yet we may love it all the while;
As we do dear Goldsmith, on whom we dote
Spite of his craze for a plum-colored coat.
And after all, when we come to reflect,
By what right do you or I object
To any man's whim, so long as he
Objects not to those of you or me?
I have never yet a good reason heard,
Why any man's taste should be called absurd
Because it is found, on making compare,
That with some other man's it will not square.
I like a so-called barbaric display
Of gold and jewels, in gorgeous array;
My friend does not. But that gives him no right
To impugn my taste, or on me put slight.

It is often envy which makes us sneer
At things which we find for us are too dear;
And vanity is as often displayed
In cotton as it is in silk brocade.

The Quaker's drab may often hide
The meanest form of silly pride,
Or that which seeks the means which best
Will mark one off from all the rest.

Vanity is but weakness at the worst ;
But its ape, conceit, is a vice accurst.
For though vanity indulges its bent
Of pride in itself, it is there content ;
While conceit not only in itself takes pride,
But thinks with contempt of all others beside.
And man, it seems, is predestinated
With conceit to be inoculated ;
Which changes his harmless, amusing vanity
To egotistic, offensive insanity,
And brings him at last to the sorry pass
Of a mere braying, conceited ass,
Who stands by right (in his own estimation)
As the highest type of all creation !
Be he philosopher, fool, or lout,
Of that he never feels any doubt ;
Which makes him too often a bore and a prig,
With his own self-importance always big —

Domineering and rude, as a general rule,
Playing sometimes wiseacre, and sometimes fool ;
And cruel, too ; but that 's a gradation
Of his instinct of self-preservation.
But judge him kindly, his follies forget ;
There is something that 's good about him yet.
In every soul, however mean,
Frivolous, vile, or even unclean,
There still is a spark of holy light,
Which, lovingly nursed, may yet burn bright ;
Though deeply hidden, and seemingly dead,
With dust and ashes overspread,
Yet still it lives, though only a spark,
For no human soul is wholly dark.
Each one has something, which, understood,
May become the seed, at least, of good ;
And, spite of his failing, still I claim,
Man deserves our pity more than our blame.

Besides, he can amuse us, even when
He seems most fit for the lunatic's pen.
He cannot create either flies or fleas,
But he 'll make as many Gods as you please,

And not only tell you all about 'em,
But damn you if you should dare to doubt 'em !

SCRAP 26. THE COMMUNIST.

The communist aims to make good men work
For less than they should, to favor the shirk ;
And to sink them all down to as low a grade
As the poorest ones to be found in their trade.
He wants them, in short, to bear on their backs
The crowd which talent or energy lacks ;
He would give the poor hand more than his share,
And the good one less, to make it come square.

He tells us that under his communal plan
There would be no discord between man and man ;
Nor rich nor poor would be found in the nation,
But all would be equal in rank and station.
He wishes, in short, we should all combine
To abolish the pronouns *mine* and *thine* ;
And when this is done, and all agreed,
Then give to each as he may need,
And exact in return, as just and due,
From him the best he is able to do.

But need and ability must be rated,
And who is to rate them is never stated ;
The trouble in this, it seems to me,
Is in settling who the judge shall be.
It would scarcely do to let each man say
Just when he should work or when he should play,
Nor to have it by himself decided
Just what for his needs should be provided ;
Still worse would it be if he had to ask
From somebody else for his daily task,
Or have them say, without his consent,
Just what his needs should fully content.
For that would bring on, I have no doubt,
A disagreement, when carried out :
The great bulk of men — perhaps even all —
Would rate their working capacity but small ;
But as to their needs, if self-estimated,
They surely would be pretty highly rated.
And the average man, we must bear in mind,
To his own shortcomings is apt to be blind,
But very sharp-sighted all around
When those of others have to be found.
And this opposition, by nature fixed
Our capabilities and needs betwixt,

In community will jealousy breed,
And to separation finally lead.

So it seems, after all, to be the best plan,
To let each for himself do the best he can ;
Or allow him, by brave, honest work, to take
The most that he can of the general stake.
Then, if the struggle be open and fair,
No one will have more or less than his share,
But will surely make, if he deserve it,
The fortune he merits, and preserve it.

But this, the communist will declare,
Is neither wise, nor honest, nor fair ;
Because those men who the least can make,
Would get the smallest part of the stake.
He contends that the man who mixes paint
Has a right to grumble and make complaint,
Because he works for very small pay
(Only two or three dollars a day) ;
While the artist who idly sits on his stool,
And handles only a brush for his tool,
Makes a hundred a week — or more, maybe —
And does no work at all that he can see.

“ I think,” he says, “ if my mind I must speak,
The mixer should get the hundred a week,
While the artist who only puts on the paint
Should take the day’s wages and make no com-
plaint.

“ And so with the captain, who takes his ease
While the sailors work as hard as you please ;
Yet he gets good pay, with no work at all,
While they work hard and their pay is but
small.

He guides the vessel, I admit ;
But that ain’t working — not a bit.
He should be paid like the sailors, I say,
And they should get the captain’s full pay.

“ The editor, too, by day or night,
Instead of working, does nothing but write ;
And yet he ’s paid no one knows how much,
While the poor pressmen, printers, and such
Get three dollars a day, maybe, at best,
And work all the time without any rest.
Now they ought to get, beyond a doubt,
What he gets now for loafing about ;

While he should receive, with no ado,
What they get now, and be thankful, too.
This talk about brains is gammon and fudge,
For they ain't of much use if I 'm a judge ;
And spite of the fuss that's made about 'em,
I get along very well without 'em.
It 's the hard-working hands, and only they,
Who should get the high wages and plenty of
play."

But all this growl and discontent,
To which the communist gives full vent,
Springs not from injustice, nor from oppression,
But from envy of another's possession.
The incompetent, idle, and shifty
Dislike the skillful, active, and thrifty ;
And because these all get a larger share
Of what is produced, and of it take care,
They call them the vile plutocrat classes,
Who live on the gains of the toiling masses.
No advance in what such people get
Will ever stop their worry and fret ;
And one demand gained to another leads,
For concession never contentment breeds.

Yes, in all communistic discontent
Simple envy is the main element ;
And will always more complaining cause
Than comes from unwise or unjust laws.
Small pay won't make a communist so sore
As seeing better men receiving more.
To him it 's the greatest injustice on earth
For a man to be paid just what he is worth ;
For in dealing so, and dividing up fair,
He knows that but little would come to his
share.

SCRAP 27. THE DEMAGOGUE AND CORRUPTION.

The demagogue's lure, on which he depends
To lead working men and to gain his ends,
Is to call it right the rich to despoil,
If you give the plunder to those who toil.
He on their ignorant envy relies,
And buys their votes with promises and lies ;
Then the man with money, to save himself,
Buys the demagogue with part of his pelf—
And he, in such trading being noways nice,
In selling himself always gets a good price,

And not caring then if they reject him,
Sends to the Devil those who elect him.
Thus by corruption the demagogue thrives,
And rich men save their money and their lives.
They detest the corruption, and know it 's a curse,
But use it as a means to escape something worse.
Ten per cent. paid to the ring or boss
Saves them perhaps from a total loss ;
And the question is, from their point of view,
Which may be the lesser curse of the two.

Democracy the demagogue breeds,
As rank and untilled soil brings forth weeds ;
And corruption follows the demagogue,
As surely as madness the rabid dog.

SCRAP 28. UNCLE SAM AND POLITICAL CRIMES.

Uncle Sam, though so shrewd, has the lesson not
learnt
That to play with fire is to risk being burnt.
He will call the king-killer a patriot true,
And refuse his surrender for punishment due,

On the plea that he should, on his own petition,
Be considered exempt as a politician ;
And that killing a king, in point of fact,
Is quite a proper political act.

But let the man killed be his own president
And he won't admit any such precedent,
But demand at once the slayer's rendition,
As a murderer foul, without condition.

He will coddle cowardly dynamiters,
Pretending to think them true, honest fighters ;
And will make no treaties which shall permit
That they shall pay for the crimes they commit.
He will not himself throw a bomb in a crowd
Of women and babies — that must be allowed ;
But he 'll take by the hand the brute who did,
And will safe protection for his vote bid.
Or if he himself won't play such a game,
He lets demagogues do it in his name.
He 'll excuse murder if exotic
And duly labelled patriotic ;
But if the blood his own streets bespatter,
He thinks it then a different matter —

He 'll be down on the slayer heavy and hot,
And convict and suspend him upon the spot.
It makes a difference great, you see,
Where the murdering happens to be ;
And home experience will show him in time,
That it never is safe to tamper with crime.

He is nursing a viper big with young,
By some of which he will one day be stung —
Unless he crunches the reptile dead,
Before its brood has a chance to spread.

SCRAP 29. COLUMBIA.

Your countrymen, Dick, take them high and low,
Are the strangest people of all I know ;
And that is really a good deal to say,
When I see some new kind every day.

In warmth of heart second to none,
They take shrewd care of Number One ;
And often make a conglomerate funny
Of charity, salvation, trade, and money.

As when they give to the heathen gospel light,
And sell them bad rum to make them tight ;
Never neglecting Bible class or praying,
But keeping a sharp lookout for what is paying.
In piety, indeed, without any jest,
They really think that it pays to invest ;
Not only in the future, understand,
But now, and here, it is profit in hand.
Their praying, also, by common consent,
Takes an exceedingly practical bent,
And always states so distinct and plain
Just what they expect by it to gain,
That when their petition is fully perfected,
Providence knows exactly what is expected.
And this, I find, is equally true
Of private praying and public too.

A State chaplain of good lung power
I once heard pray for a good half-hour,
Very much in the following stylè,
Without creating remark or smile :
“ We humbly request the Throne of Grace,
That Jones may get the senator's place ;

And that the act for increased bank-notes
May get a majority of votes.
We also ask for such wise direction
As will make us gain the next election ;
To safely keep out of our position
The wicked men in the opposition.
And we hope our prayer will meet with approval
For Postmaster Johnson's prompt removal ;
Because last May he did not vote straight,
But opposed our caucus candidate.
Besides he has been, as thou well know'st,
Quite long enough at his present post ;
And ought, on the true Democratic plan,
To leave and make room for another man.
We also hope for thy assistance
In overcoming all resistance
To our plan for bringing here
The new railroad, the coming year ;
And we promise it shall carry free
All the servants of thy ministry.
We trust thou also wilt possess
Our governor with holiness ;
And incline the hearts of our congressmen,
To raise the tariff on woolens again.

For which to thee be glory and praise,
And to us the profit on the raise !”
With a great deal more of just the same kind,
In blunt directness not a whit behind.

The next election brought a change of party,
With a new chaplain, who prayed quite as hearty,
And just as direct — nor better nor worse,
But for measures just the very reverse !
All which, even though it be sincere,
Most certainly sounds a trifle queer ;
And makes one think it might properly be set
In a praying-wheel, as is done in Thibet.

This wheel could in spaces be divided,
One for each party being provided,
On which, as its needs might seem to require,
It could put such prayers as it might desire.
Then at each election it could just have a grind,
To put winners' prayers in front, and losers' behind.
This to all parties would be just and fair,
And of conscience would save much wear and tear
In those members of the praying profession
Who of the chaplain's place would like possession.

But when we further make the reflection
That our State and Church have no connection,
We can't help asking, when a chaplain prays,
Who employs him, and who is it that pays?
I may be obtuse, and probably am,
But this looks to me like humbug and sham —
Though your statesmen, maybe, don't so view it,
Because they are always brought up to it.

Then if in other things, in a spirit fair,
Their profession and practice we compare,
We are very often compelled to see
A singular lack of consistency.
Professing to act from principles high,
They will often neglect them on the sly;
And do without blushing, behind a screen,
What they would not do if openly seen.

Don't think this is harsh or idle prate,
But note how they act with Church and State.
"No State-supported Church," say they, aloud,
"Shall ever in this free land be endowed!"
Then to the churchmen, in a private note,
"Of course, dear sirs, you will give us your vote;

And we will take care, as friends good and true,
That, somehow or other, you get your due."
So they cancel their taxes on church and steeple,
And saddle them all on the outside people ;
Besides making grants of various kinds
To charities used as clerical blinds.

On the public purse they notice put,
That it always will be kept tight shut
Against all claims on the State for aid
From Church and priest of every grade ;
Then, having thus bid for liberal applause,
They proceed to enact their exemption laws,
And make grants for refuges and schools
Where priestly influence only rules.

By giving thus in a way indirect,
They slyly manage two things to effect :
To endow the Church, in point of fact,
And yet, by a quibble, to disown the act.
The State Church which gives Johnny Bull such delight
They condemn and denounce with all their might,
While their own nondescript they 'll slyly feed
With all the exemption pap it may need ;

Apparently thinking it will make things square
If they run with the hounds and leap with the hare,
And that into favor they may jump,
By *whipping the Devil round the stump!*
And thus they give, in a way to deceive,
Much more than many State Churches receive ;
And the Churches pocket, clean and net,
What if they asked for they would not get.
They take nothing direct from the public purse,
But are excused from paying, which is much worse ;
For then other folks their portion must bear,
With no credit for it, which is not fair.
They must pay Church taxes, without any choice,
Though in the Church management they have no
voice ;
And yet it is claimed, with loud ostentation,
No one is taxed without representation.

They may call this honest, but I candidly say
That to me it squints much the other way ;
And in spite of all their preaching and prate,
It reflects no credit on Church or State.
But the public conscience is so muddled,
That right and wrong together are huddled ;

And though the right be revered at heart,
The two are not always kept apart.

Of the crowd that comes below to my charge,
The Americans form a portion large ;
And on the whole, I candidly admit,
They are decent fellows, with plenty of wit —
Save in things clerical and political ;
And as to both these I must be critical.
When a few of them together get,
They organize as soon as they 've met,
And in their primary organization
Make full provision for a future nation ;
Which I like them to do, for then I can see
What they think good government ought to be.
And in that respect, though they make much
pretense,
They often exhibit a sad lack of sense.
They practice small politics in perfection,
But of statesmanship have no conception ;
And hence, instead of a nation great,
They make a petty provincial State,
With notions as narrow, respecting trade,
As those which of Chinamen hermits made.

After many meetings and plenty of speech,
They always contrive some agreement to reach ;
And as far as form and theory hold,
Their governments all are as good as gold.
But when it comes to the practical part,
They too often make me quite sick at heart.

One day I received a deputation
Of congressmen out on a vacation,
But receiving full pay, and traveling free,
As a special commission to call on me.

The State from which these worthies came
Had New Columbia for a name,
And was mainly controlled by old caucus men
From the Empire State and the city of Penn.
It was, therefore, well versed in all the tricks
For which they are noted in politics ;
And with just the same disposition, beside,
To obtrude advice upon others outside.
And that is why they had sent, you see,
That deputation to wait on me —
Their object being, so the chairman stated,
To get government better regulated.

For the fact was, as I surely must know,
There were many things above and below
Which needed reforming right straight away,
In line with the modern needs of the day ;
And to give the honest, down-trodden masses,
More protection against the moneyed classes.

In short, their purpose, to state it plain,
Was government *à l'Américain*.
And not only I, but Peter too,
Was to be brought under the régime new.
“ Because,” said they, “ misgovernment reigns,
Of various kinds, in both domains ;
And the reformation must not stop
Till all is straight from bottom to top.”

Impertinent, rather, I think you 'll admit,
But it did n't seem so to them, not a bit ;
For modesty is never an element
In men who on such kind of errands are sent.
But being desirous to ascertain
Just what it was they expected to gain,
I asked them to state, without reserve,
What kind of changes they thought would serve.

Well, first they demanded to have it so
That all admissions, above and below,
Should not be, in future, by fitness decided,
But among the various parties divided.
That is, there should be, so they made the
claim,

Of every party, whatever the name
(Without regard to how they 'd behaved),
An equal proportion damned and saved;
According, as shown by estimate true,
To the number of votes each party threw.
For party claims, so they contended,
All other claims of course transcended;
And were men treated but as they deserved,
A party balance could not be preserved.
So only as they can votes record,
Should men or parties receive reward.

In this way, they said, things always went
Under their enlightened government.
And they further suggested and advised
That the roll of cherubs should be revised,
So that the number from each party side
Should proportionate be, and so abide.

And then the offices, through all the range,
Certainly needed a radical change.
Present holders, from practice good and sufficient,
No doubt in all ways had become quite proficient ;
But they ought not for that to be kept on a day,
When other men wanted their turn at the pay.
For all offices, so they understood,
Were only made for the party man's good.
As rewards, in fact, for service good and hearty,
Like the plunder allowed to a storming party.
Gabriel, they remarked, had blown the horn
On all occasions since the world was born,
And always had, so it was stated,
A strict conservative been rated ;
So they thought it was only right, they said,
That a Democrat now should wake the dead.
In fact, they had in caucus agreed
On the man who should to him succeed.
It was true he knew no more about a trumpet
Than a pig might know about making a crumpet,
And there might, for a while, occur some cases
Of men waked too late to get their own places ;
But that was a matter of small concern,
Compared with each party having its turn.

Besides, if good party men, they 'd forgive the
 slight,
And if such they were not, it would just serve them
 right;
For the man who won't answer some party call
Should think himself lucky if waked up at all.
And as drawing the pay and feeling the rings,
Are in office-holding the principal things,
Any man is fit for any situation
Without wasting time in useless preparation.

The judges also, they 'd been informed,
Needed very much to be reformed.
They did n't wish in any way to wrong 'em,
But there was n't a Democrat among 'em;
In fact, they themselves made it matter of
 pride
That they had no preference for either side
A state of things, they were free to say,
That should not endure a single day.
The judge's office, so they thought,
With good party service should be bought,
And be passed along, from Jimmy to Bob,
To give each in turn a chance at the job;

All parties, of course, it is well understood,
Getting in their own men whenever they could —
With pledges, beforehand, that when elected
They 'd see party workers in court protected.

They wondered that I, with practice so wide,
By the old-fogy plan should still abide,
Of demanding for office a thorough test,
And giving it to the one who could fill it best.
They had long since, they said, got past all
that,

And as to its justice denied it flat.

They thought it unfair for only great men
To fill great places again and again ;
It should always be made a kind of scrub race,
When the smallest of men might get a big place.
And if he don't fit it so well as he might,
That is but a trifle, and easy put right :
You need only to carry out the plan
Of sinking the office to suit the man —
A much better way, in every case,
Than to seek for a man to suit the place ;
For the one that 's unfit, or quite untried,
Then stands as good chance as the best qualified,

Which is just the way it ought to be,
Where all men are born equal and free,
And equally fitted, one and all,
For every office, great or small.

To perfect the reform some even contended
That the equal division should be extended,
So that blacksmiths, carpenters, and tailors,
Bricklayers, tinkers, soldiers, and sailors,
Should all work in couples, to make things square;
One of each party in every pair.

And if one should be short,—say of a tailor,—
It could be made square by an extra sailor.
How they'd deal with those who kept themselves
clear

From all party trammels, I did not hear;
But have always strongly suspected
They have no rights to be respected.

But besides party claims for place and pay,
I found something else that came into play:
Latitude and longitude had to be respected
Whenever a man for office was selected;

No one from the West must share the office feast,
Unless the one before him came from the East ;
Or if one from the North should happen to hail,
The next from the South must be sent, without fail.
And should this fill the place with a rogue or a fool,
It would still be better than breaking the rule.

One fellow, a natural statistician,
Suggested hiring a mathematician
To calculate, to a decimal correct,
The exact amount that each State should expect
Of office and Federal appropriation,
According to area and population ;
Which would, he said, the patronage divide,
In fair proportion, on every side.
It is true, sometimes, on this decimal plan,
A State might get the odd tenth of a man
Above the exact and level amount
Awarded to it on the even count.
But that need n't give trouble in any way,
For it 's easy to draw the tenth of the pay ;
And politicians exist by the score,
Who in no way are worth a fraction more,

Or several States, to which odd tenths fall,
Might toss up to see which should take them all;
And thus these fractions, by this simple plan,
Could be brought together and make a man.
Anything, in short, which is sure to prevent
One State beating the rest, by a man or a cent.

Worn-out old monarchies may think it needful
Of honesty and fitness to be heedful;
But citizens of the greatest of nations
Are above such petty considerations.
They never descend to ask as to fitness,
Or if a man's acts his honesty witness;
If he only votes right and never kicks,
He may safely play a few shady tricks—
For the chief use of office, as said before,
Is to pay party service, and nothing more.

I had some friends, in a city I could name,
Who told me they thought it was really a shame
That I myself, with a party so great,
Had never yet become a candidate;
And they guaranteed, if I would but stand,
To elect me alderman, right off-hand.

Now, knowing they could have done as they said,
I shudder to think where it might have led.
I might have endured, from novelty, awhile,
The company, vulgar, ignorant, and vile ;
But the loss of character and self-respect
Was really too much for them to expect.
So I firmly declined — as they said, to their loss ;
For they really intended to make me chief boss.

But, all this apart, to see so much pretense
To governing talent, with such little sense,
And such preëminence of incapacity,
Corruption, and impudent rapacity,
Makes me feel on the whole much serious doubt
As to how Columbia yet may come out.
For this kind of thing, if it have no check,
Is certain to end in social wreck.

But even all this, to my great surprise,
I found was nothing but a compromise
Made when parties, nearly equal in power,
Might their places change from hour to hour.
In short, what in politics is called a "deal,"
Where the leaders on both sides join in the steal.

But when either one was sufficiently strong
To despise even pretense of right and wrong,
They made a clean sweep of every man
Suspected to be of the other clan,
And put in their places, with no preparation,
Whoever could get the party nomination.
They boldly announced that place and pay
Belonged to those who had won the day ;
That they were, in fact, but lawful spoil,
Like that for which brigands fight and toil.

One, who had taken a little too much
Of that famous liquor made by the Dutch,
Said to me with a wink, " Between you and I,
The national welfare is all in me eye.
So long as of office I get my share,
Public welfare be damned for all I care !"
And he, being neither the worst nor best,
A fair sample was of all the rest.

But they almost took my breath away
When the spokesman went right on to say
That at a caucus, attended by all
The former sachems of Tammany Hall,

It had been resolved, with unanimous voice,
To permit me and Peter to just take our choice :
To either resign the places we held,
Or from them to be right away expelled,
So that, by the rule of rotation sound,
With all other places they might go round.
They even had chosen my successor, indeed —
A former well-known sachem of the name of
 Tweed ;
Than whom, they said, searching Hell all round,
One fitter for the post could not be found.

And as to Pete, what a shame and disgrace
That he for so long should have held one place,
While so many others, who for it longed,
By being kept out had been deeply wronged.
And then he was so strict on admission, beside,
That he often left Democrats waiting outside ;
While they wanted one to be keeping the gate
Who would n't let any good party man wait,
Or keep him out if he had no ticket,
But let him in at the private wicket.
So for his successor they had selected
One who for alderman had been elected,

And who by practice had learnt the way,
To make the alderman business pay —
A vulgar boor, but by no means a noodle
When it came to getting his share of boodle.
He was under a pledge, if he held the keys,
To let good party men through as they might
 please ;
But every outsider would plainly be told
To pay an " assess," or stay out in the cold.

Well, such bare-faced impudence and assurance
Was a little too much for my endurance ;
So I felt compelled to plainly remind 'em
That they had no authority behind 'em
For making changes of any kind,
Much less such ones as they had outlined.
And, furthermore, that they might know
Clearly just how far they could go,
I assured them that neither I nor Pete
With any caucus would compete ;
And, no matter how loud they made the call,
We should pay no heed to Tammany Hall.
Among themselves, in their own fraternity,
They might shift and change to all eternity ;

And decide, if they chose, that the biggest
fool

Or rogue should in the future over them rule.
But when it came to matters of State,
Deeply touching the fortune and fate
Of all our people, I saw quite clearly
For such government they 'd soon pay dearly.
So, somewhat brusquely, I sent them away,
And as they went, I heard some of them say
Something like " Meeting — indignation —
Resolution" and " a proclamation ";
But a gentle hint from a servant of mine
That there was such a thing as discipline,
So cooled them off that they made no resistance,
And ever since then have kept their distance.

Now, Dick, I 'm afraid that this crowd I 've got
Really is a good, fair, average lot
Of those among you who regulate
Social affairs and matters of State ;
But if they are, and you let them stay,
You surely will have the devil to pay !
A nation yet young for a while may stand
The doings of even such a band ;

But the longer it lasts the more will be lost,
And the heavier will be the final cost,
You 've enough good fellows, outside that pack,
To keep your good ship from going to wrack,
If they only rise up, and make no bones
Of tossing such lubbers to Davy Jones ;
But if you keep such fellows at the helm,
Disaster your ship will surely o'erwhelm.

But Dick, it must in justice be allowed
That it 's not alone the vulgar crowd
Of political hacks, of ev'ry name,
Who in this sorry business are to blame.
Many who among them would refuse to mix,
Through affected disgust at their dirty tricks,
Quite often themselves have axes to grind,
And such kind of help very useful find ;
For they do by its aid the dirty work,
And yet contrive all odium to shirk.
Such men do more to debauch politics
Than the common hucksters with all their tricks.
It is not by petty local jobs
That the big schemer the nation robs ;

But by tariff swindles, and bounties immense,
He pockets millions at public expense —
All, of course, it is understood,
Expressly for the people's good.

The little thief for stealing makes no defense,
While the big thief steals under false pretense ;
And from the examples thus presented
(Scarce noticed, and by few resented)
The moral tone of the whole mass
Falls to that of the lowest class.
Corruption, fraud, and speculation
Are daily themes of conversation,
And seem to be thought of, when detected,
As matters of course, to be expected.
And thus politics becomes an offense,
And debauches society's moral sense ;
Till acts disgraceful impose no shame,
And rank rascality scarce gets blame.
The voice of honor, day by day,
Sounds yet more faint and far away ;
Till even the thieves declare in disgust
They no longer can one another trust,

But fully expect, when sharing a job,
Each will, if he can, all the others rob.
And everywhere, with impudent mien,
Bribery and fraud are openly seen
Brazenly plying their infamous trade,
With none to accuse or make them afraid ;
Knowing full well that they have but to say
What their aid is worth, and get their pay.
As for punishment, even if detected,
That is something by them never expected ;
Their business has been so large and brisk,
That the rascals know they run no risk,
For the sad and disgraceful fact must be told,
That for party services, or for gold,
Every public office sought
Has to be bargained for and bought.
And when for each place crowds contend,
Those who have most money to spend,
And know the right men to take in pay,
Are always sure to carry the day ;
And as soon as a man has bought himself in,
The hungry outsiders at once begin
To work, and plan, and scheme, and shout
With all their might to get him out.

It need not therefore cause surprise
That bribing, forgery, and lies
Are now — with but a rare exception —
The means that carry each election,
And decide which among a hungry host
Shall get, or keep in, some coveted post.
The claims of fitness or desert
No one ever dreams to assert,
For against party service we all well know
Neither of them would have the ghost of a
show.

Yes, Americans seem, by common consent,
To have come to look upon all government
As a kind of fountain, always in play,
Spouting monopolies, places, and pay;
And all offices, whether high or low,
They regard as pipes to conduct the flow,
Into which each tries, in search of pap,
To introduce his own private tap.
It seems not to enter any one's head,
That the spring from which the fountain is fed
Most certainly will, as time rolls by,
Run less and less, and at last be dry.

Even now the taps are so multiplied,
That the fountain-head is sorely tried ;
While the big tariff pipes, with present bore
Of a hundred per cent. or even more,
Suck so much, and with so strong a pull,
The little ones cannot be kept full.
And the time will come, as the bigger pipes grow,
When the small ones will get no share of the flow ;
For the big ones, like an elastic band,
Have a constant tendency to expand.

Politics, in short, society through,
Has ever only one object in view :
And that is, to put it down plain,
Party power for private gain ;
Till every office yet instituted
Is to private uses prostituted.

Political corruption, day by day,
Like a corroding cancer eats its way
From man to man, and from class to class,
Till it permeates the social mass.
It is vain to regret and to deplore it,
And dangerous to try to ignore it ;

For every candid observer knows
The evil exists, and constantly grows.
And if Americans do not awake
From their moral stupor, and measures take
To arrest and cure this morbid growth
Of corruption, bred by civic sloth,
The time will come when the surgeon's knife
Alone can preserve the nation's life.
If it do not learn, while yet in youth
(But, alas! too late), the fatal truth
That its life-blood has become too impure
For even the knife to effect a cure!

At great outlay, each four years repeated,
You get a brand-new president seated ;
One that we may with reason suppose
His exalted duty thoroughly knows,
And is competent to regulate
Those matters important to the State,
With which alone, so common-sense would
say,
He should concern himself every day.
Then you expect him, half his time at least,
To work like a lively barrel of yeast

In reading endless begging petitions
From broken-down pauper politicians,
Who expect him to be for them wet nurse,
And feed them with pap from the public purse.
He must say which one shall be doorkeeper,
Or cinder-sifter, or carpet-sweeper ;
Or decide, between a dozen galoots,
Which shall polish the presidential boots ;
And which, among perhaps two or three score,
Shall keep some Indian grocery store.
He will also find it part of his function
To name a postmaster for Skunktown Junction ;
And to do it he must spend a day or two
In reading dozens of documents through,
Or in listening to a score of committees
Making windy speeches for their nominees.
And then comes Slabtown, or Buggins's Store,
With hundreds — nay, thousands — like them,
more ;
To all of which he must give full attention,
To prevent bolting and factious dissension —
For did he appoint old soldier Brown
To be postmaster at Pumpkintown,

While that boss of the place, Jimmy Muldoon,
Wants it attached to his drinking-saloon,
He would raise a shindy on Donnybrook Hill
That might lose him the vote of all Muldoonville.

And such is the work that is expected
From every president elected !
Instead of being called the nation's leader,
He should rather be styled the chief hog-feeder ;
For like greedy hogs politicians snuff
The swill they scent in the national trough,
And hog-like, in the selfish strife,
They squeal and fight as if for life.
The unseemly struggle is never-ending,
For at least two droves are always contending :
The one to maintain their snouts in the swill,
And the others to oust them, come what will.
Disgusted Decency shuts its eyes,
Stops up its ears, and from them flies,
While Uncle Sam has to make all the swill,
And provide the money to foot the bill.
For vulgar, indecent, selfish strife,
With every sordid instinct rife,

A mangy office-hunting band
Beats all the bummers in the land.

It is, however, but the fair thing to state
That the president seldom bemoans his fate,
But accepts the part of office peddler,
And general party intermeddler,
As if these were the only duties in view,
And the right thing for a president to do.
He will spend a month or two, or maybe more,
In studying how to distribute a score
Of petty offices so among
An army of claimants five hundred strong,
As to keep those who grumble at rejection
From voting against him at next election.
And this he does by leaving it understood
He 'll find something else for them just as good.

For the politicians, without shame, contend
That on the right gift of office may depend
If he shall get support good and hearty
Or see the disruption of his party.
And in this, they say, they represent
The real American sentiment,

Which, if it be true, quite sure I am,
Makes a bad lookout for Uncle Sam.

But methinks I hear him indignantly cry,
“ It 's false ! You lie, you rascals ! You lie ! You lie !
It is n't for me that you intrigue and speak ;
It 's for the political bummer and sneak.
I should think it disgrace to have aught to do
With such a contemptible, scoundrel crew.”

S.

SCRAP 30. IN KNOWLEDGE IS THE ONLY SAFETY.

The child who never in its life has seen
Either fiery flame or knife-edge keen
Is in constant risk, at every turn,
Of dangerous cut or torturing burn ;
For he knows not, spite of all you say,
Why from either he should keep away.
Useless is all your caution to fear them
If he knows them nôt when he comes near
them.

It is dangerous to leave the young,
While ignorant, the vicious among ;

To keep them so ill informed that they
Know not vice when it comes in their way.
For why expect them to shun or flee
The thing which they know not when they see ?
By truth and knowledge, unreserved,
Virtue will always be best served ;
But if on ignorance she depend,
It will surely fail her in the end :
It is like being propped by a broken reed,
Which will ever give way in time of need.

The mind of man will never be at rest
About things in which he feels interest ;
Refuse it the truth, and in every case
Injurious error will take its place :
As the empty stomach, denied food,
Will, in its hungry, craving mood,
Fill up its void, to assuage its pain,
With the first refuse it can obtain.

SCRAP 31. SMALL AND GREAT.

The even balance, weighted fair,
This side or that turns by a hair ;

And the way in which events shall turn,
Be they of great or of small concern,
Depends on trifles (as they seem)
Which we of no importance deem.

A single grain of sand may either throw
The avalanche on the valley below
Or turn it harmless, with easy glide,
To spend its force on the mountain side.
The lightest zephyr that ever blew
May spoil the aim of the archer true,
And the quarry he marked with practiced eye,
Uninjured, in safety, may pass him by.
The greatest men by the merest thread
To their greatest deeds are often led ;
And an empire wide may be rent and riven
By a woman's smile withheld or given.
And through the universe, the so-called small
Underlies the so-called great, and decides all.

SCRAP 32. ORTHODOXY.

Orthodoxy is like a damsel demure,
Of whose likes and dislikes you cannot be sure :

Flirting to-day with an agnostic thinker,
To-morrow adoring some dreaming tinker.
And lucky it is for the human mind
That she is to fickleness thus inclined,
So that what to-day as dissent is noted
To-morrow as orthodox may be quoted,
And the man in one age as heretic roasted,
May as a holy saint in the next be toasted.

Sometimes, it is true, it is hard to tell
Which really may be the orthodox belle;
For there may be rivals, and with all your care
You may the wrong one adore — and then
beware!

For of all the Furies ever yet seen,
Orthodoxy, when slighted, is the queen.

In the time of King Harry, called the Bluff,
The believer's path was awfully rough;
For under him, though reformer boasted,
Papists and Protestants both were roasted —
Tied back to back, so that each might see
The punishment sure of heresy:
A practice which in one sense was fair,
Since it kept the two upon the square,

But puzzling to those who honestly tried
To be on the safe and orthodox side ;
They were burnt for believing the Pope at Rome,
And for not believing the pope at home.
So to be safe, where popes are concerned,
And avoid all risk of being burned,
You have got to believe, through thick and thin,
In the one that 's able to warm your skin,
Unless you 're possessed by the singular whim
Of being a martyr to gratify him.

And, speaking of popes, it is well to reflect
They are more abundant than many suspect ;
And though they differ in the creeds they profess,
As in the power they happen to possess,
Yet they all, at bottom, are just the same,
And all try to play a similar game.
Some rule despotic a whole nation,
Others a paltry congregation ;
But the pope who rules over half a dozen,
Is the Pope of Rome's legitimate cousin —
For they both agree in damning those
Who their pretensions dare oppose.
With every man pure orthodoxy
Is but his own particular doxy ;

While heterodoxy — deny it who can —
Is the doxy beloved by the other man.

SCRAP 33. BOHEMIAN LIFE.

While young, and full to the very brim
Of primeval vigor, dash, and vim,
Bohemian ways such pleasure give,
We vow to follow them while we live.
And so we do, with delight, until
We have turned the top of life's long hill.
But as adown it we take our way,
They become less pleasant day by day;
Till at last we sink in the easy-chair,
And carefully study the bill of fare.
We court the warmth, but avoid the cold,
And realize we are growing old.
Then Bohemian habits cease to please,
And we give up freedom to enjoy ease.

SCRAP 34. THE GREATEST SOCIAL NUISANCE.

Well, Dick, since you are an uneasy race,
Working and living at a rapid pace,

It is natural you should wish to know
The principal causes that make you so.
All those born with you are just the same,
No matter whence their parents came :
Dutch, French, or Greek, or Tartar rude,
All are born with unquiet mood ;
So there must be causes which operate
To produce this uneasy, restless state,
And which all peace of mind oppose
By killing quiet, calm repose.

Many of these there certainly are,
Easily found, without seeking far ;
But chief among them I single out three,
All alike beginning with letter P :
They are politics, pianos, and pies,
And with these the most of the mischief lies.
But of the three (though all are accurst)
The piano is, I think, the worst.
To soothing peace and refreshing repose
It is one of the most relentless foes ;
For a girl with one, and a little vanity,
Can drive all her neighbors into insanity.

Once set her going, by night or by day,
And no one can guess when she 'll cease to play.
The thing is so easy to pummel and pound,
And creates so awful a volume of sound,
That fairly start her, and give her her head,
She 'll madden the living and wake the dead.
Yes, a grand piano, with a girl attached,
As a social nuisance can never be matched;
'T will make more men swear and go out of their
mind
Than all other causes together 'combined.

I tried, when the thing was first invented,
To have its use among us prevented.
But, in spite of all the efforts I spent,
A fellow brought a lot down to rent;
And then the girls played them, hammer and tongs,
With accompaniments of screeching songs,
Till they made such a din that lovers of quiet
Were compelled to flee to escape the riot.
So I built a tower a thousand feet high,
In a location pleasant, airy, and dry;
And there the pianos and players were sent,
With permission to play to their hearts' content,

While those who did n't wish to hear 'em,
Had no need to even go near 'em.
The consequence was, I scarcely need say,
There were few but themselves to hear them play,
Which soon made the thing monotonous quite,
And it ceased to give them any delight.
They wanted a crowd to ask for more
(Though thinking it all the time a bore),
As you see at parties every day,
When mammas bring out their daughters to play.
Well, the upshot was, when left thus alone,
The pianos all soon went out of tone ;
And the players nearly all descended,
Making no request to have them mended.
They would play to outsiders till all were tired,
But to play to one another they could n't be
hired.

Banish pianos, or keep 'em in place,
And you 'll cease to be such a nervous race ;
While less pie and politics, beyond a question,
Will much improve both your morals and digestion.
And Dick, you must always bear this in mind :
That piano playing, of the usual kind,

Is no more like music, say what you please,
Than a lump of chalk is like Stilton cheese ;
And all applause upon it expended,
Is only for joy when it is ended.

S.

SCRAP 35. MAN AND HIS WILL.

Man is free — as is the puppet in the show,
Jerked helpless by the showman to and fro :
The puppet is worked by springs and wires,
And man by his passions and desires ;
The strongest of which he speaks of as “ will,”
Because it decides the part he shall fill.

“ But I can take,” sayest thou, “ or can refuse ;
Which proves that my will has freedom to
choose.”

Yes — as does the puppet, whose choice is made
By the showman, who works it for a trade.
For man is but a puppet, think what he may,
Acting a small part in Nature's endless play ;
And all his movements of every kind,
Of active body or of restless mind,

Are but parts of the universal plan,
Arranged complete before the world began.
All consciousness, or thought, or will,
Which has been or which may be still,
Of man or brute, whatever the name,
Was fixed ere the first of either came.

Will is not a self-begotten thing ;
Nor does it, by chance, from nothing spring ;
'T is a link in a chain, which has no end,
Of events which each on each depend.

That thou canst deliberate and decide,
Or canst form a choice, can not be denied ;
It is, indeed, a part of the play,
That thou shouldst decide on yea or nay.
And that what thou chooseth thou canst also do,
If naught prevents thee, is equally true.
Thou art free to act, beyond a doubt,
If nothing hinders, and puts thee out.
But just as act by will is induced,
So is will from something else produced ;
Both will and act are results of laws
Which spring from one universal cause.

Yes, even our choice, which we speak of as free,
Is but a minor part of Nature's decree.
Those who think that man's will comes without
cause,
Self-created, independent of laws,
See only what is present, and are blind
To the antecedents that lie behind.
Each grain of sand in a cloud of dust,
Goes only just where it can and must ;
And in Nature's play the atom, man,
Had his part assigned ere life began ;
And is gently moved, or in tempest hurled,
With the other atoms that make his world.

No single atom alone can stand,
Nor move of itself on either hand ;
From the others, as they come and go,
Its various forms of motion flow.
Each linked with each, as both effect and cause,
Acts and reacts by unvarying laws.
Then be resigned, accept thy lot,
And for the future trouble not ;
Fortunate art thou, if so it be
Thou knowest the truth —and so are free.

Man's will, like all else in the universal dance,
Must either be caused, or self-created, or come
by chance.

But for self-creation no one insists,
For then it must act before it exists ;
Nor for chance will any one contend,
And so a lawless caprice defend.
We are driven, then, to admit a cause ;
That is — a link in Nature's chain of laws.

But nothing caused is in all senses free,
For it can not its own creator be ;
And so the will by chance comes not,
Nor is it by itself begot,
But results from causes, in and around,
Which everywhere with man can be found.

Woman, self-love, and vanity, we find,
Are the three main levers that move mankind ;
And when they act, as is daily seen,
They move a man as steam moves the ma-
chine ;
And with all the effort that he may make,
He finds his reason but a sorry brake.

Even Solomon loved to be told
His words were all like apples of gold ;
And if one called him wisest and best,
He probably made but slight protest,
And no doubt thought the one who said it
For judgment good deserved much credit.

SCRAP 36.

Good and ill together are blent
In the cup of life that we drain ;
Care like a shadow haunts content,
And pleasure often ends in pain.

Sad disappointment with success
Goes hand-in-hand with man and boy ;
Fortune's frown follows each caress,
And sorrow dogs the heels of joy.

SCRAP 37. PROPHETS AND PRIESTS.

What are the stories which men have been told
By prophet and priest in the days of old ?
What are all the revelations profound
Which in every age and land are found ?

They are but dreams of the morbid dyspeptic,
Or nightmares of the obsessed epileptic,
Mixed with the weird, incoherent train
Of fancies bred in the maniac's brain.
They are nothing but rambling ravings wild,
Void of sense as the babble of a child.
But such is the mental food on which men feed,
And such are the only teachings which they heed.

Derided and contemned by one and all,
Reason and sense in vain attention call.
Tell simple truth, men heed it not,
Or if heard it is soon forgot ;
But tell some wild, improbable tale,
And believing hearers will not fail.
Call it a mystery from Heaven down sent,
And as a prophet they 'll be with you content.
Evidence and fact believers never heed ;
Their own conviction is all the proof they need.

SCRAP 38. SELF-SACRIFICE.

Self-sacrifice,— the emotional kind,
The short-sighted, unreflecting, and blind,—

By assuming the tasks the mean-souled shirk,
 And doing the lazy man's share of work,
 Takes from them both all motive to amend,
 And makes them shameless paupers in the end.
 For self-dependence is sure to fade
 In the man who gets unneeded aid,
 And beggary is prone to breed
 When well assured of help in need.

Yes; self-sacrifice may act as bribe
 To worthless men of every tribe,
 To cast their own burdens, when they can,
 On the back of any willing man.
 It aids too oft the undeserving,
 And maintains those not worth preserving.

To do what others can and ought to do,
 Is hurtful to them and to others, too.
 Let each one bear, best way he can,
 His rightful burden like a man.
 He has no right to ease his back
 By letting others take his pack;
 And if thus encouraged his duty to shirk,
 He will very soon lose all taste for the work,
 For the work.

And instead of a Man, by duty bound,
Will become a mean and dependent hound.
The worth of an act, it should be stated,
Must by its results be estimated ;
However noble, good motives alone
For evil results can never atone.
A man does an immoral act when
By seeing one beggar he makes ten ;
Or when by indulging mere sentiment
He makes men on charity live content.

We are also justified in the surmise
That there may be cases of self-sacrifice
Which do not solely originate
In pity for the unfortunate ;
For displayed in them we often see
A little unconscious vanity,
Which likes to assume the martyr's vocation,
And delights to impose an obligation.
We may for self-sacrifice feel well repaid,
When we make another depend on our aid.

SCRAP 39. THE LAWYER.

When he gets a case his first concern,
Is how much money it will return.
He 'd prefer the thief, whose fee is sure,
To the man he robbed, if he be poor;
For what does it matter (so he would say),
So long as the man is able to pay?

Rest assured it never will hurt his feelings,
If he knows his fee is part of the stealings;
Nay; if a part should be too small,
He 'll make no bones of taking all,
And the man who is robbed may find relief
In seeing the lawyer plunder the thief—
A proceeding which is certainly fair,
And makes of the two an excellent pair;
For, like pot and kettle talking back,
Neither can call the other more black.

There is nothing too mean, or false, or base
For him to say, if it help his case.
He 'll affirm, without shame, an infamous lie
To ruin the standing of you or I,

If by it he can but influence
The jury against our evidence ;
For he cares not for truth nor decency,
So he gains his case, and secures his fee.

And then the law, which himself got made,
Protects him in his infamous trade,
And shamefully says he has the right
To lie and slander with all his might ;
While the slandered man must not object,
Nor by denial himself protect.
So that liar and lawyer, except in name,
In practice are found to be often the same.

Law is a club, always ready for use
In aiding right or protecting abuse,
For upon him who wields it all depends
If it innocence slays, or guilt defends.

A CLIENT.

SCRAP 40.

In the rush of life it should not be forgot
That on every man there is some sore spot ;

And, crowd or push we ever so much,
That tender spot we never should touch.
So may we then, as we pass along,
Be on friendly terms with all the throng.

SCRAP 41. ENGLISH VERSUS THE CLASSICS.

A man to the English language born,
Who treats it with neglect or with scorn,
Because he thinks that true poetry and speech
Did in Greece and Rome alone perfection reach,
Will by that neglect and scorn lose more
Than he can obtain from classic lore.
Nothing in Greek or Latin will atone
To him for the loss of Shakspeare alone ;
Not to speak of the rest of that inspired throng
Who so glorious have made the English tongue.

Poetry to no language is confined,
But speaks in them all, and to all mankind ;
For graceful fancy and thought profound
In all alike may be sometimes found ;
And man's best speech is that which sings
The deeds of those from whom he springs.

If from that he no inspiration can gain,
He may elsewhere seek it, but will seek in vain.

SCRAP 42. FOLLY AND WISDOM.

In every human being, side by side,
Folly and wisdom together abide.
Various proportions of each all own,
But no one possesses either alone.
The wisest man some folly conceals,
While the fool sometimes good sense reveals,
And may, therefore, to advantage advise
Where the sage would counsel us otherwise.
So follow not the wise man too blindly,
And the fool's warning consider kindly ;
For he may be right, and the wise man astray,
On the very thing that you have under way.
So be patient with fools, and scold them not,
For remember you are one of the lot!

SCRAP 43. KNOWLEDGE.

In old times the field of knowledge was so small,
That one active mind could cultivate it all.

The plants that in it flourished and grew,
Never changed, and in number were few;
So a man who chose himself to exert,
In a knowledge of all became expert.
And the field was so closely fenced about,
That 't was seldom a glance could stray with-
out;

Though all around, on every hand,
Was spread a wide and fertile land,
Where grew both plants and flowers rare,
With which its best could not compare.
But knowledge of these, so the edict ran,
As valueless lore, was under a ban;
No one who to learning made pretense,
Ever dared to look outside the fence.

But as time rolled on, brave minds evolved,
Which in spite of the ban become resolved
To break that barrier, strong and wide,
And see what grew on the other side.
Down went the fence, no barriers remain,
And all around is seen a boundless plain,
In which the eager students view
Plants and flowers both rich and new.

But so vast the field, that skill nor art
Can ever cultivate but a part ;
For the longest life in labor spent
Can never delve in the whole extent.

.. ● ..

Like a womb past the prolific term,
Which no more absorbs the vital germ,
But barren remains for evermore,
So is it to-day with classic lore :
A fruitful mother in other days
Of works which ever command our praise,
Her breeding time is past and gone,
And children more she can have none.

SCRAP 44. BALLOTS AND VOTES.

Votes and ballots, ballots and votes —
On these the oily demagogue dotes.
They are the counters he buys by the score —
Sometimes for little, and sometimes for more — .
According as bidders are for them found,
And many or few are floating around.
With these he buys the place or job
Which aids him best the nation to rob ;

And by these he mounts, in the people's name,
To the highest rounds of popular fame.
He tells them swords and soldiers alone
Keep the tyrant safe on his bloody throne,
And that his reply to Freedom's appeal
Is the deadly bullet or sharpened steel ;
While they,— the people,— Liberty's pride,
By ballots alone all things decide.

But ballots have often liberty slain,
Or tyrants upheld again and again ;
And those who votes and ballots control,
Make slaves of others body and soul.
A man may be robbed of all he holds dear
By ballots as well as by sword or spear ;
For by them it may by a few be decreed
What he shall eat, drink, and wear, or even read,
And also, besides, when to work or play,
Or just how much he must ask for his pay.
The ballot-box, in short, may be
The tomb of murdered Liberty ;
For votes and ballots her life may take
As surely as tyrant's ax or stake.

Where votes are counters in a party game,
Liberty never is aught but a name.

SCRAP 45. NAMES.

According as it is good or ill,
A name may either make live or kill ;
For in some forced meaning, or in the sound,
Either fame or ridicule may be found.
Let Buggins do the most daring deed,
Still as a hero he won't succeed ;
Nor can Muggins as a poet shine,
Though all his verses may be divine ;
And Sniggins's name, do whatever he may,
Will call up a smile to his dying day.

I knew a good man who struggled in vain
For twenty years an election to gain ;
But none would vote for him, his names were so
 funny,
The one being Billy and the other Bunny.
So he changed them to Julius Crowninshield,
And became in short time best man in the field.

Had Washington owned Joe Gubbins for name,
I fear it would have diminished his fame;
Or had it been Smith, with John before it,
A smaller number would now adore it.

If little Miss Rose is a beautiful child,
It seems all in good taste to christen her Wild.
But if John Bull should ever marry her,
The new name would certainly harry her;
For, though Wild Rose is pretty and sweet,
No one cares with a Wild Bull to meet.

Yes, a name has power, the whole world round;
Not in meaning only, but in the sound.

SCRAP 46. HISTORY.

Histories are epitaphs, written upon
The events and people that are past and gone;
And, like all epitaphs, should ever be read
In a spirit of charity for the dead.
We may think the virtues exaggerated,
And the faults a little extenuated;

Or even, perhaps, we may sometimes surmise
That the truth they a little economize,
So that to swallow them without a halt,
We may need at the least a grain of salt.
Still, as the dead can not their own cause plead,
We forbear making comment as we read ;
But keep to ourselves the thoughts that arise,
And leave it to others to criticise.

Just so with history, which, to be fair,
Needs all the charity which we can spare.
For, even if true, it is, at most,
The mere dry bones of a vanished host.
For its living soul, if we would know it,
We must go to novelist or poet ;
For by them alone, when true and good,
Can the inner life be understood ;
And facts, at best, are but half known,
Till fancy's light is on them thrown.
As a man's dead body tells us naught
Of what he has been or what he thought,
So history's withered flesh and bone
Tells but little by itself alone.

But into that dead, mouldering mass
Once let the fire of poetry pass,
And quick again, reanimate, it lives,
And its own strange story truthfully gives.
The two together form a perfect whole —
One gives the body, the other the soul.

Put any mere chronicles to the test,
And what are they but gossip at the best? —
Such as men indulge in o'er their wine,
When they to reminiscence incline,
And each one relates, according to his bent,
A different version of the same event.
But poetic fiction the man reveals,
Like an open watch where we see the wheels.

And remember that fiction, of thought or of
act,
Is still the legitimate cousin of fact —
Child of Truth, when, in amorous mood,
She consents to be by Fancy wooed.

If on history your time you employ,
And if its study you really enjoy,

Don't read only the reliable,
Orthodox, and undeniable —
For that is mostly special pleading,
All one-sided and quite misleading ;
But take the doubtful, under whatever name,
And in a reverent mood peruse the same.
You will then discover, when you have done,
That you 've quite as much truth, with much more
fun.

Thus orthodox history tells that, when Noah
Took pairs of all creatures (including the moa)
Into his ark to preserve the breeds,
And provide for mankind's future needs,
He also took care, when making his plan,
To provide for all of the Noah clan ;
So they could safely weather the storm,
And come out at last in first-rate form,
While all the rest would have to endure
A complete course of the water cure.
The lucky ones were told to enter before
The commander had fastened the cabin-door ;
For, once shut, it would so remain
Until the ceasing of the rain.

Well, they all got in, we are assured,
And the whole family was thus insured;
So says the history orthodox,
For doubting which men have had hard knocks.
But then there 's on record another tale;
That for good authority does not fail,
Which tells how Hurtali, big and tall,
Could never get through the door at all—
Not even on his hands and knees
Could he through the opening squeeze.
Still, being a Noahite well-behaved,
He with the others had got to be saved.
Now in such a fix what could he do?
What course for safety could he pursue?
Well, finding he had to stay outside,
He mounted the ark and sat astride—
Which, after all, was the real salvation
Of a cranky craft for navigation;
For by digging the water with toe and heel,
He kept the thing always on an even keel.
Which was lucky, for no helm had been provided,
And without him it could not have been guided,
Nor have been kept, by day and night,
Perfectly steady and upright.

And thus he well earned the food which he got,
Pushed up the chimney in an earthen pot.
For water, of course, he did not lack,
Since it all the time ran down his back,
And soaked him so thoroughly, right through the
skin,
He was never dry after, outside or in.

And now I will ask any one to say,
If this is not better every way
Than the story considered as Simon pure
Of the great experiment in water cure ?

Then take up the orthodox relation
About the wicked Sodomite nation,
Who were killed, it says, with others of the plain,
By a heavy shower of fiery rain.
But some writers assert, beyond a doubt,
That they all of them got their brains knocked
out
By stones, on each one of which was written
The name of him by it to be smitten —
A plan which really the fancy takes,
Because likely to prevent mistakes ;

For the pebble with "Jehoshaphat" on it
Would certainly miss "Amminadab's" bonnet.

It 's the same about what Moses befell,
Though he does himself some strange stories
tell ;

As, for instance, his recorded account
Of his own death and burial on Nebo's mount.
Still these are but trifles compared with those
Which some other writers to us disclose.
Thus an old legend tells of a strange affair
Of which Moses makes no mention anywhere ;
Doubtless because he thought it might
Show him in ridiculous plight.

The legend says that, when bathing alone,
He left his breeches on a big white stone,
Which away with them went straight to the
camp,
And he had to follow all bare and damp ;
So all could see as he scurried and ran,
That he was in all ways a perfect man !
They did not, before, feel certain quite
That he might not be a hermaphrodite,

But for decency they did not dare
Request him to strip himself quite bare ;
And so that trick of the stone was meant
To make them with their prophet content.

But read the Apocrypha and there you 'll find
A great deal more of a similar kind.
It really is quite an appetizing dish,
Especially the tale of Tobit and the fish ;
Which, though it has a singular look,
Was once esteemed a canonical book.
And, to give these old stories proper due,
They are not rejected because untrue,
But because something in them, some people think,
Comes a little too near to heresy's brink ;
Or simply because, though true and able,
They are not just at present fashionable.

In short, no one knows what he has been losing,
In the way of the curious and amusing,
By sticking to history as accepted,
And neglecting that which has been rejected.
In doing so, it would really seem,
He takes the skim milk and rejects the cream.

SCRAP 47. AWFUL EXAMPLES.

Awful examples, used as warnings to heed,
Don't as moral improvers always succeed ;
For, instead of being feared and hated,
They may be admired and imitated.
Nor do good examples always tend
To improve the morals or manners mend ;
For a man may be with them so bored and dunned,
That at last they become both hated and shunned,
And then, like food which the stomach will
reject,
They are back in your face before you expect.
For folly or vice, whatever betide,
Though they lose self-respect may still have pride,
And counsel will spurn, given no matter how,
From those who say, " I am holier than thou ! "

SCRAP 48. ONE MAN IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER.

When ignorant men are assured that they
Are as good as others, every way,
They reply at once with a logic good,
Which cannot by argument be withstood :

“ In that case, then, it is plain to see,
None are in any way better than we ! ”
And so, by making themselves the test,
They make up their judgment of the rest,
And see no need for any movement
Looking towards their own improvement ;
Since now they are, so their flatterers say,
As good as the best in every way.

SCRAP 49. DO THINGS LARGE.

You may sell grease by the ton, and yet
Belong to quite an exclusive set ;
But if you sell it by the pound,
A vulgar tradesman you 'll be found.
You may deal in muslin by the bale,
And in social standing will not fail ;
But if by the yard you peddle it out,
You 're a common shopman beyond a doubt.
Keep a warehouse — you 're a merchant
king ;
But keep a shop — it 's another thing.
So go it large, whatever you do,
And society will smile on you.

Even in stealing this truth will hold,
Whether it be in goods or in gold :
To take a dollar is stealing, Justice cries ;
But wrecking a bank is business enterprise.
So if you *do* steal, take always large amounts ;
'T will then be default, or shortage in accounts.

SCRAP 50.

Passion's ashes are fearfully cold
When its fires die out, as we grow old ;
And the pleasure of vice forever is lost
When once we begin to count up its cost.

SCRAP 51. THE GAME OF CHECKERS.

I dreamt a game of checkers was being played,
During which each piece some observation made.
Said one, " I just jump over you, and take two."
Said another, " You 're mine, whatever you do."
Said another still, " Oh, stop ! it 's all in vain ;
I am king, and shall beat the field again."
But one, in the single corner of the red,
Spoke loudest of all, and this is what he said :

“ Keep quiet all, about what you do ;
It 's just nothing, between me and you.
You are moved round, taken, and jumped,
Or all at last together are lumped,
Just as the players make their game,
And use you as they plan the same.
When all in a heap you jumbled lie,
What matters then your babble and cry
Of doing this or that, as now you boast,
As if you yourselves really ruled the roast ?
Wait till the players have finished their game,
Then you 'll go back to the box from whence
you came.

Talk of your doing ! is it not true,
It comes to just what you 're made to do ?”
At this I awoke, and, looking again,
I saw that the pieces were living men.

SCRAP 52. POLITICS AND THEIR PROGENY.

Taking the average, it must be allowed,
Politicians make an unsavory crowd.
It may sometimes happen, by mere accident,
A few decent people among them are sent,

But they find themselves in such sorry case,
And are altogether so out of place,
That instead of pride at being elected,
They sincerely wish they had been rejected.
For an honest man, unsophisticated,
Who by chance finds himself associated
With a gang of practical politicians,
Hungry for contracts and paying positions,
Is as badly off, in a struggle for right,
As a dog without teeth would be in a fight:
He is either at once to banishment sent,
Or accused of the steals he tried to prevent.
And the worst of it is that, in the end,
Such companionship is apt to tend
To make even good men tolerate
Rascalities which they really hate,
But from which close contact every day
Has worn the repulsiveness all away ;
Until at last they often become
To the promptings of honor deaf and dumb,
And join without shame any thieving raid
Where, along with the rest, they may get well
paid.

So it really is, between me and you,
A question which is the best course to pursue :
To fight politicians and their abuse
(Which, after all, is but seldom of use),
Or freely to give them plenty of rope,
In the expectation and the hope
That by some kind providential chance
They in the noose may be made to dance ?
My conviction is, I really must own,
That it 's best to leave them wholly alone,
And give them no chance to play the game
Of hiding under a good man's name,
Or holding in front a respectable blind,
To conceal the rascality hid behind.

Sweet-smelling perfume on a dunghill tost,
Won't sweeten that — and the perfume is lost ;
Nay, more : the incongruous mixture will
To sensitive noses be viler still.
Just so it happens, as we daily see,
When politics are mixed with decency :
The decency can't make the politics sweet,
While itself is smothered and hidden complete ;

And the two together so vilely smell,
That it makes one think of a social hell.

When honest men and rogues work together,
People take them for birds of a feather ;
And jump at once to the conclusion quick
That both are tarred with the same dirty stick.

Yes, practical politics have now become
Of mean rascalities the symbol and sum ;
Forming, in fact, a social sewer
In which is gathered all that 's impure,
And from which is ejected, day by day,
The poisonous germs of a sure decay.

The hope that this festering slime and scum
May be purified and wholesome become,
Is vain indeed ; for so vile a mass
From bad to still worse alone can pass.
The only hope is that public scorn,
Of disgust and indignation born,
Will rise like the tide, which nothing can stay,
And sweep all this rottenness clean away.

It is by the aid from decent men gained,
That practical politics are sustained ;
And if these should forsake them, one and all,
Their own corruption would soon make them fall.
And this is why I make bold to say
It is best for them to keep away.

Sometimes an enthusiast, ill informed,
Thinks that politicians may be reformed ;
Or if not that, may at least be prevented
From carrying out the schemes they 've invented.
So he stays with them from a sense of duty,
And tries to hinder them grabbing their booty ;
But he always at last gives up in despair,
Or joins hands with the gang and pockets his
share.

For honest men in such company must
Become corrupted or leave in disgust.

If practical politics we analyze,
We find but a mass of corruption and lies ;
And its sole object, under false pretense,
Is private gain at the public's expense.

The world political, observation finds,
Has its grades and classes of various kinds —
Just as well marked, in every way,
As those of the world which forms its prey ;
From the great leader, the aristocrat,
Who gets the big jobs and contracts fat,
Down to the heelers and other small scum,
Who live on free lunches, lager, and rum ;
Each one of which, whatever his grade,
Makes plunder and corruption his trade.

But when it comes to the party grandees
(Before whom the small fellows bend the knees),
The great statesman, with a party at call,
Is the recognized dictator of all ;
And for his skill in fixing the slate,
He well deserves the title of great.
Not troubled with scruples, adroit and keen,
He knows how to work the voting machine,
And make it turn out on Election Day
The man for whom he is willing to pay.
It may be with money, or job, or a place,
As suits the conditions of every case —

Each being given, it is understood,
Just where it is sure to do most good ;
And no matter what may be the pretense,
It is always at the public expense.
The voters, he knows from experience wide,
Are sure to be found on the best-paying side ;
Or at least enough to turn the scale,
And make his own candidate prevail.
And so he pays for the right sort of men,
To pass his tariff or raise it again ;
Or, if he should happen for it to care,
He 'll buy for himself a senator's chair ;
Or elect a president, if he chooses,
For with money enough he never loses.
He don't see corruption in such dirty tricks,
But calls them simply " practical politics."
Both votes and places, he knows very well,
The managing bosses have got to sell ;
And if he wants either he need not be nice —
He has only to ask them what may be the price.

As the longest pole, when persimmon time comes,
Is sure to bring down the best of the plums,

So when jobs and places have to be sold,
The best go to those who have the most gold.

But our statesman, truth compels me to state,
Is in almost all capacities great.
Not only in politics does he excel,
But in literature, and in art as well;
Proof of which is seen, nobody denies,
In the rare paintings and statues he buys,
And in his essays and printed orations
Upon the condition of other nations:
He will take a month, or possibly two,
To run all the states of old Europe through,
And then come back and write an essay
On Russia's power and England's decay.
He will show how the Queen and nobles despoil
Of their scanty earnings the children of toil,
And then bribe Congress to put a tax
On the cloth which covers poor men's backs,
Of which, through the tariff, he 'll get biggest
share,
And become many times a millionaire.
For, owning the mills where that cloth is made,
And having monopoly of the trade,

He can make poor men, who must from him buy,
Pay for it a price sufficiently high
To give him a profit, sure and clear,
Of a million dollars, or more, each year.
He will then a hundred thousand subscribe
(As a contribution, not as a bribe)
To the campaign fund then being collected
To get the right men to Congress elected.

When he wants to have passed some special law,
From which he expects great profits to draw,
But for which he dare not ask direct,
For fear some one should his scheme detect,
He pretends that the law, when brought into play,
Will injure Old England in some hidden way ;
Though she neither knows nor cares a jot
If any such law be passed or not.
But in this sly way, by indirection,
He gets what he wants without detection ;
And the people tax themselves unawares,
To create a class of millionaires.

He gets laws passed for his own private gain,
And to buy the vote of Paddy McShane.

If he Ireland praises, and England abuses,
And the Catholic Church no favor refuses,
He can always rely on Paddy's clan
To give him two votes for every man.
For Pat owes duty first to the Church of Rome ;
Next, to the dear Ould Sod, and the folks at
home ;
Then to the party boss who rules him,
Profits by him, and befools him.
Pat's duties seldom further extend,
But here they begin and here they end.

The frauds at one election were so bad,
A kind of investigation was had,
Not to really bring any one to book,
But to give things at least a decent look.
It was not that the leaders to frauds objected,
But they did n't pan out as they had expected ;
For, instead of things going as they had ought,
The buyers were sold where they thought they had
bought.

A noted vote-broker, Johnny by name,
Was so clever an adept at the game,

And had on hand so large a stock,
He used to sell his votes *en bloc* —
In sorted lots of different sizes,
Like the things given at fairs for prizes;
Ten thousand, twenty, thirty, or more,
Duly charged for at so much the score.
They cost him, perhaps, upon the spot,
Say a dollar each, taking the lot,
And were often sold, when the need was great,
For a hundred apiece without rebate.
And respectable people gave their gold
To purchase the votes which they knew were sold;
That is, they got 'em if duly conveyed,
As Johnny agreed, for the money paid.
But one day it struck him, as never before,
That there were always two parties, if not more;
“And why not,” said he, “as neither is loath,
Make a sale of these voters to them both?
That is, in buying and paying, give one first chance,
But deliver to the other — at an advance!”
No sooner was it said than it was done,
But those who paid first did n't see the fun;
For, though they had honored all his notes,
The other fellows got all the votes!

Which made them (to put the thing mild)
Decidedly a little wild.
The wicked among them cursed and swore,
The pious wept, and their garments tore ;
While the Bible editor quoted a text
To show how the chosen of the Lord were vexed,
And sent out a prayer, by Express and Mail,
That righteousness would over sin prevail.
But Johnny was serene, and said, " Don't make a
row ;
It seems rather rough, I am willing to allow ;
But then in politics you can't do without it,
And so ' what are you going to do about it ' ?"
And all that they did do was to call a meeting,
And denounce — not his bribing, but his cheat-
ing.
Against his selling the voters they
Had never a single word to say,
Providing it had, as they expected,
Caused their candidate to be elected ;
But to lose money and candidate, too,
Made them feel wrathful as well as blue.
As for bribing, if they could profit by it,
They were perfectly willing he should try it ;

But when for the other party he used it,
They vehemently denounced and abused it ;
It aroused, in fact — besides vexation —
A storm of virtuous indignation.
Had he delivered the votes as per contract,
There would have been no objection to his
act ;

But when he pocketed their good bank-notes,
And sold to the other fellows the votes,
They decided that such vile abuse
Must come to an end, without excuse.
Johnny — they resolved — must walk the plank
(With a good fat balance at his bank) ;
And as a punishment for his voracity,
Be kept in only a public capacity,
And not be permitted, as heretofore,
By fleecing his friends to increase his store.
Privately they could n't any longer trust him,
And so they on the community thrust him ;
Which shows how well they appreciate
The duty citizens owe the state.

He was too useful and too much knew
To be hardly dealt with, 'tween me and you.

So, with hint to be of prudence more observant,
They kept him in office as a public servant ;
Where his pay he drew and his services sold,
Just as he used to do in the days of old.
His public duties were to secure
Honest voting and elections pure ;
And even to those who denounced him most,
He seemed a good man to have at the post.
Perhaps, as good party men, they thought
A man should be there who could be bought ;
But his fate proves, after all is said,
That political virtue is not dead,
But only needs rousing by sense of duty
To shine forth in all its resplendent beauty,
Till insulted justice is satisfied
And the sense of decency gratified.
So about politics don't get discouraged,
For honest reform, you see, is encouraged.

Next to the boss and his hireling band
The party editor takes his stand,
And gives him help to work the machine,
Although not with it openly seen.

Shifty and smart, as to day we find him,
With his corps of well-drilled aides behind him,
In no other being do we find
Such various qualities combined.
Nothing is above him (some say not below);
And there is nothing on earth he does not know,
From governing some foreign nation
To boosting up his circulation.
Five times a year he rearranges
The map of Europe, making changes
Which, if they should ever be carried out,
Would astonish the nations thereabout.
He never dreams they are not aware
How much they owe to his thoughtful care,
But keep right on with stolid persistence,
Ignorant even of his existence.

England, he 's sure, in every way
Is hastening fast to her decay;
In fact, for fifty years, or longer still,
She has rapidly been going down hill;
Though the plaguy old thing, spite of her drop,
Still keeps her position near to the top!

It don't trouble him that his prophecies
Turn out, for the most part, rubbish and lies ;
He knows quite well that those who read 'em
For only a single day will heed 'em,
And will think no worse of him, any way,
For making new statements every day.
If he only calls them the greatest nation,
The pride and wonder of all creation,
They 'll believe all he says — even the tale
About his great journal's enormous sale,
And how Europe, every day,
Eagerly reads what it has to say.
The Kaiser, he tells them, from his paper learns
All about even Germany's own concerns ;
And every day to it sends for advice —
And in troublous times he even sends twice.
Page after page of inventions and lies
He prints as journalistic enterprise ;
And in giving facts he 'll the language so twist
That the truth which they hold is sure to be
missed,
Or if it should serve his purpose to try,
He will make them tell an impudent lie.

By men like this our politics are made
A villainous, disgraceful, huckstering trade,
In which votes are bought and offices sold
For plundering jobs or venal gold.
And worst thing of all, though this is well known,
No party will ever these scamps disown :
They are always the leaders, and decent men
Obey and follow them like sheep to the pen ;
For, under pretense of party needs,
Excuse is made for the vilest deeds,
Till the public conscience so debauched is found
That honesty becomes but an empty sound.
Providing the bribing is done on the square,
And the plunder is always divided fair,
No one complains, but all agree
That, as things are, so they must be.

Sometimes, indeed, as with vulgar thieves,
One of the gang the others deceives,
And either unfairly divides the pelf,
Or possibly pockets it all himself.
Still that is not taken much to heart,
But on the whole is thought rather smart ;

For they all of them think that by good chance
they
May the same trick practice at some other day.

All politicians, whatever their creed,
In one campaign cry are always agreed;
And that is: "Government of, by, and for party!"
(To which they ever respond both prompt and
hearty.)

Only, with license judicious and free,
They spell party, "P E O P L E";
In which form it is better received,
And men by it are easily deceived.
With a nod and a wink they spell it thus,
And behind their hands say, "That means us."

As for the public need or welfare,
No one gives that a thought or a care;
The office must take the party's man,
And get along with him the best it can.
He may be a ninny, a scamp, or a thief,
Or of a known gang of sharpers the chief;
It makes no odds, for, through thick and thin,
The party machine will run him in,

And keep him in till the next turn-about
Of the same machine will tumble him out —
But only to put, in every case,
Another just like him in his place.
Even the Presidency, once unsought,
Is now by politicians sold and bought.
They are so well organized, drilled, and compact,
They 'll engage to elect a man by contract ;
The same as they 'd bargain, without fail,
To build a theater, a church, or a jail.

They know how much money they 'll have to
 pay
To buy votes enough to carry the day ;
And also what further will be required
For the forgers and liars who must be hired ;
And this they must have in hard cash paid,
Before the nomination is made.
All which is subscribed, in proportionate shares,
By the monopolistic millionaires,
To pay for the veto of any bill
Which to their monopolies might work ill.
The contract then will distinctly provide,
That they shall all the offices divide,

And have recommended such legislation
 As will best help them to plunder the nation ;
 Such as bounties large, which, to 'scape detection,
 Are slyly labeled with the word " Protection."
 And on these terms, by both sides accepted,
 They 'll engage to get any man elected.

It is also but fair to admit the fact
 That usually both sides fulfill the contract ;
 Though some Presidents have really been found
 Who, in distributing offices round,
 Have provided first for relations and friends,
 And for those who have served their personal
 ends
 Which shows that even the best of men may
 By evil companions be led astray.

S.

SCRAP 53. A SUPPOSITION.

Dick, I once heard you ask, " Suppose the whole
 race
 Were to be brought all together, face to face ;
 And all that each had done or sought,
 Or wished, or even ever thought,

Was openly shown without reservation,
Palliation, excuse, or aggravation,
So that each knew the other through and through
As sure as he himself ever knew,
What would then happen, and how would they feel,
When none could anything longer conceal ? ”

Well, Dick, I rather think, to speak right out,
That few would like such a time brought about.
But suppose it were, it would first be found
That great astonishment reigned all round ;
And when from this they had quite recovered,
The true bent of each would be discovered.
Some would laugh, and some would cry ;
Some would blush, and say, “ Oh, my ! ”
Some would get rousing mad, and curse and
swear ;
While others would pout, and say, “ I don't care ! ”
Some would feel shame, and their faults try to
hide ;
While a few would even in vice take pride.
The good-natured ones, with a judgment sound,
Would say, “ Let 's cry quits, and forgive all
round ;

Let us all agree to take one look,
Then close all accounts and burn the book.
For on each side the ledger, all must agree,
There are entries no one expected to see ;
And giving both credit and debit fair,
A very small balance will make all square.
There are none good enough to have all credit,
And none bad enough to deserve all debit."

And I really do think, between me and you,
That would be the very best course to pursue.
For from such experience it would be found
That trust and forbearance were needed all
round ;
And that without them, depend you may,
Mutual knowledge would never pay.

It is often well, the judicious find,
To be to minor faults a little blind ;
And, whether as a lover, a friend, or a brother,
Not to be too curious about each other.

Trusting a man, you may daily observe it,
Begets in him the desire to deserve it ;

While if you show that you always suspect him,
He will nothing do to make you respect him.

And no one has right to expect a moral tone
In other people superior to his own.

S.

SCRAP 54. PROPHESYING

Dick, like most others, no doubt you will try
Your hand at foretelling and prophecy ;
A safe thing to do if the right course you take,
But ruination if you make a mistake.
To avoid which, in every case,
Never tie yourself to time or place,
And let your prognosis be such as will
Apply to Jack just as well as to Jill.
The prophets of old understood this well,
And so were always right, whatever befell.

When your credit as prophet you come to draw,
Claim as much as you please for what you fore-
saw ;

But no direct claim should be your key
When you come to that which you foresee.

When you come to that be axiomatic,
Non-committal, reserved, and diplomatic ;
Give a sly wink, shake your head, and look wise —
You 'll then gain credit without compromise.
The meaning of all this let other folks tell,
And you 'll get the merit if it turns out well ;
But if it don't, why then you can say
That they quite mistook you in every way.

But make no sure predictions in any case,
Excepting of matters which have taken place,
And of which you know, beyond a doubt,
Everything essential about ;
For they are apt not to turn out well
If made before the events they foretell.
But let the events come first, as they should,
And the prophecies are bound to be good ;
Then you are safe, and men by the score
Will swear they heard you tell it before.

By observing these rules an ignoramus
May become esteemed as a prophet famous.
Just as we see examples galore
In the famous prophets gone before.

SCRAP 55.

Some men from follies are exempted
By never being strongly tempted,
While ever-present opportunity
Pesters others to importunity ;
And the man, sorely tempted, who falls at last,
May be more deserving than he who stands fast.

SCRAP 56. THE PURITAN.

The Puritan loves liberty only when
It permits him to control his fellow-men,
And gives him alone the right to say
What they shall do in every way.
His notion is (I would have you take heed):
Other men are free — to follow his lead ;
But let them strike out a path of their own,
And they 'll find him a tyrant fully grown.

SCRAP 57. PROCLAMATION OF THE LORDS OF TOIL.

We, the magnificent grand bashaw,
The mightiest the world ever saw,

Do hereby announce to all on this soil
The views and demands of the lords of toil,
And hereby make an official call
On our dukes and barons, one and all,
To assist in spreading this proclamation
All over this capital-ridden nation.

And first we proclaim that we alone —
The sinew, muscle, marrow, and bone —
Do all that is done, make all that is made,
In every known profession and trade ;
And, as we provide all, it is but fair
We should take all there is for our own share.
Mere men of brains don't count for much,
And we only need a few of such
To manage affairs, and invent things new,
Or tell us, in general, what to do.
But as they don't *work*, and nothing produce,
They really are but of little use ;
And have no right on more to live
Than just what we may choose to give.

We, therefore,— the grand bashaw great,
And nobles who upon him wait,—

Hereby announce that from this day on
The reign of money and boss is gone.
Employers no longer shall rule the roast,
Nor capital make its impudent boast ;
For the lords of toil, in united bands,
Will take all business into their own hands,
And also capital, wherever found,
Or property either, the country round,
Allowing men of talent and brains
A decent living, but no great gains—
Not giving them, as now, the highest pay,
But fifty cents or a dollar a day ;
Which, considering the little they do,
Is as much as they earn — and much more, too.

But to bring about this important change,
We must a few simple matters arrange,
Which will much assist, beyond a doubt,
In bringing the great reform about.

And first we propose, that in all cases,
Employers and men shall change their places.
We denounce as unjust the present plan,
Where every master hires his man,

And claim that every man should use
His right to pick what master he choose ;
And neither in the work nor the pay
Shall that master have a word to say,
But must give that man whatever he ask,
And let him lay out his own daily task.
Nor shall the master, on our plan,
Have any right to discharge that man ;
But must keep him whether he likes it or no,
So long as the man is n't willing to go.
That is, every man his place shall choose,
And employers have no right to refuse.

They must also be by the men instructed
As to how their business shall be conducted ;
They shall find capital and business skill,
But the men shall direct them as they will.
That is, the master must take all the risk
For part of the profits, when trade is brisk ;
But if losses come we demand that then
They all go to him, and none to the men.

On this new plan, it 's the man who engages,
And the boss has only to pay his wages.

We have nothing to do with good or bad trade,
Or whether any profit or not is made ;
That 's the master's lookout, and he has got
To pay us the same, be it made or not.
He must also employ the man we say,
And have no right to turn him away ;
While the man himself must decide all through,
Just how much work he is willing to do.

All which, we think, is in reason quite,
And nothing but what is just and right ;
And the man who won't become one of us,
Has got no rights that we care to discuss —
Nor have employers, say what they may,
As they will find when we have our way.

We promise that if these claims are admitted,
No kind of violence shall be committed ;
And we will work (that is, those who like)
Till ordered out in the coming strike.
But if the rich don't allow our claims
And admit the justice of our aims,
The lords of toil, as a matter of course,
Will take what they want, if need be by force.

As for those men who dare refuse
To join our ranks and pay our dues,
But contend they themselves the right have got
To say for whom they will work, and for what,
We denounce them as scabs, and won't permit
A lord of toil in the same shop to sit.
How each man shall work and what he shall get
Must be by the lords decided and set ;
And if one should grumble, kick, or bawl,
We won't allow him to work at all,
Until he begs pardon, after submission,
Pays in his fine, and asks our permission.
We forbid men also, the nation through,
From doing what we may not want to do.

We don't like men who themselves deny,
And their savings make, to put them by ;
Because such men, we have always noted,
In time become our employers bloated.
The clever, the plodding, the careful knave,
Who sticks to his work and will always save,
Is bound to be one of that hated band
Of money-bag kings who oppress this land ;
The man who lays by while others spend,
Will very soon have money to lend,

And then, in time, if he meet no loss,
Will make himself an employing boss,
And will open a shop, and master be
To men a hundred times better than he.
A lord of toil, to his principles true,
Will get all that he can, and spend it, too.
He will do the least he can for his pay :
Work slow, and slight it in every way,
So that jobs may last and need many men,
Or soon want doing over again.
The man who always does his work quick,
Or does it so well it 's sure to stick,
Is a spoil-trade, and should not be allowed
To mix with the honest laboring crowd.

All capital in savings banks
Is so much stolen from labor's ranks ;
For those who own it must have snipped and
saved,
And left those who did n't to be enslaved.
No man has got any right to possess
More than he wants, while another has less ;
So all capital, we want it understood,
Should be seized upon at once for the public
good —

That is, taken from those who got it by greed,
And be given to those who are now in need.
We therefore proclaim that the man who saves,
Does it to make other people his slaves ;
Instead of spending all that he got,
Which he could have done as well as not.

To give our idea how men should be free,
We hereby resolve, and one and all agree,
That no man, except with our permission,
Shall labor to improve his condition ;
And if he dare his own bargain make,
We assert the right his head to break,
And if that is n't found enough to still him,
We further assert the right to kill him !
And if in the code bad laws are hidden,
By which such actions may be forbidden,
We demand at once such legislation
As will cause their speedy abrogation.
For if we must not kill or maim
All those who dare our rights to disclaim
And work for whom or what they choose,
We soon shall all our power lose,

And not be able to enforce our demand
That all others shall do as we may command.
For those who don't join us must recollect,
They have no rights we are bound to respect,
Since no one ought to work or live
Only as we permission give.

And as to wealth, since we alone make it,
We claim the right at will to take it ;
All kinds of property, wherever found,
Should at once be fairly divided all round.
And if it happen, as maybe it will,
To become possessed unequally still,
We further demand that, in that case, then
It should straightway be divided again.
For the man who has wealth, however got,
Is the robber of him who has it not ;
And it becomes a duty, as well as a right,
If he won't give it up to kill him on sight.

All labor contracts should be made out so
That the men may either keep them or no ;
But it should be declared a principle sound,
That the masters are by them stringently bound.

And to fully provide that when we meet
Our freedom of action shall be complete,
We demand the police shall be confined,
Or else leave their clubs and shields behind.
The judges should also be under restraint,
To not hear against us any complaint.
Then, if not molested by judge or police,
We promise on our honor to keep the peace ;
But if on them for protection you call,
Then look out for yourselves, rich men — that 's
all !

We hereby proclaim that all the soil
Belongs to us, the true lords of toil ;
And that no one else has the slightest claim
To even the smallest part of the same.
And whereas, some men are by nature made
Better than others at every trade,
And so make more money, we hereby declare
That such gross inequality is unfair,
And therefore demand in equality's name
That all men alike shall be paid just the same ;
For the better man must, in some way or other,
Be leveled down to his less useful brother.

When we all are struggling with the tide,
The swimmer should have his hands fast tied,
To give an even chance to him
Who never tried to learn to swim.

We also denounce the present plan
Of a place for life to any man.
To give every man a chance to learn,
Each one should be captain made in his turn ;
Thus distributing fair the rank and pay,
And bringing equality into play.

We also demand the abolition
Of any test for any position ;
So that being in any way deficient
Shall not for exclusion be cause sufficient,
But all men alike, whether better or worse,
Just the same chance shall have at the public
 purse.

All which we think is in reason quite,
And nothing but what is just and right ;
And we hereby denounce both high and low
Who shall dare to say that it is not so.

For he is a traitor, whoever he be,
Who with us in this does not agree.

And we further decree that from this day
The grand bashaw shall receive double pay ;
And that all our dukes and other grandees
Shall be allowed all the money they please,
While the common lords, as in duty bound,
Must pay in enough to maintain all round.
To save all trouble we keep no account
When money comes in of the true amount ;
Nor are we bound, when the fund is ended,
To say for what it has been expended —
We merely wish it understood,
We spend it where it does most good.
Common lords, in this, have nothing to say ;
All they have to do is their dues to pay,
And leave the spending to dukes and bashaws,
As provided for by our secret laws.

NICK NEVERWORK,

Grand Bashaw.

SCRAP 58. MAUNDERINGS AND REFLECTIONS.

Wouldst thou obtain unruffled mental peace,
 And serenity of soul which will not cease,
 Then must thou for ever cast aside
 All harassing care for things outside,
 And in thyself — in thine own mind —
 Thy chief source of interest find.
 The power that made thee and put thee where thou
 art

Takes care of all outside — in that thou hast no part.
 But thine own mind is ever all thine own,
 And for its care depends on thee alone.
 It is thy creation — thou art its God ;
 And all it contains should obey thy nod ;
 For only then canst thou be blest
 With undisturbed and blissful rest.

Likes or dislikes for all things reject,
 And provocations never accept.
 Vex not thyself at folly ; 't is as vain
 As to quarrel with the wind or with the rain :
 Couldst thou to-night all living men make wise,
 Most would again be fools before sunrise.

Give help, 't is good, and will help thee ;
Be kind, and show thy sympathy ;
Pity if thou wilt, but never fret,
It does no good, neither does regret.
Look on thy fellow-men and on their acts
As thou dost on other natural facts,
With which the only sensible plan
Is simply to do the best you can.
The man who obstinately kicks
Against the points of folly's pricks
Will only get his toes well stubbed,
And for his pains be jeered and snubbed.
'T is best to simply pass them by,
But to resist them never try ;
For wounded toes is all you 'll gain,
And still the follies will remain.

Insist not always even in the right
When that in dispute has importance slight ;
But learn, when best, the fight to yield,
And strive not for a barren field.
When we for victory only have fought,
We often find it too dearly bought ;

For the vanquished really has made the gain,
And we for advantage may look in vain.
Men will both reason and proof reject,
If you needlessly wound their self-respect ;
And when you think you have forced them to yield,
Pride leaves them still possessed of the field.
You may put a man's argument all to rout,
And prove him wrong beyond a doubt ;
But compel him to own that he is beat,
And he 'll never acknowledge his defeat.
For when proof and pride get into a fight,
Pride, rest assured, will always be right.

Obtrude not thy opinions in vain,
If such obtrusion to others gives pain ;
And never scoff at, nor berate,
Those that others may venerate,
Although they may have, as it seems to you,
With truth or reason but little to do.
For no opinions have yet had mention
Worth a single moment's bitter contention.
To take an interest in the social strife
And bear our part in the battle of life,

While accepting all without regret,
Disappointment, worry, or fret,
Is the highest philosophy that ever can
Be attained by the best or wisest man.

Rake up no old scores, forget the past,
And let not brooding resentment last.
To evade regrets of every kind
On nothing whatever set your mind;
For of this simple truth always take good heed,
Expectations alone disappointment breed.
What Fate sends thee accept like a man,
And with it do the best that you can.
Repining is useless, regretting vain,
For the past can never come back again.
Over what "might have been" grieve thou not,
Nor let it make more bitter thy lot;
What now is, perhaps alone may be,
And nothing else concerneth thee.
Not for the future vex thy soul,
Nor deem that thou canst it control.
Spare all thy wishes, prayers, and tears,
Thy deep-laid schemes, thy hopes and fears;

All, all are vain, and effect no more
Than a single ripple on ocean's shore.
It is with the present thou hast to deal —
With those who to-day live, think, act, and feel.
Restless and untiring are the feet of Fate —
Never too soon they come, nor ever too late.
So disturb not thyself for what men do ;
They but a fixed and destined course pursue.
The paths by which through life they are led,
They know not till they upon them tread ;
And oft when seeming most astray,
They are upon the straightest way.

Do right as reason gives you that to see,
And trouble not about consistency.
Be not in folly or wrong persistent,
For fear men may call thee inconsistent :
But own without shame that yesterday
You knew not that which you know to-day
Be earnest ever in seeking light
By which to learn what is just and right.
Be not the echo of another man,
But be yourself, and the best you can.

Think thine own thought, and say thine own
word,

And fear not to have it heard ;

If it speak a truth, or state a need,

Rest assured men will give it heed.

Adopt no thought merely because you find

It was the offspring of some famous mind ;

But adopt it only if it seem to you

On due reflection to be good and true.

Ask not another what to think or do,

But ever thine own thought and course pursue ;

Of no man become the shadow faint,

Be he hero, demigod, or saint.

If thou hast nothing of thine own to tell,

Then perfect silence will become thee well.

Try not to think for what to say —

'T is time and labor thrown away :

Speak it, if thou hast a thought,

If not, be still — say nought.

When the brain is weary, then give it rest,

Or it will breed abortions at the best :

Pumping a dry well is all in vain,

We can get no water for our pain.

The fallow field that lies unused,
Should not of barrenness be accused ;
It is but giving tired nature play,
To become prolific another day.
Thoughts incubate and grow, and long lay hidden,
Into full life at last to burst unbidden.
We do not make them, nor can compel,
In spite of what theologians tell.

Do thine own thinking the best thou can,
And leave it not to another man.
Better think wrong, if thou hast thought thy best,
Than in mental slavery to find thy rest.

Some days a man sorrows, others he is glad ;
Some days he is merry, others he is sad ;
And either mood comes he knows not why,
Nor can it be changed however he try.
The sun will shine for a moment bright,
Then clouds will cover it dark as night ;
Yet a gentle breeze, in idle play,
In a moment drives those clouds away,
Till the sun shines out, as bright as before,
And we think of the darksome clouds no more.

But whence come the clouds? Why do the breezes
blow?

Ah, these are the things which we never can
know!

Then enjoy the sunshine while you can,
And defy the storm-clouds like a man;
For neither will come nor either go
Because we wish that they may do so.

To mend one fault where there are plenty,
Is better far than finding twenty;
And the true reformer his own faults mends
Before he seeks for those of his friends.

We mostly unjust judgments bestow
Because we really so little know.

For when we call men either good or bad,
We but speak from small experience had;

If we knew all — in many cases —

The words would surely change their places.

All are not saints that seem so pure,

Nor demons those we can't endure.

Man excuses in proportion as he knows;

And his charity ever with his knowledge grows.

From ignorance alone unforgiveness springs ;
Full knowledge ever full forgiveness brings !

Bury grievances and discontents ;
And to them erect no monuments.
Remember only what in life is best,
And in oblivion leave all the rest.

Whatever thy task, finish it to-day ;
It will double in burden by delay.

Arrest not too sudden the flowing stream,
However erratic its course may seem ;
For, stopped at once till the banks overflow,
You know not where the waters may go.
If arrested thus in full career,
With no new safety channel near,
They escape from control of the guiding hand,
And in roaring floods devastate the land.
Provide thou first the channel new,
And carefully the stream lead through ;
So shalt thou then the waters safe control,
And guide them wisely in their onward roll.

The same it is with human thought,
Which some have most unwisely sought
To dam and stop by barriers thrown
Across the channel it made its own,
Till a torrent was formed which none could stay,
And all protecting banks were swept away.
It is best to let the water flow
In its old worn channel, fast or slow,
Till with care and judgment we provide
New channels to turn it safe aside.

Spread not thy labor o'er too wide a field,
Or but poor and scanty will be the yield.
One single acre cultivated well
In amount of produce will surely tell
Better than twenty on which the spade
Has only a slight impression made.

Find out, without delay, the thing which best
Thou art fitted for, and leave all the rest.
Better be a cobbler, if thou cobble fair,
Than a maker of shoes that no one can wear.
Ambition is good when it thee impels
To perfect thyself in what thou excels;

But if it incite thee, with small wit,
To attempt that for which thou art not fit,
It will not improve, but only spoil,
And useless make thy trouble and toil.

M. F. T.

Hope and trust are inherent human needs,
Dependent not on churches nor on creeds;
And so with piety, which, inborn, springs
From reverence for all created things.
And the man whom churchmen "infidel" call,
May possess all three far above them all.

They believe because they dare not doubt,
But his faith is honestly reasoned out;
And while they investigation dread,
And heap abuse on each inquirer's head,
He seeks the truth and has no fear,
Though it kills the faith he holds most dear.

All law-made, enforced morality,
Like compulsory sobriety,
Is not only useless, but will create
Worse evils than those it pretends to abate.

The improvement which waits for help outside,
Will seldom hold when it comes to be tried ;
For reform which starts not from within
Rarely penetrates below the skin.

The man who is preached to will seldom mend,
Because he will on the preaching depend,
And for every fault he may commit
Will at once throw all the blame on it.

Any man to be saved must see and own
That his salvation depends on him alone.
The abstention from vice that we often see,
Which results from want of opportunity,
Or from the dread of consequence,
Is not virtue in any sense,
Nor will to it in the least conduce,
Though it may a semblance false produce.
Far better let the boldest vice be seen
Than hide it behind hypocrisy's screen.

SCRAP 59. NEW COLUMBIA.

[NOTE.—This scrap consists of a number of separate fragments, without number or mark to denote the order in which they should be taken. They seem to be notes made by some visitor to New Columbia upon certain peculiarities of the people and of their social and political institutions. The only connection between them is that they all refer to the same general subject. They were probably intended to be embodied in a regular report, but for some reason or other were thrown aside. As a rule, they both begin and end abruptly, and are therefore incomplete, but the reader must take them as they are, and make the best he can of them, if he care to notice them at all.

The fragments were all inclosed in a large envelope, much worn, as if from being carried long in the pocket, and along with them were a half-used paper of chewing tobacco, with an old quid, a reporter's pencil, and a bit of Limburger cheese, making the whole very odorous.]

FIRST FRAGMENT.

But much of this boasting, so often heard,
In view of the facts, sounds very absurd.
He pities all those who support a king,
While he is saddled with a greedy ring

Of politicians who plunder and rule him,
And then, in private, boast how they befool him.
Yet, among other hallucinations,
He thinks he 's a pattern for other nations !

To vile abuses of every kind,
Close around him, he 's totally blind ;
Though in every nation but his own
He 's down on the smallest like a cyclone.
He 'll boast of the great progress he has made
In the art of government, and in trade ;
Of his country's wealth ; its enormous size,
And wondrous intelligent enterprise ;
While every time he walks in his streets
Some disgraceful nuisance he always meets,
Such as excites our disgust or pity
When we see it in some Turkish city.

He 'll be knee-deep in mud of the vilest kind,
Or smothered in dust till he 's stifled and blind ;
While the dirty pavement o'er which he rolls,
Always out of repair and full of holes,
So reeks with filth and odors impure
That only strong stomachs can it endure.

But he 's so used to them, and so content,
That he pities those who are different.
He considers dirt democratic, maybe,
And in the street leaves it to show he is free!

“ Look at this great city,” I heard one say,
Waving his hands around every way ;
“ Where in the Old World could any one meet
With buildings like ours, street after street,
Or such hotels, stores, and railway stations,
Or such good public accommodations ?
And yet there is living many a man
Who remembers when most of it began.
I tell you, sir, such a grand success
Is a miracle, and nothing less !
It shows that a people intelligent,
When left free to form their own government,
Can set an example which puts to shame
Those Old World cities of historic fame,
Which after all, in spite of their fuss,
Look mean and small when compared with us.”
Saying which he climbed over a garbage box
(Where his clothes got some dirt and his shins
some knocks),

And succeeded, after chasing it far,
In getting on board a passing street-car,
Which, seating fifty, but holding a hundred,
Was, to say the least, a little encumbered.
So he hung by a strap for about a mile
(With some one standing on his toes the while),
Till the car had to stop beside a heap
Of stones and dirt, and a hole ten feet deep
Which had been left open time out of mind,
With many others of just the same kind.
The contractors who made them were busy
men,
And had many other jobs on hand just then
Which had got to be finished right off straight,
Because they were private, and would not wait ;
While these they could leave and again renew
When it happened they 'd nothing else to do.

Getting weary at last with the long delay,
He got out to walk all the rest of the way ;
But still his progress was not unimpeded,
For many obstructions had to be heeded.
Boxes and barrels, scattered or in heaps,
Must be scrambled over or cleared by leaps ;

While across the sidewalk, stopping the way,
In front of each store was a horse and dray,
To get by which with the least resistance,
He walked in the gutter half the distance.
And at last, with shins barked and trousers tore,
He stopped in front of his own street door,
With his shoes so dirty he had to stay
Till a bootblack had brushed the mud away.

But once in the house he sat down to pity
All who lived in a European city.
“Why, in Europe,” said he, “a man must sit down —
He can't hold by a strap when he rides up-town;
And contractors there, whatever the result,
Can never their own convenience consult
And as long as they choose leave a job half done,
But must promptly finish it when once begun.
Nor can a man use, for cart-stand or store,
His own sidewalk at the front of his door.

“Such tyranny takes my breath away;
We would n't stand it a single day.
We are not slaves to a monarchy,
But citizens, enlightened and free!

We can use our own streets just as we please,
And pile rubbish in them up to our knees.
If they *are* the filthiest to be found,
It 's democratic dirt, every pound ;
And who would n't rather have them that way
Than like those in Old England any day ?
Even holes and filth a free man prefers
To having them level and clean like hers ;
For how can we keep independent and free
If we act like the slaves in a monarchy ?

“ Thomas, take this key, go to the garret,
And bring me down that bottle of claret.
There 's but the one full — more's the pity,
For better wine ain't in the city.
Don't let the empty ones make any flutter,
But with the basket throw 'em in the gutter.
And these old slippers I can't keep on my feet,
Bring me the others, and pitch these in the street.”

SECOND FRAGMENT.

When a man takes an office they never ask
If he 's in the least qualified for the task ;

Nor is it by them ever intended
That the salary shall be expended
In paying a man just because he 's acquired
A knowledge complete of the duties required ;
It was simply meant, so they understood,
To be expended for the party's good,
And not wasted on those abuses
Commonly known as public uses.
And so we find they all offices fill,
Not with men of experience and skill,
But with those who from practice or instinct
 keen
Know best how to manage the voting machine.

The inspector of lands may be a sailor,
The inspector of ships a wholesalè tailor,
Who perhaps would have to ask, maybe,
Which end of a ship went first to sea.
The study and care of the public health,
Important both to poverty and wealth,
Requiring knowledge of various kinds
Found only in certain specialized minds,
Has been given without sense of shame
(To pay some party or private claim)

To a speculator, whose previous life
Had been spent in financial struggle and strife,
And who knew more about shady roads to
wealth
Than about things affecting the public health.

No one would be in the least surprised
If public buildings were supervised
By a bankrupt farmer, who knew as much
About building as he did about Dutch.
That would n't be thought the slightest objection
If he controlled some important election ;
For then he must be provided for quick,
For fear he 'd become offended, and kick.
So an office needing great expert skill
Is given to pay him or keep him still.

The shrewd owner of a Cheap John store,
Who gave a hundred thousand or more
In hard cash, or in on-sight notes,
To buy up blocks of floating votes,
Was made postmaster because it was thought
That he had such an office fairly bought ;

And it gave him a chance, which he used well,
To advertise cheap what he had to sell.
For no visitor diplomatic,
Royalistic, or democratic
Was ever allowed in his travels to stop
Till he 'd gone the rounds of the postmaster's shop,
And been shown all that he had for sale
(With the cost of sending it by mail),
From a hymn-book to a woolly dog,
As shown in the price-list catalogue.

THIRD FRAGMENT.

As a business man, with his own affairs,
The Columbian with the best compares.
Every man that he employs must
Be capable and one he can trust ;
And when such he gets, like a business man,
He tries to keep them as long as he can ;
For he knows very well that every day
They are worth more to him the longer they
 stay.
He does n't take a tinker to make a boat,
Nor a carpenter to repair a coat ;

And as to his money, he does n't it confide
To the care of an unknown schemer outside,
Nor to one who at his employer's cost
Has reputation for honesty lost.
Yet with public matters and the public purse
He acts upon principles just the reverse :
For them, as a rule, he always leaves
To untried men or impudent thieves,
To whom he would n't, I venture to say,
His own affairs trust for a single day.

Should the mayor of a city nominate
To any paid office a candidate,
He must always take care and select one
Approved by the boss and his hangers on,
And that approval in every case
Qualifies a man to fill any place.
He needs nothing else — that is all sufficient ;
In anything else he may be deficient.

Conviction for crime, you may rely,
Will not for office disqualify ;
Indeed, if it be for party committed,
Not only will punishment be remitted,

But the criminal will be commended,
Well rewarded, and, if need, defended.
For anything is considered right
Which helps your party to win the fight.

FOURTH FRAGMENT.

Says the boss, "This man can't be electrician,
For he is n't known as a politician,
And at last election he voted straight
Against our own caucus candidate."
"Then," says the mayor, "beyond a doubt
He must, of course, be counted out;
For, as all intelligent men must know,
To properly manage a dynamo,
A man must a good Democrat be
And vote for the party nominee.
He says he knows all about the thing,
And good testimonials can bring;
But that makes no odds; we don't care for
that —
If he thinks we do he must be a flat.
We want a man to be getting that pay
Who will be of use on Election Day,

And, of course, as pay and pickings are good,
Will drop his *assess*, as is understood."

"All right," says the boss, "that's a principle sound
As in a public official could be found.

Now here is a man I can recommend —
A strict party voter and my good friend ;
He keeps a saloon, and by free rum and lunch
Can bring up voters by fifty in a bunch.

I don't say that he anything knows
About them circuits and dynamos,
But then there are lots of poor devils that do,
And we can manage it, between me and you
To get an assistant, at salary small,
Who will undertake to attend to them all —
Which will leave our man free to operate
The voting machine, while we fix the slate."

So the liquor-dealer gobbles the pay,
And the electrician is sent away ;
For knowledge, he finds, in any amount,
As a qualification does not count.

It's just the same when the city requires
Men to distribute and make safe the wires,

So that they shall best their uses serve
And the citizens from harm preserve.
The mayor then does n't appoint electricians,
But office-hunting party politicians ;
Because, at wire-pulling and laying pipe,
He knows they have had an experience ripe.
The pipes and wires it 's true were political,
But then he 's not disposed to be critical ;
And to his debauched and party-ruled mind
They are one and all of just the same kind.

In the chief city of a northern State
The mayor did actually nominate
A butcher who probably knew how to kill,
A lawyer who knew how to make out a bill,
And a ticket-taker who knew how to get
Treble prices for all the seats he could let,
And to these three committed the management
Of that subtle and dangerous element —
Though not one could tell incandescent from arc,
Nor how is engendered the light-giving spark.
They knew no more of ohms and volts
Than of ozone or of ferric salts,

And probably thought that insulation
Had something to do with navigation.
But that made no odds, they had but to say :
“ Here, you electric men, what will you pay ?
If you want poles and wires overhead
Just make it enough, and then go ahead ;
If they will suit your purpose best,
Send in your cheques, and hang the rest.”
Then forests of poles o'er the city spread,
While wires like cobwebs hung overhead ;
And so it went on till a dozen fires
Were caused by badly insulated wires,
And half a score of men were roasted,
Shocked till they died, or semi-toasted.
Then notice was given that for reasons sound
The wires must be packed away under ground ;
And a gang of men with axes bright
Cut down the poles and put out the light —
Which is like Dahomey, where it is said
They cure headache by cutting off the head.

But, being all round birds of a feather,
They soon made such arrangements together

That the new job such profit yielded
All alike from a loss were shielded.
The butcher cut off a good fat steak,
The ticket-taker was on the make,
And as to the lawyer, rest sure that he
Came in at the last for a good fat fee ;
While the boys behind, at Tammany Hall
Got a good percentage upon it all.

On a subsequent occasion, when
A similar body was needed again,
The mayor thought he had a good example set
And every possible objection met
By appointing only two politicians
And taking the third from the electricians.
(Of course the two, as by a deal provided,
Were between the two main parties divided.)
Thus science got one part (more than its due),
And party politics put up with two ;
Which, as it gave them complete control,
Was just as good as having the whole.
A skillful management was thus procured,
And the public interest well secured.

And here we have, without exaggeration,
The example which this enlightened nation
(The herald of progress, and the beacon bright
Of social reform and political light)
Presents to each Old World, king-ridden state
For them to admire and imitate !

As the poor savage to his idol kneels
And tries in vain to hide the fear he feels,
So citizens who should independent be
To the vilest party fetish bow the knee,
And allow men in politics to guide 'em
Whom they would not socially have beside 'em.
And such truckling, they say, is needed to make
The people interest in politics take ;
Which, if it be true, proves them to be
A people unfit for liberty.
It shows they think party the end to gain,
Instead of the means good laws to obtain.

It saddens one to see the indifference
With which good men view this moral pestilence,
Which at no distant day, if not checked, must
Destroy all honor, confidence, and trust.

As in the demoralized Rome of old
The imperial crown itself was sold,
So here the same, all offices are made
Matters of infamous bargain and trade;
And just as certain as from that day
The Roman Empire faded away,
So surely will this glorious nation,
Liberty's last and grandest creation,
Decline and fade, and at last be wrecked,
If public corruption be not checked.
For some day the thieves to the fact will awake
That there is nothing more left for them to
take ;
And when they have but themselves to plunder
It will be full time to stand from under,
For the big ones will clean the little ones out
As the pickerels do all the small-fry trout.
And then comes anarchy, with its bloody deeds,
To which from mere necessity succeeds
The one man, with the strong arm and iron
will,
Who says to the jangling factions all, " Be still !
Let all your selfish wrangles cease ;
The weary nation shall have peace."

FIFTH FRAGMENT.

Among other traits which should be quoted
One rather amusing may be noted,
And that is a craving, sometimes quite intense,
For making a speech upon any pretense ;
Not because they have anything to tell,—
Excepting when they have something to sell,—
But because they think they have been designed
To scold and instruct the rest of mankind.
One will talk for a long summer day
And yet with it all will nothing say ;
'T is a bushel of chaff which we search in vain
To find of the wheat a solitary grain.
Still it brings the speaker gain and glory,
And is called by compliment, oratory !

The place to hear it at its best
Is in the free and boundless West.
There, like the lightning red it flashes,
There, like the mountain torrent dashes,
There, like the pealing thunder roars,
Or like the great Western eagle soars !

The Kansas statesman, rising in his place,
Defies monarchic Europe to its face.
His speech, of all coherence independent,
With fiery eloquence glows resplendent ;
His burning words and thund'rous tones
Make emperors tremble on their thrones ;
While kings and princes shiver and quail,
And the British lion hangs his tail.
They penetrate all the Old World through
And echo even at Timbuctoo,
Where breechless despots, when they hear 'em,
Grow almost white, so much they fear 'em.

With sublime contempt for facts or reasons,
For dates, for places, for times, or seasons,
His lurid phrases come tumbling out
Like the torrent from a water-spout ;
Convinced that he is one of a nation
Which is the envy of all creation,
He feels contempt, and pity beside,
For all the poor devils born outside —
Especially when he contemplates
Kansas the great, the pride of the States.

“Taking,” says he, “a view all round,
Where else on earth can there be found
Another nation which can compare
With this for virtue and greatness rare?
England, with all her pretension and fuss,
Ain’t shucks in anything compared with us,
And if she should dare with us have disputes
We could easy lick her out of her boots;
For Kansas alone with her flag unfurled
In a month could whip the effete Old World!

“It makes me mad with shame and sorrow,
That we should speech or science borrow
From such an exhausted and used-up nation
With such an inferior population.
We don’t need them, and no college ought
To receive State aid where they are taught.
If a science can’t be made democratic
And kept apart from the aristocratic,
Then I say all there is about it
We as free men should do without it,
And stick to them which, beyond doubt,
Are democratic out and out.

I never went inside the walls
Of British-teaching college halls,
Yet here I am standing on this flure
A member of the legislature !
And I want the English language uprooted
So our own can be at once substituted ;
For this people, so intelligent and brave,
Should not be talking like a queen-ridden slave.
I therefore propose that we adopt a plan
To regulate the dictionary man,
So that all words in England used
Shall in our language be refused,
And good Americans born and bred
Be in their places printed instead.

“ And we 've plenty of 'em, I venture to say,
As good as the British in every way ;
There 's 'semblyman, that 's good homespun,
Used since government first begun ;
No need to say ' assembly,' that 's no good —
The *ass* is always fully understood.
President, as every school-boy knows,
Is pure American as history shows ;

For Washington was first of the kind,
And has left all others far behind.
Kurnel is, as I 've often heard mention,
A name of our very own invention,
And we 've more of 'em to population
Than you can find in any other nation —
I 'm one myself, and on the spot
Will shoot the man who says I 'm not.

“ Captain is an old Bible name,
So England to it has no claim;
And senator, so I am told,
Is Roman, and of course is old;
But Parliament, so often heard,
Is altogether an English word;
And so is ruler, regent, and dean,
And they among us should not be seen.
Them and Lord Chancellor in every case
Should be left out, and ‘officials’ take their place,
For that 's American, every letter,
And certainly sounds a great deal better.

“ Then in our colleges science is taught
In a manner which it had n't ought.

Why, 'stronomy is, with other knowledge,
Studied just as in a British college ;
Which ain't right, for it stands to reason
Such teaching here is downright treason.
All science, I say again, emphatic,
Should be made thoroughly democratic ;
Or if it can't, we can do without it,
And need n't concern ourselves about it.

“ I think there should appointed be
A legislative committee,
Who should have power to summon all
The college professors, great and small,
And give distinct directions to each
Just what he shall be allowed to teach,
And also the manner appropriate
To teach it in a democratic State ;
This will insure that all our science shall be,
Like our politics, democratic and free.
No professor has a right to say
What things he shall teach, nor in what way.
That 's for us to decide, and they must be
told
They can only Kansas opinions hold.

“ And then a professor's pay should be cut down
To that of a teacher in a country town ;
For what are they, after all,
But school-masters, great or small ?
If that does n't suit 'em, why, let 'em go ;
There 's plenty of men I happen to know
Who 'll be very glad to get their pay
And nothing else teach but what we say —
I mean they 'll teach Kansas science pure,
And only Western literatoor.

“ Then all great and expensive libraries
Are but aristocratic luxuries,
And should not be bought with the hard-earned
dollars
Of democratic and common-school scholars ;
The *Kansas Screecher* and *Record of Deeds*
Give all the reading a democrat needs.
I show, myself, what a man can be
Who never enters a library.
And so I propose that for books we spend
Just fifty dollars — and there let it end —
In place of the fifty thousand which
Was asked for to please the learned rich.

And every book with that money bought,
In justice to native talent, ought
By a Kansas man to be written and made
To protect our own State's genius and trade;
While all those from other places sent
Should pay a tax of fifty per cent.,
Or if from Europe I would n't scruple
To make the tax at the least quadruple.
And if that entirely shuts 'em all out,
We shall be the gainers beyond a doubt;
For though they from us may instruction gain,
We can get none from them, that 's very plain.

“ And I also contend that there should be
For us a new code of morality
To supersede that which is now in vogue,
Based on the Golden Rule and Decalogue,
Which may do for kings, and for those they en-
slave,
But not for a people both free and brave,
And too intelligent to be guided
By rules for the ignorant provided.
If an official uses the public cash
In some speculation (perhaps rather rash),

But puts it back, by hook or by crook,
Before he 's legally brought to book,
I contend he has no crime committed,
But shown himself smart and ready-witted.
And should he lose it all in his venture plucky,
He ought to be pitied for being unlucky,
And be kept in office, or made a boss,
To give him a chance to regain his loss.
And when, as a nation, we a treaty make,
I contend we have right the same to break
When so doing would suit us better
Than if we kept it to the letter —
Though the other party, if not too strong,
We will compel to keep it right along.
It should, in short, be always provided
That treaties with us should be one-sided,
Giving us the advantage and the choice,
But allowing the other side no voice ;
For a nation, intelligent and great,
Should not be tied down like a petty State."

And this is, we are by politicians told,
The new moral code to supersede the old!

SIXTH FRAGMENT.

If a Congressman can only succeed
In making the public treasury bleed
For some useless local job never to end,
By which he can money in his district spend,
He feels assured, as indeed he ought,
That he has his re-election bought ;
Leaving the nation at large to pay
The money wasted or thrown away,
He has proved himself thus a patriot true,
And a statesman who knew the right thing to do.
Some half-dry brook, in whose stony bed
A frog can but seldom wet his head,
Is to be made, by engineers able,
Into a river for ships navigable ;
Though where it comes from nobody knows,
And where it ends at nobody goes.
Or some sluggish creek where mud-turtles hide
Is to be made a harbor deep and wide ;
Though if such a place could ever be made
It would be of no use for want of trade.
But it serves as well as any other plan
To spend the money and help the Congressman.

Sometimes an urgent demand will be made
(Which for party reasons must be obeyed)
For a generous appropriation
For public buildings in some location
Where a single room, at small expense hired,
Would serve all the needs that the place required.

No matter how barefaced has been the steal,
Like the thief, the receivers no shame feel,
But, on the contrary, will openly brag
What a good thumping share they got of the
swag;

You never find them the steal denouncing,
Nor their share of the plunder renouncing.
And as if to show there could no limit be
To such wasteful folly and stupidity,
All public buildings, wherever located,
Are according to parties designated,
Each having just as many awarded
As with the number of its votes accorded :
This suite of offices is Democratic,
That, Republican from cellar to attic.
As to the public convenience and need,
In ignoring that all alike are agreed,

A place which at the polls independent went
With some old shanty had to be content,
But one in party favor basking
Could have a palace for the asking.
And such is the kind of legislation
They show the world for its imitation.
But poor, blind Old England cannot see
The blessing to her that such would be ;
She thinks it must be best for a nation
To economize and reduce taxation.
But they know better ; they go on the plan
Of taxing all things as high as they can,
And then study out the readiest way
To spend the money or throw it away.
For, so they contend, all experience shows
The more a man 's taxed the richer he grows,
And the more things cost him, it 's just as
clear,
The cheaper they are — though they may seem
dear.
But it 's only people enlightened and free
Who are ever able such grand truths to see !

SEVENTH FRAGMENT.

The name Columbia can no longer raise
The enthusiasm of former days,
When it the grand new truth announced
(By despots everywhere denounced),
That men over all the world should be
In mutual intercourse left free.
But now the idea by that name conveyed
Is non-intercourse and prohibited trade,
Ending in narrow isolation
Like some half-civilized hermit nation ;
And in view of the constant tendency
To create and foster monopoly,
The name in future should properly become
Monopolia or *Monopolium* ;
Or, in view of the plea by so many made,
That they can never exist without State aid,
Puuperium, though it has an ugly sound,
Quite as appropriate would be found —
Though, of course, the paupers, as might be
expected,
Say they are not aided, but protected.

But in everything except in the name,
Protection and pauperism are the same.
Changing the name to conceal the fact
Does n't change the character of the act :
The one pleads poverty in self-defense,
The other takes aid under false pretense ;
And crediting each according to its due,
Plain beggary is the better of the two.

EIGHTH FRAGMENT.

Demos no kind of greatness tolerates
Except such as from himself emanates,
Nor will he to others freedom permit
In anything beyond what he thinks fit ;
While independence he views with hate and
fear,
And forbids to follow the statesman's career.
Jealousy and envy in him combine
Of all who o'ertop the medium line,
Nor will he allow them, if he can prevent,
The slightest form of public acknowledgment.
Experience shows democracy will
Produce great talent and inventive skill,

With men of enterprise and ready resource,
Noted for their energy and mental force,
Who often feel that for their work well done
Some form of recognition they have won.
But Demos says : " No ! such can't be allowed ;
We all stand alike in one common crowd."
So in place of titles which others prize
As rewards for worth or for enterprise
(And which make a name forever glorious),
They become for wealth and show notorious.
This Demos tolerates because he 's aware
Of the gold he can manage to get a share ;
But for simple worth and modest fame,
He has no liking and makes no claim,
And a purse, filled with the loot of a nation,
With him takes the place of a decoration.

Any greatness which depends not on his
whim,
But is born, and lives, independent of him,
To his thought is both undemocratic,
Freedom-hating, and aristocratic ;
For with him the name aristocracy
Means all that 's above mediocrity,

And ever he tries, by neglect or frown,
To prevent its rise or to crush it down.
He does not see that no compact social mass
Can ever be comprised of one single class :
All firmly founded governments
Consist of varied elements.
No aristocracy long can stand alone,
But must combine with the commons or the throne ;
Nor can democracy unmixed
Be ever safe and firmly fixed.
Some outside and conservative sentiment
Must act as qualifying element,
Or it will always in the end
To its own sure destruction tend.
The old-time French monarchy toppled o'er
Because it was kingly and nothing more ;
And the democracy which succeeded the crown,
Being just as untempered, soon followed it down.
The British government, by a happy chance,
Was always the opposite to that of France :
Neither lords nor commons, nor yet the throne,
At any age held power alone.
Each one in turn has tried, but in vain,
Undue power o'er the rest to gain,

But in the end has always been compelled
To give back the right that had been withheld.
Either element may seem to fade away,
Or become more powerful every day,
But the change takes place by peaceful evolu-
tion,
Not by violent, destructive revolution.

Here, the two elements that qualify
Democracy and its power defy,
Are the millionaire, with money-bag in fist,
And the tariff-protected monopolist.
These have found out, by comparing notes,
That dollars will count for more than votes ;
And that by properly using the same
They can the democratic tiger tame —
For gold his sharpest teeth will draw
And clip, and harmless make his claw.
But such elements form no anchor good
When a social storm has to be withstood,
But will themselves at the reckoning day
Be among the first to be swept away.
The only corrective beneficent
To the pure democratic element,

Is a body of men of culture wide
And sympathies warm on every side,
Who from party trammels will keep aloof,
And act alone for the nation's behoof.
Such a body could always frustrate
The politicians' schemes against the State;
Not to be either bought or compelled,
Their vote would be given or withheld,
Not as a party or a boss may command,
But alone as the public good will demand.
Men like these we in time should find
Would form and guide the public mind,
And exert a power, silent but sure,
Which political evils soon would cure;
Keeping free from the mean and dirty tricks
Of selfish, corrupt party politics,
They would soon create a sentiment
Which would surely bring good government.
For even politicians, object as they may,
A strong public sentiment must always obey.
A few words from some independent man
Will often derange the demagogue's plan,
Making him realize and act upon
The fact that his day of power is gone.

NINTH FRAGMENT.

Among this people I frequently meet
With a mixture of kindness, self-conceit,
Generosity, prayer, and profanity,
Which drives a common sinner to insanity.
One will exhort a sinner one moment well,
And the next will damn him and send him to Hell,
And yet all the time feels good-will to the man,
And will gladly assist him all that he can ;
Though like a pickpocket he 'll scold and curse him,
Still he 'll give him help, and if sick will nurse him.
In fact, I think, if we judge him fair,
His " Damn you " is but a kind of prayer.
He does n't mean to injure nor to give offense,
But speaks only in a Pickwickian sense.

TENTH FRAGMENT.

If to a Columbian one should propose
That the man to build his house or to make his
clothes
Should by popular voting be elected,—
After being in caucus selected,—

And without inquiring if he might know
How to build a house, or a coat to sew,
He would answer back at once, quite pat,
“ Do you think I ’m such a fool as that ? ”
Or suppose, to vary the proposition,
You suggest that his lawyer or physician
Should in a similar manner chosen be,
Regardless of training or efficiency,
He ’d conclude that either you thought him crazy,
Or were yourself become rather hazy.
When he needs a builder, doctor, or sailor,
Shoemaker, house-painter, or tailor,
He looks for one proficient made
By proper training at his trade ;
You won’t find him giving his own private job
To one elected by a boss-driven mob.
But for making laws and ruling a nation
He sees no need for the least preparation ;
Any man does for that, however rated,
If not too independent and cultivated —
That being always an objection
Leading to his prompt rejection.
For Demos, ever both jealous and vain,
Distrusts all above the medium plane.

So all government and legislation
(On which depends the life of the nation),
Is always by popular vote remitted
To those who for it are in no way fitted ;
And legislatures, as we mostly find 'em
(With ignorant constituents behind 'em),
Are chiefly composed of demagogues and knaves,
Chosen by a mob of party-ridden slaves.

Where special knowledge most is needed
It is by Demos most unheeded.
He thinks legislation will more gain
From a grimy hand than a cultured brain,
And that being tinker, tailor, or baker
Qualifies a man to be a law-maker ;
While driving a mule recommends him more
Than any knowledge he may have in store.

What wonder, then, with notions like these,
That demagogues work their will with ease ?
They so utterly demoralize
The public mind by their artful lies
That all distinction is lost between
The true and false, the noble and mean ;

And men who in private are honest and true,
And act with judgment in all they do,
When they act as a nation often dispense
With truth, with honesty, and with common sense.
In the workingman they utterly kill
All self-reliance and independent will,
Making him like a baby cry,
“Protect and feed me, or I die!
For I am feeble, with no backbone,
And quite unable to stand alone.
You must take me up, and give me some pap,
And let me be nursed in the public lap!”

But whenever the pap has been served around,
The protected man has always found
That before the bowl to his lips gets,
The politicians and their many pets
Take such hearty swigs, again and again,
That the mere dregs only for him remain.

ELEVENTH FRAGMENT.

When any measure is in Congress proposed,
It is never advocated nor opposed

On the ground that it would operate
For good or ill as regards the State;
The sole point to which is given reflection,
Is how it will act on the next election.
If it will only help the party that 's in,
They 'll advocate it through thick and thin;
But if it should help the party that 's out,
They 'll as strongly oppose it, you need not doubt.
The effect it may have upon the nation
Never gets a moment's consideration.

Such men are but pirates, of a bastard breed,
With all their better qualities run to seed;
With cunning sly and calculation cold
In place of the manly daring of old.
They not only make public office a prize,
But the people debauch and demoralize.
In politics they teach, with unblushing face,
That honesty and decency have no place,
And that party triumph justifies
The use of corruption, fraud, and lies;
While as legislators they are bound to dispense
Laws that will reimburse those who bear the
expense.

And thus the nation a party is made
To a petty, selfish, dishonest trade,
And loses that keen sense of honor and truth
Which was its chief pride in the days of its youth.
It is taught the maxim never to pay
For what you can get in a cheaper way.

When without incurring either risk or pains
It can steal the products of other men's brains,
It is told to only regard the heap
Of instruction got so easy and cheap,
And not let scruples about payment —
Or asking for the author's consent —
Stand in the way, and allow to be lost
Such a priceless gift at so small a cost.
Even parsons smirk and thank Providence
For giving them books at so small expense,
As the pious pirate thanks God when
He meets with defenseless merchantmen!

All their legislation is shaped and directed
To making monopolies to be protected ;
And these in return, it 's of course understood,
Give up part of their plunder for party good.

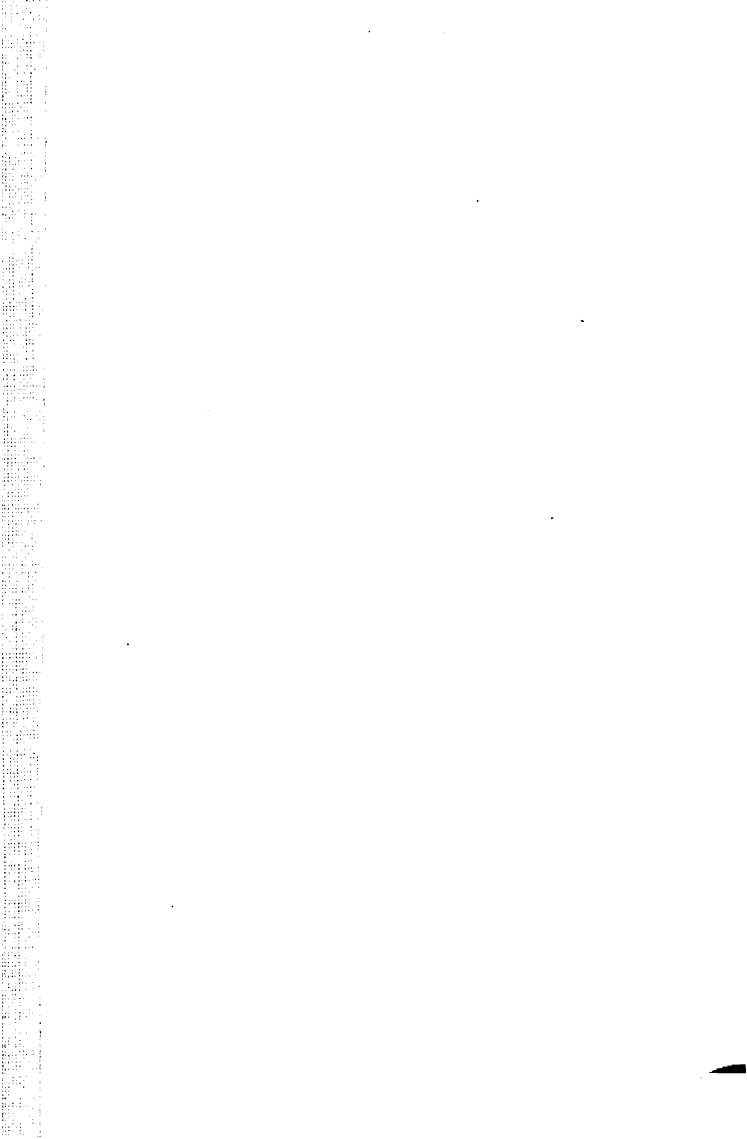
Any man can get legal right to tax
The cloth on ten thousand other men's backs,
If with the party he will only share
And divide the plunder on the square.

And this is Columbia, the pattern designed
As a model for all poor benighted mankind!
It would rather seem, if viewed aright,
To be a warning they should not slight;
For in civil government and affairs of State,
It gives more examples to shun than imitate.

By the mere form and name of freedom befooled,
Columbians by petty despots are ruled;
The gorgeous robe they on Liberty throw
Barely hides the shackles she wears below;
And their boasted superior intelligence
Is but a poor substitute for plain common sense.

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52
J W





JAN 14 1930